CARTOONIST PROfiles

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Estate of Percy Crosby.

You will find a story about famed cartoonist, PERCY CROSBY, and his great character, SKIPPY, in this issue.

No. 34, June 1977 **$3**

COMICAL? AND HOW!

COMICS

BOOMER by Brown & Casson (dS)
THE DROPOUTS by Howard Post (dS)
EB & FLO by Paul Sellers (dS)
DOCTOR SMOCK by George Lemont (dS)
FERD'NAND by Dahl Mikkelsen (dS)
FRIENDS & ROMANS by Tom Isbell (dS)
GORDO by Gus Arriola (dS)
GUMDROP by George Crenshaw (d)
MARMADUKE by Brad Anderson (dS)
NANCY by Ernie Bushmiller (dS)
NORBERT by George Fett (d)
PEANUTS by Charles M. Schulz (dS)
ROOFTOP O'TOOLE by Fearing & Farmer (dS)
TARZAN by Edgar Rice Burroughs (dS)
EMMY LOU by Marty Links (dS)
HEALTH CAPSULES by M. Petti, M.D. (d)
PIXIES by Jack Wohl (d)
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW by Whipple & Borth (dS)
THE BOSLEYS by John Stees (S)
CAPTAIN & THE KIDS by John Dirks (S)
FUNLAND by Art Nugent (S)
THE GOOD OLD DAYS-ANTIQUES FAIR by Erwin L. Hess (S)
WOODY'S WORLD by Bill Potter (d)

EDITORIAL CARTOONS

GENE BASSET (5tw)
MIKE PETERS (4tw)
ANOTHER VIEW by Stees (6tw)
ART POINIER (6tw)
DAVE SIMPSON (4tw)

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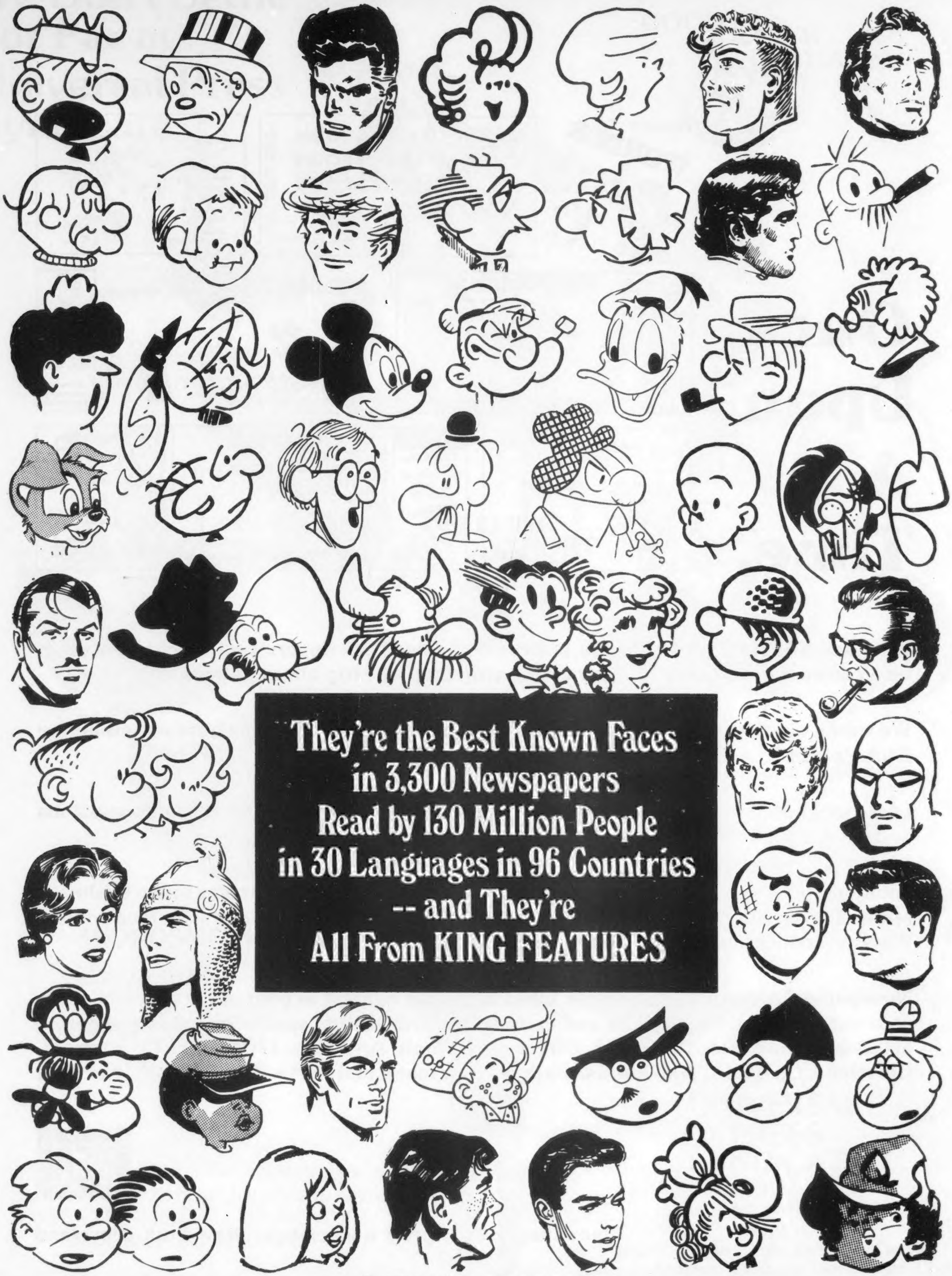
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Once Upon A Time,

JOHNNY WONDER
by Dick Rogers
PUZZLES
UNSCRAMBLE THE FIRST PARTS IN THESE SPOONS' NAMES
AET + SPOON
ATLEB + SPOON
USPO + SPOON
YBBA + SPOON
ANSWER: TEASPOON, TABLESPOON SOUP SPOON, BABY SPOON
CONNECT THE DOTS TO SEE A PICTURE OF ONE OF NATURE'S HELPFUL "GARBAGE COLLECTORS"
THIS IS HOW THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS WROTE THE NAME OF A FAMOUS EGYPTIAN QUEEN
SOLVE THE HIEROGLYPHIC WRITING BY MATCHING THE NUMBERED SYMBOLS TO THE KEY
3 4 2 5 6 1 8 7 1
KEY: A E K L O P R T
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE ?
JOHNNY'S DAFFY DICTIONARY
THE DAFFY DEFINITION OF AN ARCHAEOLOGIST IS A SCIENTIST WHO IS THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES
HIEROGLYPHICS "KLEOPATRA" (CLEOPATRA)
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PICTURE
BOOSTERS CAN'T LAY EGGS
IMAGINE THAT...
TIN CANS ARE REALLY MADE OF STEEL WITH ONLY A THIN COAT OF TIN. SOME CANS HAVE NO TIN AT ALL AND ONLY A THIN COAT OF VARNISH.
THIS WEEK'S TOP PRIZE QUESTION:
SARA JO CALLA OF JAMESTOWN, NY, ASKS:
"WHY DOES AN ICE CUBE FLOAT ?"
WATER EXPANDS WHEN IT FREEZES. ICE TAKES UP ABOUT 1/10th MORE ROOM THAN IT DID AS WATER. THUS, AN ICE CUBE IS LIGHTER THAN AN EQUAL VOLUME OF WATER AND WILL FLOAT IN IT. WHEN AN ICE CUBE IS FLOATING, ABOUT 1/10th OF IT IS OUT OF WATER. BECAUSE ICE DECREASES ABOUT 1/10th IN SIZE AS IT MELTS, THE WATER FROM THE MELTED ICE WILL TAKE UP ONLY AS MUCH SPACE AS THE ICE CUBE TOOK UP WHEN IT WAS FLOATING. THAT'S WHY THE WATER LEVEL IN A GLASS DOESN'T RISE AS THE ICE CUBE MELTS.
© 1977 by NEA, Inc. T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
PRIZE WINNERS: BRIAN CALLISON CARLSBAD, NM; DEBRA HARTSELL CADILLAC, MI; BOBBY HENDERSON COLLEGE PLACE, WA; MARY GOWEN MEMPHIS, TN
Bermuda Triangle
Boys and Girls,
Win one of these valuable prizes for the question answered here each week. Send your age and question to:
Johnny Wonder
(c/o this newspaper)
P. O. Box 1335 (SUNDV)
Santa Cruz, Calif. 95061

there was a Santa Cruz, California, policeman named Dick Rogers. He thought he'd rather be a cartoonist, and sent NEA his comic strip idea—a strip about policemen.

We weren't in the market for the submission, but that didn't keep us from remembering Dick Rogers' talent.

Later, we contacted Dick and told him what we *could* use. We gave him a few suggestions and we got Johnny Wonder in return.

Today, Johnny Wonder is one of the most highly regarded youth features in the business, featured in hundreds of American newspapers. Teachers and librarians alike laud Johnny Wonder's educational value to the young reader.

Newspaper Enterprise Association takes an active interest in your talents, as well as in your submissions. Gag writers and cartoonists with ability, send your strips and comic art ideas to me, Flash Fairfield, Director of Comic Art, NEA, 1200 West Third Street, Cleveland, O., 44113. Who knows? Perhaps your talent and NEA will live happily ever after.

NEA

Newspaper Enterprise Association/ New York-Cleveland

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For Par at
Universal Press
Syndicate

GOOD EARTH ALMANAC

DON Q HAS BEEN CREATING AN EVER GROWING RIPPLE AMONG DISCRIMINATING COMIC WATCHERS WHO GENERALLY DO NOT WRITE...

HERE'S A SAMPLE...

...Don Q as it appears in the San Antonio LIGHT is a most penetrating and perceptive commentary on the current scene. Besides deaning, I teach communication. Several times I've used your strip as an example of communication clarity and students bring in your work for the same reason.

Now you've really done it! Your 3/3 strip was the sharpest comment I've seen...I would plead for more balloon-busting, ego-knocking, irreverences of the fine artists-in-syndication to be published with the editorial page material.

It's not that we take ourselves too seriously, but that we take the wrong things seriously. Education has been adversely affected by the over-seriousness of its faculties and its students, and probably most of all its deans and presidents. In these people, seriousness becomes sterility and immobility and the institution suffers. Government-politics, whose foibles you treat so incisively, become oppressive and dangerous when driven into a corner by preoccupation with its own over-serious importance.

G.E. Meyers
Dean, Trinity University

I am very much interest in cartoon strips and political cartoons, and I attempt to use them in my classes whenever possible. Most of my students are high school social studies teachers, and I encourage them to use the newspapers in their classrooms. Cartoon strips such as yours make this task easier for me.

Robert M. Bruker
Associate Professor,
Southern Illinois University

...on top of your style and sharp incisive lampooning, and exquisite pen-work, I like your impartiality. From Gantz, everybody gets it! Left, right, center. The whole spectrum. You are eminently fair, which makes you all that more useful as a really outstanding commentator on the national scene.

Norbert W. Kearns

THIS IS NOT TO SAY THAT THE AVERAGE READER DOESN'T ENJOY DON Q (THEY TELL US SO.) IT'S JUST THAT WE ARE SO PLEASED THAT DON Q ATTRACTS THAT IMPORTANT PERCENTAGE OF NEWSPAPER READERSHIP.

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CARTOONIST PROfiles

June 1977 No. 34

Editor: JUD HURD

Photos by Jim Ruth

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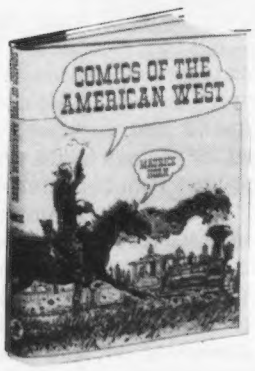
Burne Hogarth	8	Russian trip	64
Toni Mendez	13	King Korn	68
AAEC Mexico City	14	Rowland Wilson	74
Said & Dunn	21	Raggedy Ann	81
Grim Natwick	24	Danish cartoonist	82
Percy Crosby	28	Dick Cavalli	85
Cathy	34	Howard Boughner	86
Phil Love	37	Stan Hardison	92
C.C. Beck	40	Ardeshir Mohassess	96
I. Klein	49	Gold Key Award	100
The Bungle Family	52	Short Ribs	102
Animation Nostalgia	62		

The Lone Ranger rides again in the first and only fully illustrated history of Western Comic Strips and Comic Books ever published.

COMICS OF THE AMERICAN WEST

by MAURICE HORN



Through these pages gallop and stumble the heroes and buffoons of Western comics – from **Little Jimmy** through **The Lone Ranger** and **Red Ryder** to the present-day Western satires. And not only the Americans are represented. The popularity of Western comics extends to Europe, Latin America and Japan, and all the world's Western heroes and adopted cowboys are included. **Comics of the American West** is both a history and a thorough examination of the contributions made by comic strips and comic books to the mythology of the West. Its lively text chronicles the history and development of Western comics, American and worldwide. This is must reading for all nostalgia nuts, comic fans, and Western buffs, and a real pleasure trove for those whose vivid impressions of stagecoach robberies, Indian raids, damsels in distress, the U.S. Cavalry, and the opening of the frontier were formed from the characters and scenes in these pages. Illustrated in color and black-and-white. **$15.00**

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NATIONAL CARTOONISTS SOCIETY

BURNE HOGARTH

BURNE HOGARTH, the incoming President of the National Cartoonists Society, and CARTOONIST PROfiles Editor JUD HURD, are both enthusiastic about an experiment which we believe will be very much to our mutual benefit, and on which we begin with this issue. Burne Hogarth, and other members of the Society will, on a regular basis on these pages, contribute articles which will be of considerable professional value to all cartoonists, and they will also give us other items which are deemed to be of interest to those in our profession everywhere. Burne is enthusiastic about this collaboration because it will enable him and other National Cartoonists Society members, to bring their professional thoughts and ideas to a wide growing readership.

Hogarth feels that there are endless exciting possibilities as to new markets for the cartoonist, new approaches which he should try, new types of readers he should be aiming at, etc. All of these things he, and others, are anxious to share with our readers.

CARTOONIST PROfiles will, by this arrangement, have access to a good deal of material which various important cartoonists would otherwise not take the time to put down on paper. The first of these special pieces appears herewith. It is the result of a recent conversation which your editor had with Burne Hogarth who, as most of you know, has an international standing with cartoonists throughout the world. You may remember that it was some dozen years ago, when the famed Louvre Museum in Paris decided to honor the cartoon with its first exhibition, that Hogarth was chosen to be the subject of this innovation in museum circles.

HURD: In recent years newspaper syndicates haven't been much interested in acquiring new continued-story strips. What should the cartoonist who is interested in producing this type of feature do about the situation?

HOGARTH: Personally, I think the times are against the use in newspapers of illustrative, narrative fiction that we used to see during the Tarzan, Flash Gordon or Prince Valiant age. These pages permitted a cartoonist to explore every aspect of whatever kind of visual image he had in mind. Television has overtaken newspapers as far as visual matters are concerned. As a result, I believe that if an artist wishes to explore narrative and pictorial fiction, he should think primarily in terms of books. The book has an expansive quality that the newspaper feature does not now have.

Some time ago I found myself debating whether I should get back to newspapers and do a Sunday page adventure strip, or go into books. In doing the newspaper Sunday page, you have to work within a tight framework of 8 to 12 weeks because if you go beyond that, you lose your readers. You have to race like a deerhound to tell your story in just 8 or 12 separate pages. You have to create the cliffhanger effect at the end of each of these pages, and then at the beginning of the following installment you have to quickly recapitulate what happened in the preceding one because of the 6-day gap which readers experience between pages. Then, of course, you have to put in throwaway panels which contain repeat actions and don't advance the story, in order that the syndicate may adapt your drawings to various Sunday page sizes such as standard, half-page, third-page, tabloid, etc.

In contrast with this situation, in books you will have 60 or more pages to work with at the very least. Even this would be a tight book which doesn't sell for a great deal. A better book may contain 96 pages, and the more expanded book, affording greater elbow room for telling stories and making pictures, may have 122 pages, which is the format I've been working in. Beyond these, perhaps, you may be able to go all the way up to 160 pages.

HURD: Can adults of all ages who've been sensitive about being seen reading comic books be educated to buy the type of book you're talking about?

HOGARTH: Yes, I think there's a powerful market here. The artist has the opportunity for the widest kind of expression in terms of choosing a story that will go the distance of, let's say, 96, 124, or 160 pages. This chance to create a kind of truncated novel, or even a full-length one, was what intrigued me. The picture possibilities are immense and even the movies can't equal them. In movies you can't go out to Cinemascope size one moment, come back to smaller screen size the next, or turn the scene vertically or upside down. In books you can expand and contract your frame — when you need to, you can take a whole page for a single frame, and then drop down to smaller size in the next panel. As an example of the possibilities inherent in the reader's being able to turn a page upside down for an additional effect, your readers might notice the introductory drawing in my 'Jungle Tales of Tarzan' book.

Tarzan is shown crouching on the rocks, staring in dismay at something down in the lake. There's an ape crouching next to him, pondering the water. After the reader looks at them for a moment, if he turns the page upside down, he will see, reflected in the water the *next* expressions of the man and the ape. Tarzan's expression of dismay has changed to deep chagrin, and the ape's expression has changed to one showing loss of interest. In this case I used the reflection to advance the action, and combined the dynamic and the static in a way that movies can't do.

If we look back for a moment to the history of one of the other arts, we can get a clue as to the eventual full-scale acceptance of this new form of pictorial fiction. The waltz was once considered a pornographic dance and was not to be

IT WAS ON A SULTRY DAY OF THE DRY SEASON THAT HE AND ONE OF HIS COUSINS HAD GONE DOWN TO THE BANK TO DRINK. AS THEY LEANED OVER, BOTH LITTLE FACES WERE MIRRORED ON THE PLACID POOL: THE FIERCE AND TERRIBLE FEATURES OF THE APE BESIDE THOSE OF THE ARISTOCRATIC SCION OF AN OLD ENGLISH HOUSE. TARZAN WAS APPALLED. IT HAD BEEN BAD ENOUGH TO BE HAIRLESS, BUT TO OWN SUCH A COUNTENANCE! HE WONDERED THAT THE OTHER APES COULD LOOK AT HIM AT ALL.

THAT TINY SLIT OF A MOUTH AND THOSE PUNY WHITE TEETH! HOW THEY LOOKED BESIDE THE MIGHTY LIPS AND POWERFUL FANGS OF HIS MORE FORTUNATE BROTHERS! AND THE LITTLE PINCHED NOSE OF HIS; SO THIN WAS IT THAT IT LOOKED HALF STARVED.

SOME DISTANCE AHEAD OF HIM, TANTOR MOVED STEADILY ALONG THE WELL-WORN ELEPHANT TRAIL ...

...AND AHEAD OF TANTOR WARRIOR SCOUTS LISTENED INTENTLY FOR HIS COMING.

TO HIS RIGHT AND LEFT IN OTHER PARTS OF THE JUNGLE, OTHER WARRIORS WERE WATCHING. SILENTLY THEY WAITED ...

...AND PRESENTLY WERE REWARDED BY THE SIGHT OF A MIGHTY TUSKER.

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A FEW MORE STEPS WOULD PRECIPITATE TANTOR UPON THE SHARPENED STAKES; TARZAN FAIRLY FLEW THROUGH THE TREES UNTIL HE HAD COME ABREAST OF THE FLEEING ANIMAL AND THEN HAD PASSED HIM. AT THE PIT'S VERGE, THE APE-MAN DROPPED TO THE GROUND IN THE CENTER OF THE TRAIL. TANTOR WAS ALMOST UPON HIM BEFORE HIS WEAK EYES PERMITTED HIM TO RECOGNIZE HIS OLD FRIEND. "STOP!" CRIED TARZAN, AND THE GREAT BEAST HALTED TO THE UPRAISED HAND.

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countenanced in polite company. In the time of the saraband and the minuet, during the grand monarchies of England and France, the extended body movements and the flinging out of the woman's skirts were considered wanton. It took the rise of a new bourgeois public coming from the merchant class in early democracy, as distinguished from the aristocracy, to accept the waltz as a contemporaneous aspect of good social dancing. Just so today — we will see the same kind of desire on the part of the public to accept this new literature.

Right now in most of the colleges they're accepting cartoons and pictorial narrative as a valid American art form. It's a new kind of expressionism. The newer people coming through the colleges, the ones who've been raised on this diet of what was considered a low class art in the past, don't consider these things vulgar anymore, but a form of pop culture. And pop culture is very widely distributed throughout the length and breadth of the world. Jazz was once declasse and today it occupies a high place in the study of music. Now is the time for the art of pictorial fiction, and the cartoonist must strive to find his place in a prime market wherein there is a new reading public. The world we're in nowadays is a new world of activity, of exciting times, one of energetic and dynamic movement, and of life on the run. When the public sees the mobility and the kinetic aspect of the drawings we do in pictorial fiction, they will enthusiastically embrace this new kind of graphic literature which is based not on the leisurely-paced flashbacks and contemplative stories of the past, but those which relate to our times in newer, racier terms.

HURD: In doing a Tarzan book of pictorial fiction, you were dealing with a subject which allows for a lot of extreme action. Does this mean that all cartoonists entering this new field must get a great deal of physical action in their stories?

HOGARTH: Not necessarily. Let me clarify the nature of kineticism and movement — it has to do with the concept of timing and pacing. When the action in your drawings speeds up, the amount of wordage you use drops off. This increases the sense of motion and movement. When you have very fast movement, you don't need any words at all. When the action lessens, more wordage can be employed to maintain a slower tempo. And I'd like to say a little more about this business of pacing. An example of it can be found on several pages of my Tarzan book which I hope you can reproduce with this conversation.

An elephant is meandering through a forest and there are warriors waiting to trap him. I used a big tree, the trunk and branches of which wander through the several panels on the page, to convey the idea of the elephant's leisurely movement to the reader. If each panel had been bordered by a hard-and-fast line, the reader would have made a quick jump from one phase of the action to the next. The warriors are looking at the elephant through the screen of these trees, and as the reader's eye follows the meandering of the tree, he senses the slow movement of the elephant through the forest. Suddenly the tree almost disappears from the page, the screen of the tree and its branches, which temporarily slowed action, is wiped off, the visual matter clears away and the warriors jump out in action.

There's also another kind of action which can be expressed without drawing violent physical movements. O'Henry's method, in the field of written fiction, is an example of this. He zeroes in on a fragmentary episode which gives the reader an accurate sense of an entire happening or situation. If you convert this method to picture material, you'll see that getting close-in on fragments creates just as much excitement as looking at something that contains excessive action. For instance, if you close-in on an eye with a down drawn eyebrow, and an averted pupil, your drawing conveys as much excitement as a high-action scene, since in this case the psychological element is hyped-up. You can accomplish this with fragments such as hands and fingers. In the movie, *The Lodger*, the physical action was slow-paced, but the cameraman and the director focused on feet going up the steps, and thus they introduced apprehension, stealth, trepidation, creating great movement psychologically. You're anxious to have the camera get to the next phase of the story. In both cases, the effect is the same — you have suspense.

HURD: Will it be difficult for cartoonists to find subject matter for their attempts in the direction of pictorial fiction?

HOGARTH: We haven't even explored a tenth of the possibilities of this new book form. All the cartoonist has to do is to look at the shelves in any book store and to note the variety of ideas expressed. All kinds of factual matter, gothic and heroic stuff, fantasies, the nature of adventure in the quiet kind of human interest that exists in a hundred different ways, mythologies — the world is unending! It will take a thousand talents to express all these ideas pictorially, and we haven't even begun to scratch the surface.

Another important matter that is worth thinking about is the possibility of spin-offs from your work of pictorial fiction. It might become a syndicated property in television for instance. It might be animated, or it might involve dry scanning of the pictorial matter, and with proper use of the camera, movement can be created. Further, any great book which is visibly powerful has the possibility of becoming a movie, with the book serving as a production design for the film. As I mentioned earlier, we're on the threshold of a totally different public. In the past we've been serving a young and adolescent public which usually has a short span of interest — say in three year stages of growing up. After that we've lost them because they're no longer interested in the type of material we've been giving them. The Europeans who do not yet have the ability to tell a valid adult story, are looking to us, who have that ability, for leadership in the pictorial narrative which will deal with material which is for adults of all ages. If we handle this adult material expertly, our public will never be diverted from us because they've grown up. We'll have their interest and commitment for decades of their mature years. That's a durable readership.

Toni Mendez

The Newspaper Comics Council was founded some years ago with the purpose of promoting the Sunday comic section as a potent medium for advertisers. Television was becoming an increasingly strong competitor at that time, and an organization was necessary to try to maintain and increase advertising space in the color comic sections.

With the above purpose in mind, many Council activities have furthered the cause over the years. The current Chairman of its Projects Committee is the well-known Toni Mendez, who heads an organization engaged in finding suitable markets for cartoon features and for various products derived from syndicated features. We have asked her to tell our readers something about a very interesting Council project which has been underway for some time.

by TONI MENDEZ

A good bit of advice I received from Milton Caniff when I entered this business was: you cannot bat a thousand but you sure can try to. It has stood me in good stead when putting the combination of creative talent and business together.

After being appointed Projects Chairman of The Newspaper Comics Council, I had reason to make use of that sage counsel many times.

Many of the wonderful ideas dreamed up by the membership consisting of Newspaper Syndicated Cartoonists, Newspaper Syndicate Executives and Newspaper Editors have crystalized. When they do they always make a meaningful contribution to our industry.

When a project is suggested by a fellow member, before it can move forward, it must be cleared by the executive Committee. If the project involves an agreement, it then is passed to me as the project chairman and a committee is appointed by the executive board to follow through and report back to them and the membership.

I would like to share with you a Council Project that started with Howie (Eek & Meek–P.T. Bimbo) Schneider; was nurtured by Charles T. Kline, President of the Council, Alfred (Kerry Drake) Andriola and Avonne Keller, secretary of the Council. The only thing left was for me to help bring it into being. Howie's idea was for a series of original art to be created by cartoonists for Lithographs. It was important in this instance to find a prestigious Publisher whose background and authority in the Art world would recognize Cartoon Art in line with other serious art.

I presented the proposal to Harry Abrams, a good friend, then President of the Harry Abrams Publishing Co. He agreed that Cartoon Art should be recognized as a serious Art form. The Council then set up a Committee for this project with Howie as Chairman.

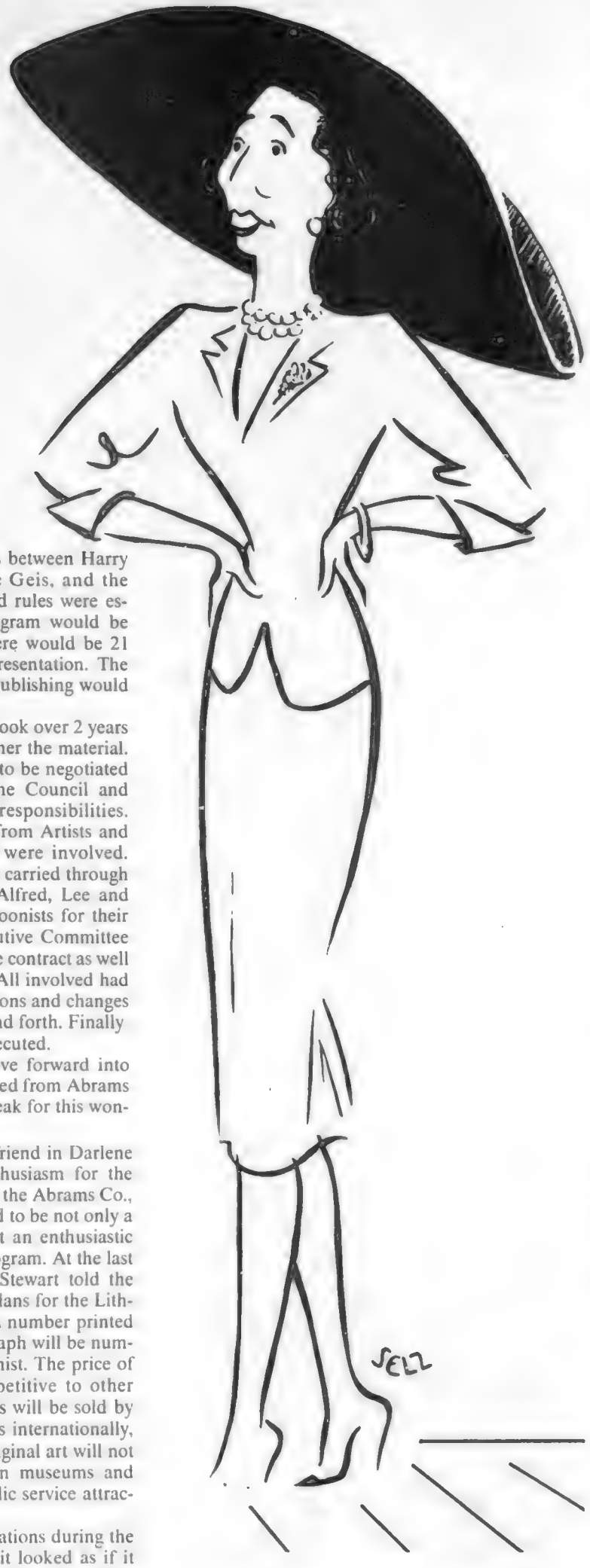
During a number of meetings between Harry Abrams, his assistant Darlene Geis, and the Committee the following ground rules were established: The Art for this program would be original for the project, and there would be 21 cartoons involved in the first presentation. The Committee and Harry Abrams Publishing would agree on the final selection.

All this started 4 years ago. It took over 2 years and much follow through to gather the material. In the meantime a contract had to be negotiated that would be acceptable to the Council and Abrams–that was one of my responsibilities. Clearances had to be obtained from Artists and the Syndicates whose features were involved. Avonne Keller and Chuck Kline carried through nobly in obtaining clearances. Alfred, Lee and Howie meanwhile prodded cartoonists for their work and succeeded. The Executive Committee of the Council had to approve the contract as well as Attorneys for the syndicates. All involved had suggestions to offer. Many additions and changes kept the contract moving back and forth. Finally all agreed and a contract was executed.

Just as we were ready to move forward into production Harry Abrams resigned from Abrams Publishing Co. It looked very bleak for this wonderful project.

But the Council had a good friend in Darlene Geis who now passed her enthusiasm for the program to the new president of the Abrams Co., Andrew Stewart. "Andy" proved to be not only a good friend of Cartoon Art but an enthusiastic President of Abrams for this program. At the last meeting of the N.C.C., Andy Stewart told the membership of his company's plans for the Lithographs. There will be a limited number printed of each piece of art. The lithograph will be numbered and signed by the cartoonist. The price of each Lithograph will be competitive to other "name" artists. The Lithographs will be sold by Abrams directly, by art galleries internationally, and through mail order. The original art will not be sold, it will be exhibited in museums and galleries and will also be a public service attraction.

This venture had many tribulations during the long negotiations. Many times it looked as if it would founder. However, it survived. The final results will not only give kudos to the contributors who helped make the Lithograph program live but to everyone in the business of Cartoon Art–The art that has been taken for granted because it is part of the "funny papers". ●



Caricature of Toni Mendez by Irma Selz.

Coca-Cola de México

The Coca-Cola Export Corporation SUCURSAL

In addition to hosting one of the events at the recent convention of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists in Mexico City, Coca-Cola of Mexico is planning to publish a collection of cartoons by AAEC members who were asked to draw their impressions of our neighbor country. We are indebted to Mr. Francisco Betancourt Blake of Coca-Cola of Mexico for letting our readers have an advance look at a few of these impressions. Mr. William Pruett, the Vice President for Public Relations for Coca-Cola in Atlanta arranged for us to talk by phone with Mexico City so that we could have copies made in time for our June issue. We thank both of these gentlemen for their efforts. The book will later be published in Mexico and distributed by Coca-Cola in the United States.

AAEC

MUCHAS GRACIAS, MEXICO

DICK LOCHER CHICAGO TRIBUNE

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Spanish
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GARRRR!
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peso señor?
Coca Cola
Loved every minute!
Jon Kennedy
5-14-77

NOT HIM, YOU FOOL. THAT'S A VISITING CARTOONIST.!
HE DOESNT UNDERSTAND ENGLISH. TRY SHOUTING!
HOW COME THEY ENJOY THEIR CHILDREN ?
IT'S AN OLD ANCIENT CUSTOM CALLED SMILING!
TO MEXICO!
WITH MUCH LOVE AND NEW FOUND AFFECTION
BEN WICKS
TORONTO CANADA.
MAY 14TH 1977.

I dont know what it is yet but it looked good - (and they wrapped it well)
Aztec Calender
Chichen Itza Pyramid
Candy
Don Pedro
Guaranteed Fertility God
Amigo, I just love Mexico!
Si, Señor, but do you have to take eet weeth you?
Art Books
Presidente - brandy (6 year old) + Presidente brandy glass
Rocks from Ushmal ruins
Toluka bag (good buy)
Assorted Liquers & Coca Cola
Assorted gifts & jewelry from Merida
Rocks from Chichen Itza
More Toluka Sweaters, bags & serapes
Jerry Robinson
Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate.

ED FISCHER, the editorial cartoonist of The World-Herald in Omaha, Nebraska, and the editor of the AAEC Notebook which publishes news of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists, has very kindly sent us the cartoons and photos included here.

Ed writes that the annual AAEC convention, which was held in Mexico City this year from May 10th to the 14th, appeared to be big news in that city as frequent articles about the affair kept popping up in the papers during the week. Several of the welcoming cartoons done by the Mexican cartoonists are reproduced here, along with the photos.

Association of American Editorial Cartoonists

★★★★★★★

MEXICO CITY CONVENTION

Display at Tuesday Night Banquet at Mexico City Museum. Entertainment by typical Mexican orchestra. From left to right: Governor of Mexico City Carlos Hank Gonzalez, Interpreter; Jack Jurden, President, AAEC; Hectar Valdez, Mexican cartoonist, and one of the hosts and organizers of the convention.

Jim & Helen Lange. Jim is Treasurer of AAEC.

Cartoon display in hotel lobby from left to right: Scott Long, Minneapolis Tribune; Chuck Brooks, Birmingham News; Ed Fischer, Omaha World Herald.

Cartoon art transcended the language barrier as 70 U.S. and Canadian cartoonists were guests of 30 Mexican cartoonists this month in Mexico City. The occasion was the first Association of American Editorial Cartoonists convention held in Mexico. The meeting came two years after the U.S. organization invited the Mexicans to join. One of the outstanding features of the Mexican cartoonists is their ability to caricature.

A view of Communist Parties' "independence" from Moscow. The looming figure is Anastas Mikoyan, former Soviet head of state.

Uncle Sam's reaction to Watergate as seen by William Solano Zamora of Costa Rica, who signs himself "W. Solo."

LEFT: A Mexican cartoonist's greeting to his American and Canadian colleagues. The character third from left is Fischer, who is editor of the association's magazine.

RIGHT: A toast in self-caricature by the fun-loving Oswaldo Sagastegui.

SAID & DUNN

Our 'Said & Dunn' columnist, BOB DUNN, whose King Features "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoon appears around the world in nearly 500 newspapers.

by Bob Dunn

A certain week in 1934 is worth recording in the interest of cartoon history. It was the time a good, run-of-the-mill comic strip got it all together to become an all time great.

The scene was the comic art dept. of King Features. The mailboy delivered the distinctive oblong packages of different sizes that held the comic strips sent to the syndicate by the contract artists from all over the country.

I was working in the bullpen along with Fred Schwartz, Jim Raymond, Joe Musial, Mel Loebner, Doc Winner, Grace Miller, Ray Axtell and Leo McManus.

Grace Miller, caption writer and assistant to comics editor Leo McManus (brother of George "Jiggs" McManus) husked the wrappings off the strips and started them on their way to the engravers. Grace's routine was to open the packages, check them off in her log book, blue pencil the dates (to be inked in later) on the strips and read them in order to write a caption which some papers ran above the printed cartoon.

I sat opposite Grace and I remember her saying: "Gee, these are a swell set of Blondies."

The strip had been running about four years, not setting the world on fire ... but doing all right. It was a gag a day — not too different from "Dumb Dora," the feature Chic Young drew before he did "Blondie." I didn't pay much attention as Miss Miller passed the strips to their next stop, Ray Axtell, known to his co-workers as the "pecker editor" because he was so wary about a baseball bat, a saddle pommel, a finger or anything in a drawing that might suggest a phallus. A word about Ax. He was a nervous, worrisome editor, to whom cartoons were only something to be checked for spelling and taboos.

The next time I knew Ax was chuckling and saying, "These gags of Chic's are great!"

Coming from a guy who was quite humorless and seconding what Grace Miller, an acknowledged comedy writer, had said, made me anxious to see what the fuss was all about.

The next stop on the journey of the strips was my station. I made the corrections blue penciled by Ax. I must have scraped out "Aspirin" (a trade name in those days) and lettered in "tablet" or "headache powder" (where it would fit), a hundred times. Other no-no's I recall fixing were "already." Ax always wanted it changed to two words "all ready." "Frigidaire," another trade name, had to be changed to the old-fashioned "ice box."

Chic, a very neat artist, always sent in clean copy, very few corrections ever necessary.

At first glance, this current set of Blondies looked crisper, more stylized than previous strips by the same artist.

I must admit that up to that time I hadn't been a big Blondie fan. My taste ran to the wilder Milt Gross, Billy Debeck, Rube Goldberg type of cartoon. But I could appreciate what had made Grace Miller and Axtell sit up and take notice. Instead of the wisecrack treatment of earlier Blondies, the set I was looking at were all homey, middle-class, average American family, young marrieds gags.

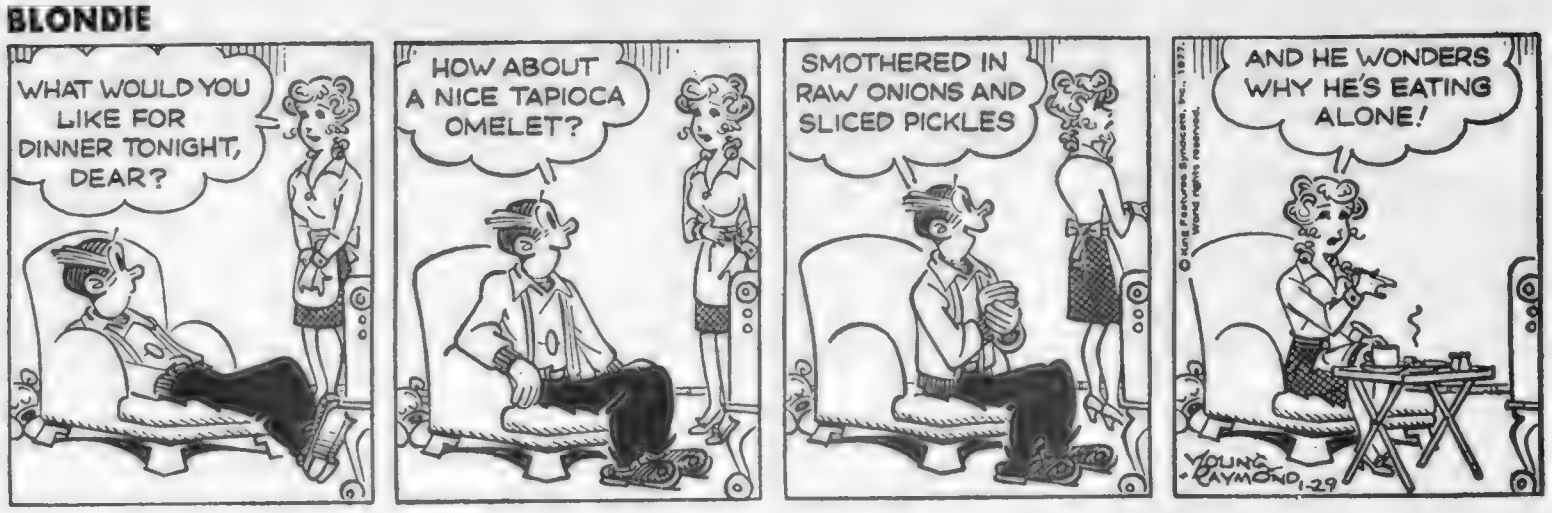
From that day the strip took off. It was "hot." You heard about it in every department of the syndicate. Sales campaigns, promotion, by-products, radio series, movies and from more than a few guys, each of whom claimed to be the one who told Chic to go the down-to-earth, family-oriented route.

One man (besides Chic, that is) does deserve credit for the direction Chic's brainchild took. That was Joseph V. Connolly, President of King Features, who liked the clean cut young family and advised Chic to do an up-dated version of the Maggie and Jiggs theme, sans the henpecking and rollerpin hurling, with situations recognized as having a grain of truth by newlyweds. By the way, the Dagwood sandwich may have been inspired by Milt Gross's "Dave's Delicatessen." A cop character in Milt's strip used to make himself a tall sandwich in Dave's noshery and walk out with it under his cap. Milt's rendition was wildly funny but Chic's version was the one that became world famous.

Chic, who had a cartoon appearing every day from 1921 to the day he died, March 15, 1973, was the most successful cartoonist ever. His "Blondie" readership was 54 million every day in 1400 newspapers all over the world. It was translated into 18 languages. Today it's as popular as ever, drawn by Jim Raymond who worked with Chic for 35 years. Dean Young, Chic's son, writes the feature and keeps it fresh and up-to-date. It still sparkles just as it did that day (Wow! 43 years ago) when an average comic strip turned over a new leaf and became the champ of champs.

Things I recall about great cartoonists: The time Darrell McClure, who drew "Little Annie

BLONDIE


WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR DINNER TONIGHT, DEAR?
HOW ABOUT A NICE TAPIOCA OMELET?
SMOTHERED IN RAW ONIONS AND SLICED PICKLES
AND HE WONDERS WHY HE'S EATING ALONE!
YOUNG RAYMOND 1-29

Rooney" (I did the lettering), came into the syndicate. In my mind he was on top of the world. Whatever hassle he was having at the time I don't know but he said to me, "You think the greatest thing in the world is to have a strip, don't you? Well, it's not so! When you get a strip that's when your troubles start!"

I've mentioned the following tidbit at a cartoonists' meeting but never in print and it's worth recording. Here it is: "What heavyweight boxing champion was a very good cartoonist and had a strip syndicated by King Features? I'll give you a hint. The year was 1933-34. Another hint: the drawing had a foreign look — a Latin flavor. The name of the strip was "Little Preem." That ought to tip you off.

Give up?

The strip was drawn by Primo Carnera, the Italian giant who won the world's heavyweight championship on a foul from Jack Sharkey. By the way, Carnera drew it himself without a ghost or a writer. It ran about a year or until Max Baer knocked Carnera out and took the championship away from him.

Tad (Thomas Aloysius Dorgan) was one of the all time cartoon greats about whom not enough has been writ. As a link between the good ol' days and the hectic nows, I hereby sing of the creator of "Indoor Sports" who also invented and made popular so many slang expressions as to virtually forge a new language. You, rugged reader, use Tad's funny lingo every day without knowing whom you're quoting. We've all used the expression "Hot Dog." That was Tad's. "Ball and Chain" and "Storm and Strife" was his way of saying "wife." 23 Skidoo was a Tadism. My particular favorite was Tad's way of ordering corned beef ... "Dublin Duck." "Red Mike and Violets," was another name Tad had for corned beef and cabbage. The list is endless. If it was funny it was Tad's.

Chic Young

The Dorgan family settled in San Francisco when Tad's Grandfather Tim, originally from County Wicklow, Ireland, went West in the Gold Rush of 1848. Tim begat Thomas Dorgan, Sr. who became a stonecutter and building contractor in the City by the Bay. Thomas, Sr. begat three Dorgan boys, Thomas, Jr. (the oldest, born Apr. 29, 1877), Dick and Ike. Research has not revealed what Ike's square name was. "Ike" sounds like Tad gave it to him. Dick and Ike followed their big brother into the newspaper business but not as successfully. Dick tried to be a cartoonist. His style was influenced by Tad but not inspired. Dick's high point was illustrating Ring Lardner's great book and feature, "You Know Me, Al." Ike was a sportswriter and press agent for some of the big fights staged by Tex Rickard.

When Tom (not yet called Tad) was seven years old, he was watching a house being moved. The way it was done (and still is) was to knock holes in the foundation, push big beams thru, rest them on many big cross beams which are greased and then pull and push with whatever power available to its new location. Little Tad was looking on in wonder at this phenomena that was taking place in his own neighborhood. Twelve horses were supplying the motive power. Tad didn't think he was too close to what was going on. He was leaning on some piled logs supporting the end of the cradle which held up one of the four cross beams. The four fingers of the boy's right hand were cut off by the moving timbers. The injured boy was carried to a blacksmith shop across the way where a tourniquet was applied before the local doctor could be found and brought to the scene.

Young Tad, who had been drawing righthanded since he was five, began out of necessity to use his left hand for everything and slowly began to write, print and draw with increasing ease with his "dowthowg." (That's Gaelic for Lefty.)

I've wondered if Tad would have been a better cartoonist if he did not have his accident. I've come to the conclusion that he would not. Adversity shaped him. He drew more because of his injury. He wasn't able to play ball although he tried it. So he drew ball players.

San Francisco was the spawning grounds for the great cartoonists who would light up the start of the 20th Century.

Tad was in the right place at the right time. San Francisco was the fistic capitol of the world. Jim Corbett, the bank clerk who brought in respectability to professional sports in general and boxing in particular, was raised in the same Irish neighborhood that nurtured Tad.

Tad, like every cartoonist-to-be, drew all over his schoolbooks. He copied the pictures of ball players and fighters that appeared on cards that came with packages of cigarettes. Kids would

Cartoon by Tad

Tad's Favorite Outdoor Sports
I LOVE LEMONS THAT'S MY FAVORITE FLOWER
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WELL-HA-HA- BOSS I'LL COME WITH A NATURAL- THE FUNERAL WAS POSTPONED- THERE'LL BE A DOUBLE - HE- I MEAN ITS OFF ---
HA-HA - THERE'S OLD JIM DIVVY AND HE MET HIS CASHIER AT THE GAME HERE
YES-JIM LEFT THE OFFICE SAYING HE HAD TO RUSH TO PHILLY ON BUSINESS
I ONLY HOPE I DON'T MEET MY WIFE = I GAVE HER AN AWFUL SONG AN' DANCE ABOUT GOIN TO BUFFALO
WHAT NO SPINACH
OUTDOOR SPORTS
LAMPING THE BOSS WHO LEFT THE OFFICE FOR AN OUT OF TOWN CALL AS HE MEETS THE CASHIER WHO "WENT" TO A FUNERAL
10-21
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hang around cigar stores asking customers as they emerged: "Gimme the card, Mister?" To Tad the cards were his anatomy textbooks. He began going to the many gyms which had sprung up around Market St. in the City by the Bay. He got to know the sportswriters who covered the boxing beat. One of them, Al Dodge, encouraged the budding artist and got him a press seat for the next week's bout at the car barn between two neighboring rivals. Dodge suggested that Tad report the fight in cartoons. The boy did. Dodge showed the drawings to his sports editor on the Bulletin, Hy Baggerly. Baggerly ran the cartoon, paid Tad a big five dollars and offered the boy a job on the paper. Tad was where he was meant to be. He took the job with his parents' blessing and he was on his way. His sports cartoons became the rage of San Francisco. He covered all the big sporting events and along the way got to know Jack Johnson, the black giant who became heavyweight champion of the world. Tad very early picked Johnson as the greatest heavyweight of all time. Tad had his own very special nicknames for certain people. Arthur Brisbane, who had a high, bulging forehead was "Doubledome." Milt Gross when he was Tad's office boy was "Davenport." Tad's name for Jack Johnson was "Li'l Artha."

Tad married early ... the girl he wanted ... a serious, only child of an Irish mother and a German-American father. She was prim, had no interest in sports, and wanted her husband to go into her father's real estate business and turn his drawing ability (which didn't impress her) to Sunday painting.

William Randolph Hearst broadened Tad's horizon. He had Tad draw a daily panel and a Sunday color page besides special sports coverage. The young cartoonist was *writing* sports too. Tad worked fast but he was carrying an awful load of assignments. The only help he ever had was a young ex-sailor who couldn't draw too well but made himself useful and tried to get Tad on the last train to Bayside where the Dorgans lived since being brought to the New York bigtime in 1919. His name: Gunboat Hudson.

Tad's bosom pal in New York was Hype Igoe, a sportswriter and cartoonist who worked on the N.Y. Journal. Tad's work appeared in the Journal and the Sunday American but he was syndicated by Hearst's International Features and later King Features.

Hype (Dorgan gave him that name because he was so skinny) and Tad's favorite hangout was Jack's, the famous restaurant and drinkery on 6th Ave. between 43rd and 44th sts. opposite the massive old H ippodrome Theatre.

(Quick side thought: Jack Callahan's wife was a high diver in the Hippodrome Aquacircus. She lost her sight from striking the water with her hands at her sides. Jack, a protege of Geo. McManus, drew Calamity Jane and Freddy the Sheik.)

Back to Tad. Mrs. Dorgan was continually at war with her stay-out husband and it got so he spent more time at Jack's than he did in beautiful Bayside.

She couldn't stand any of his pals. When Tad had a heart attack in 1924 his life style changed. He stopped going to New York. Jack's closed for good. Tad worked at home. Gunboat was his link and emissary to the big town. Tad's old cronies beat a path to his door where Mrs. Tad did everything but put out an "unwelcome" mat to get rid of them. Which brings us to the denouement (pronounced "day-noo-ma" meaning the tricky ending).

Tad died May 2, 1929. As was the custom in those days, he was buried from home. The coffin was in the parlor. This was before "living rooms" became popular. A wake ran three days. The last two nights were the busy times with friends coming to pay last respects.

On the first day of the wake Jack Johnson, now almost twenty years after losing his heavyweight championship to Jess Willard in Havana, came to the Dorgan house to pay homage to his old friend.

Johnson genuflected at the open coffin, closed his eyes and said a silent private prayer. He stood up and gazed long at the still form of the first important journalist to treat him like a human being. Lifting his head, he stepped to the foot of the bier and stood at attention. People passing the coffin did not try to speak to Johnson. His serious mien discouraged familiarity. He had been there about a half hour when Tad's wife had enough. She went up to Jack and said: "Thank you, Mr. Johnson. I'm sure you must have things to do. I don't want to detain you. Thank you very much."

Jack didn't budge. He looked down at the widow and pronounced his verdict: "Li'l Artha's not going. Li'l Artha is staying here!" And stay he did. For two more days and nights with short relief periods to nap and change his clothes in the garage where he and Gunboat Hudson had set up their last camp. ●

A WHIMSEY NIGHT IN LONDON

by Grim Natwick

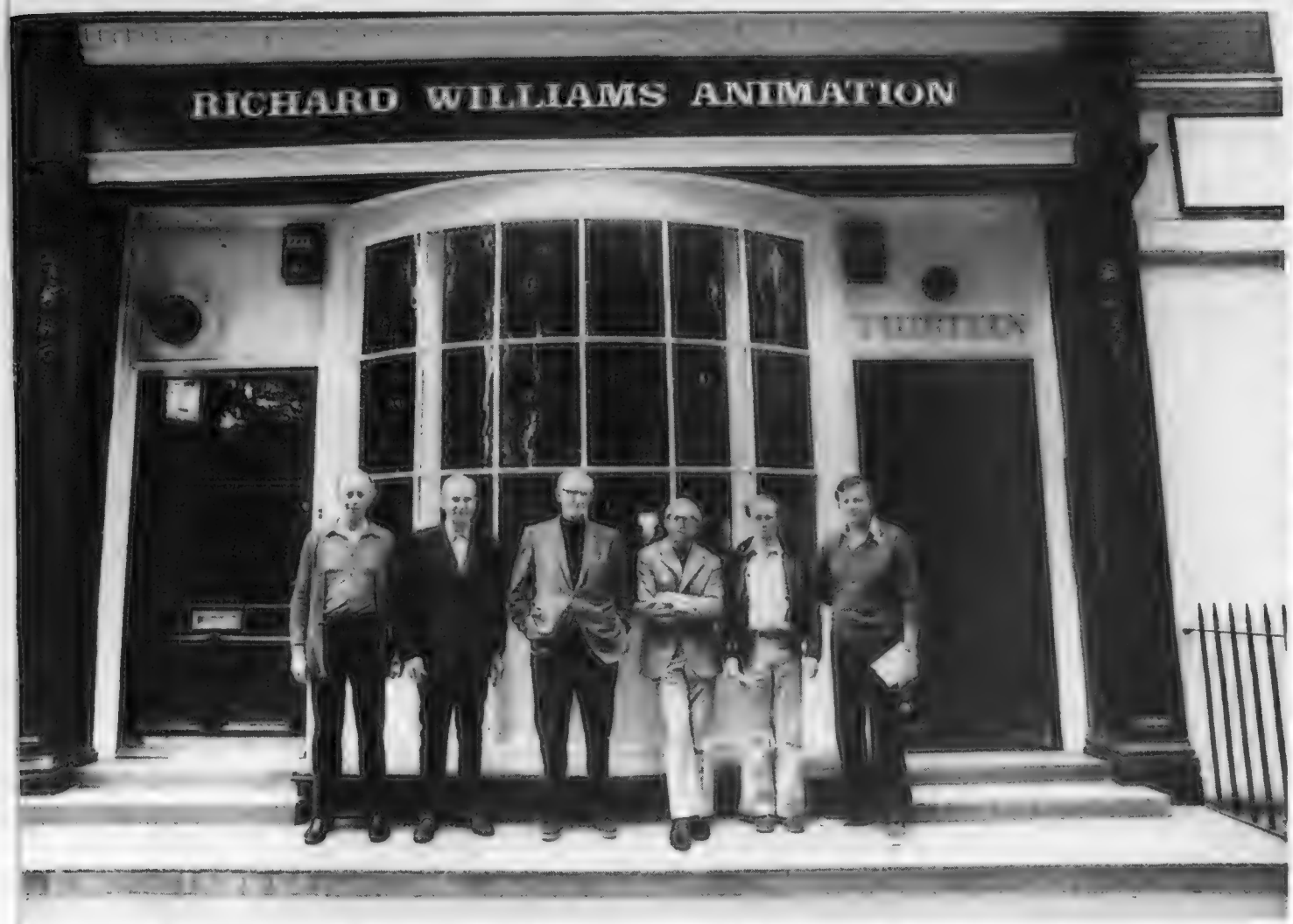
GRIM NATWICK Pioneer animator of "Snow White" herself, climaxes his career animating "The Mad Holy Old Witch of the Desert Mountain" for Richard Williams' first full-length animated feature "The Thief and the Cobbler".

Grim Natwick is pictured here with Richard Williams in his London Studio.

GRIM NATWICK, who wrote this story is a noted pioneer animator who got into animation in the silent days when an animator had to master the art of pantomime. He animated for Max Fleischer in New York, for the Ub Iwerks Studio in Hollywood, and then for Walt Disney. His art training in Vienna helped him in animating a large part of the Snow White character. After that he went back to the Donald Ducks and the Mickeys, and had a short sequence in The Sorcerers Apprentice—Fantasia. During his later career he worked on the feature length 'Gulliver's Travels' for Max Fleischer's new studio in Miami, was with Walter Lantz's Universal Studio, with Steve Bosustow's UPA studio, and with the Bob Lawrence Studio in N.Y. Grim is a longtime subscriber to CARTOONIST PROfiles.

Certain London nights are best described as drizzlers — something more than fog and less than rain. It was one of those nights.

John Culhane, animation historian, and I had just come out of the Richard Williams Animation studio at number 13 Soho Square. Soho, fairly in the middle of London, is historically oblique. It has a raffish reputation. It is devoted to the pleasures of eating, drinking, entertainment, street gambling, book shops and alluring blonds. Traditionally, Soho is bounded by Oxford Street in the north, Coventry Street in the south, Regent street to the west, and Charing Cross Road to the east. A hundred different races live and work there. Dozens of restaurants hug the center block known as Soho Square. One of these is run by the three Cassolotti sisters. On this night, John and I went there for dinner. The sisters kept a friendly



L To R: Brian Lewis (Studio Attorney), famed American animators Ken Harris, Grim Natwick and Art Babbitt, star animator Dick Purdum of the Williams studio, and Richard Williams.

little place only a short walk from the studio.

This was early in January of 1974. In a week, John would return to America. We found a quiet corner table and ordered our first carafe of red wine. While we waited for appetizers, our conversation hobbled from the London studios to the question of where animation would "go from here." The Walt Disney 'Robinhood' epic had been showing in London and had been sparingly reviewed in London papers. A plate of peppery antipastos was placed on our table. We ordered a second carafe of wine. Then suddenly John propounded a verbal commentary that he swore was absolutely true.

From private sources he said he had learned that the genius Leonardo DaVinci, growing a little jaded with harp music, went one day to St. Peter and asked for a year's respite from the perfumed elegance of his celestial abode.

"I have observed," he said, "a new and fascinating art called animation that is being practiced in the slums down on Earth. My inventive ingenuity tempts me to resume for a twelve-month period my former likeness so that I might infiltrate myself into one of these fascinating studios." St. Peter willingly granted his wish.

And so it happened that one morning this noble individual entered the Richard Williams Studio at 13 Soho Square in the city of London. Williams received a phone call from his secretary. She said, "Mr. Williams, do you hire artists with long hair and whiskers?"

Williams said, "Of course we do. What's on your mind?"

"There's an artist here with a portfolio of drawings he would like to show you."

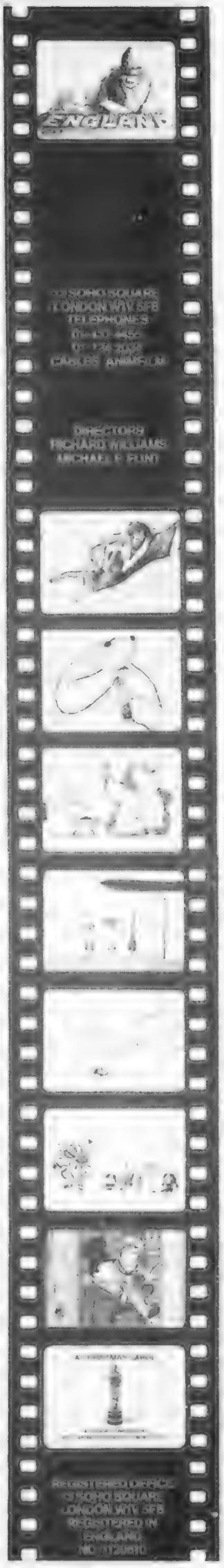
"Oh man! It's one of those days... can he come back later?"

"He seems a little uncertain."

"O.K. I'll come out." So Williams dashed out and took a quick glance at the visitor. He thought, "H-m-m-m, long hair, whiskers, gosh — a real freak — where could he have animated? Maybe that's the wrong question." Then, to the visitor, he said, "What's your name, fellow?"

The stranger started to answer, "Da-da-da ... no spika da English."

Leonardo



© Copyright Richard Williams Animation Ltd.

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come with Scrooge in a scene from Richard Williams' Oscar-winning production of Dickens' A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

© Copyright Richard Williams Animation Ltd.

The Ghost of Christmas Present with Scrooge in a spectacular flying sequence

© Copyright Richard Williams Animation Ltd.

Scrooge with the Ghost of Christmas Past

"No whatta da what? You are in England, you know. We do our animation in English ..." Then, to his secretary: "Suppose you talk to him, Carol; find out more about him. I've got this test on the moviola ..."

Perhaps misunderstanding, perhaps chagrined, the visitor took up his portfolio and walked out of the studio, across Soho Sq., past the weathered statue of King George and then vanished in the multitude of milling men and women who swarmed the busy city.

When Williams returned, his secretary said, "I'm sorry you didn't look at his samples."

"His samples?"

"His drawings ... He had hundreds of drawings of strange machines and things that have never been invented."

"Good heavens! I know who that was!" Williams rushed through the doorway. His secretary called to him. "Come back, Mister Williams. Come back! You've taken the door off its hinges!"

John Culhane had now ordered a third carafe of wine. He said, "That's the way it was. Just one little freak-off and Williams may have set the animation industry back three hundred years."

Everything John had said seemed, at the time, completely normal and rational. As we pattered through the moist night to our separate bus stops, it did not occur to me that John's facts, as usual, were open to question. Some day I must ask him about that ... ●

RICHARD WILLIAMS, Britain's Oscar-winning animator, pictured at his Soho Square, London Studio where he is working on his full-length animated feature "The Thief and the Cobbler".

With it s Arabian Nights setting "The Thief and the Cobbler" is a four million dollar commitment and will be ready for the cinema screens in 1978.

Williams who was born in Canada won Hollywood's Academy Award in 1973 for his animated version of Charles Dickens' A CHRISTMAS CAROL. He is the first British animator ever to win an Oscar for animation.

Copyright© 1936 Skippy Inc. (Copyright renewed)
Estate of Percy Crosby.

The photos of Percy Crosby through the courtesy of Agnes Dale Crosby.

PERCY LEO

CROSBY

Your editor well remembers a very pleasant afternoon in East Holden, Maine, that we spent reminiscing with Joan Crosby Tibbetts about her father, famed cartoonist Percy Crosby. During our conversation she gave us the following never-published story about him, which was written by Dave Kaler, a staff member at Woody Gelman's Nostalgia Press.

Along with this article, we're reproducing some of Percy Crosby's political cartoons, as well as some of his famous Skippy and Always Belittlin' strips.

And we're also including some Crosby family photos.

BY Dave Kaler

All men look at one time or another in their life to escape to a time when life was simple and full of foolish delights. Few men ever find a way to achieve this goal. One man was luckier than most in that he found the way to do just that and make a more than substantial living at it at the same time. That man was Percy L. Crosby and his solution to the problem was a child comic strip character named, "Skippy".

Not many kids of today know either the name of that artist or his creation. But in his own time of prominence he ranked as high in the ranks of cartoonists as Charles Schulz does today. "Skippy" was seen all over the world in newspapers, appeared as the main character in a book written about him and after a while in the movies and on the radio. And "Skippy" was also one of the first comic characters ever to have his own comic printed in four colors at a print run of over half a million copies. And that one issue alone is a collectors item.

"Skippy" in reality was Percy L. Crosby in his

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Estate of Percy Crosby.

by Percy Crosby

Skippy

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by Percy Crosby

OH, MAMA! THERE'S A CAKE ON THE KITCHEN TABLE.
I KNOW IT.
©SKIPPY, INC
AN' THERE'S A COUPLE O' FLIES FLYIN' AROUND THE KITCHEN.
WELL?
-6/8-
WELL, DON'T BLAME ME, IF THE CAKE IS MISSIN'.

own childhood. It was Crosby's way of bringing into the world of confused ideals and morals following the First World War a look backwards into a simpler life and a gentler world. It was also Crosby's way of teaching little lessons in philosophy and religion in a world that seemed to be leaving them behind. It was a one man crusade to bring back a little happiness into a confused and chaotic world.

"Skippy" wasn't a kid that the neighbors would dote and fawn over. Many was the time he spent swiping oranges from the corner fruit stand. Many were the times he made grown-ups in this strip exasperated and pulling at their hair in just the same way Dennis causes this reaction in Mr. Wilson. He was a living, breathing boy in his own world of two dimensions, the good one and the bad one.

Many is the time I've come across a "Skippy" strip and wondered if deep in the recesses of Charles Schulz's mind doesn't lie the memory of "Skippy". This most often happens when I read one that has "Skippy" playing baseball. One time Skippy was showing another boy how to catch the ball and all he managed to do was receive various lumps on his head and miss every ball thrown at him. After all this, his comment to the other boy was, "Now do you understand how to do it?" In another Skippy, like Charlie Brown, he was the pitcher and had already given the other team 24 runs in the first inning. It really makes one wonder.

The same thing happens when I happen to notice a particular Dennis the Menace strip by Hank Ketcham. Somewhere in Ketcham's recesses of memory must dwell Crosby's "Skippy". It's especially so when Dennis is teaching new things to Joey as Skippy used to do to smaller kids in his neighborhood. And it also occurs when Dennis is telling Mr. Wilson how to do certain things in an easier fashion and only succeeds in causing further difficulties for Mr. Wilson.

But unlike both these strips, "Skippy" managed to disappear and fade into a limbo except on the shelves of libraries and in the collections of various persons growing up at the time of the strip's life in the local newspapers. This wasn't because the strip lost its appeal or flavour. It managed to maintain quality throughout its existence. It was just that Crosby, himself, was a multi-talented man who allowed himself to go in all directions at once and finally burned himself out.

Crosby, like Skippy, was a person who could never be still. And why should he allow himself to do so when he was born into a world that was still small but growing up at a pace which a person could understand and rest easy in.

Percy Leo Crosby was born in Brooklyn on December 8, 1891. Soon afterwards his parents moved to Richmond Hill, Long Island, where he grew up. It was a world that few people of today can remember. It was a suburban area where fields grew between houses and there was one main street in the whole community. Since his father was himself a painter and dealer in art materials, Percy grew up with art. Percy was always on the move, like Skippy, and at the same time painting and drawing. When his father locked up his paints as he found Percy using them, he used lumps of coal to draw huge pictures on the cellar floor.

Because of his eagerness to get somewhere and soon, Crosby quit high school and went to work as an office boy in the art department of *The Delineator,* a popular magazine at the turn of the century. He earned more by selling magazines and being the agent for a local delicatessen. And in his spare time he was busy drawing pictures and studying art at Pratt Institute and the Art Students League.

At fifteen he saw his first copy of LIFE, a popular humor magazine that stopped publishing in the late 30's and whose name was bought by another concern for a pictorial news magazine. Crosby knew at the start that he had to have one of his drawings in that magazine. The next year he ventured into the offices of that magazine and sold his first idea. That was the start of it all.

For the next fifteen years, Crosby was busy drawing cartoons for newspapers both on the sports and editorial pages as well as selling them to the comic magazine weeklies. His big break came in 1923 at the age of 32.

LIFE was looking for a weekly feature to run

AMERICA'S GREATEST
SUNDAY, APRIL 11, 1937
COMIC WEEKLY
ALWAYS BELITTLIN
BY PERCY CROSBY
Registered U. S. Patent Office
UNCLE OLAF HAS THE DAY OFF AN' HE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIMSELF.
DOES HE LIKE MOVIES?
NO.
HOW ABOUT READIN'?
HE DON'T CARE FOR IT.
WHY DON'T HE WORK ON HIS CAR?
THERE'S NOTHIN' WRONG WITH IT.
WELL, YOU RUN HOME AN' TELL HIM TO BE PATIENT AN' I'LL SCOUT THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
FOR WHAT?
A COUPLE OF KNITTIN' NEEDLES AN' A BALL OF YARN.
4-11

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Estate of Percy Crosby.

The Survival of the Fittest

Copyright 1933, Percy Crosby
Pub. Wash. Herald
(July 15, 1933)

The idea in back of an international peace conference.

on its pages that would increase newsstand sales and help build up its mail subscribers. When Crosby heard of this, he sat down at his drawing board and drew 15 pictures. After looking all of them over, he discarded 14 and saved one. Then he spent the next hour rehearsing a speech to sell his character to the art editor. That same day he walked out of the editor's office with a contract for one page a week for the price of one hundred and twenty five dollars each. And so "Skippy" was born. "Skippy" wasn't Crosby's first kid strip, though. In 1918 he was doing "Timmie and Buddy" for the McClure Syndicate.

At first Crosby had trouble naming his new character. His first choice was "Beanie". But then he decided that perhaps it would be better to name his character after some happy action. "Jumper" was his first choice until he happened to see a youngster come skipping down the street. So "Skippy" was named and "Skippy" he stayed.

So on March 15, 1923, the world got its first look at Skippy Skinner as he was named. LIFE ran a full page ad in that issue announcing their new feature and showed "Skippy" racing down a street directly at the reader. And that's exactly what Crosby and Skipper kept doing until the '40's, speeding headlong into the world at a maddening pace into the heart of readers everywhere.

Two years later, Crosby approached King Fea-

tures about "Skippy" and the newspaper strip was born. Its appeal was so strong that the *New York American* featured it on the front page of its comic section, a very important place for a comic strip to appear. Meanwhile LIFE collected many of Crosby's "Skippy" pages and bound them together into a large book for the pleasure of its readers. Crosby wasn't idle either.

After a visit to the New York Public Library, Crosby came away in awe of all the cards in their catalogue and wondered why his name shouldn't be on one of them. So in 1927, he sat down and wrote a novel about Skippy. He had a winner. The *Ladies' Home Journal* serialized the novel in late 1928 and early the next year, Skippy was in book stores all over America. When Crosby went back to the library, he found his name on one card and Skippy's on another. But he wasn't able to borrow a copy of his own book as all the copies were out on loan.

Like the Skippy of the comic strip, the Skippy of the novel was a heart winner. His was a world fast disappearing for all time. There was peace, the only war games children played at were Civil War games. The train passed through town twice a day to pick up passengers in the morning and let them off again at night. The school had several rooms and classes with cloak rooms at the side. Life was a series of small adventures in games, a first attempt at romance and a first look at death in all its reality. In the end, the town was growing up, friends were moving away and Skippy was left to grow up in a faster moving world.

By 1931, at 39, Crosby was making over one hundred thousand dollars a year for Skippy cartoons alone. Paramount Pictures had bought the film rights to the Skippy novel, bringing in still more money. And radio, which was just beginning to come into its own, was dickering for the rights to put Skippy on over the air waves and finally did in 1934. But Skippy just wasn't enough for Crosby.

Crosby had tried the idea of living abroad with his wife as part of their new easy life of wealth. But the troubles of the world about him pervaded his every thought all through the trip to Europe. America was going through Prohibition with crime growing on one hand and immorality on the other. Communism was making a big push to gain converts all over the globe. And America was losing face in the esteem of the Europeans after having helped it out of the hell of the First World War.

Crosby came back from Europe and set up a one man crusade to help set things right. He wrote pamphlets denouncing Communism, editorials describing the terrible thing Prohibition was doing to America and its youth, even though he had given up drinking himself and he published his own books on these subjects, (entitled the Freedom Press) when publishing houses refused to take firm stands on unpopular subjects.

Even that couldn't take up all his time. So in 1928, he held his first exhibition of paintings, lithographs and water colors in New York City. It only met with moderate approval. Three years later he came back to that city with another show that was an immediate success. Critics praised his work in terms that glowed. His pictures of men and animals in action were described as moving

Skippy **by Percy Crosby**

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like violent streaks of lightning caught in motion. Another critic talked of Crosby's work as having a vital rhythm. Within a few more years, exhibits were being held in London, Paris and Rome. And Crosby's work was being bought for permanent collections in museums in those same cities.

This still wasn't enough for Crosby. He was busy studying sculpture in the winter. He tried his hand at modern verse. And to top all of this, he spent his spare time in New York City haunting old book stores looking for classics and masterpieces for his huge library.

But let's get back to Skippy. Here Crosby had his own sense of genius going for him. With simple strokes of his brush, he produced a loose, rough drawing that contained everything it needed. It was a form of expressionism that contained little in the way of details or blacks. There often was a hazy quality about each panel. But the same character with checkered hat, huge collar and flowing tie always shone through in Skippy's own inimitable way. And that same lightning action as seen in his paintings pervaded every movement of Skippy's, whether moving down a street slowly or balancing on a fence.

The writing was another matter. Here Crosby complimented his art beautifully. Skippy could never open his mouth without saying something in his own boyish way that produced rare moments of deep thought and insight in his readers. Once a series of youngsters proceeded to tell the readers their various religious affiliations and how much they liked what they were. Skippy's comment was that they had nothing to sell to each other.

Just as Psychology works its way into the

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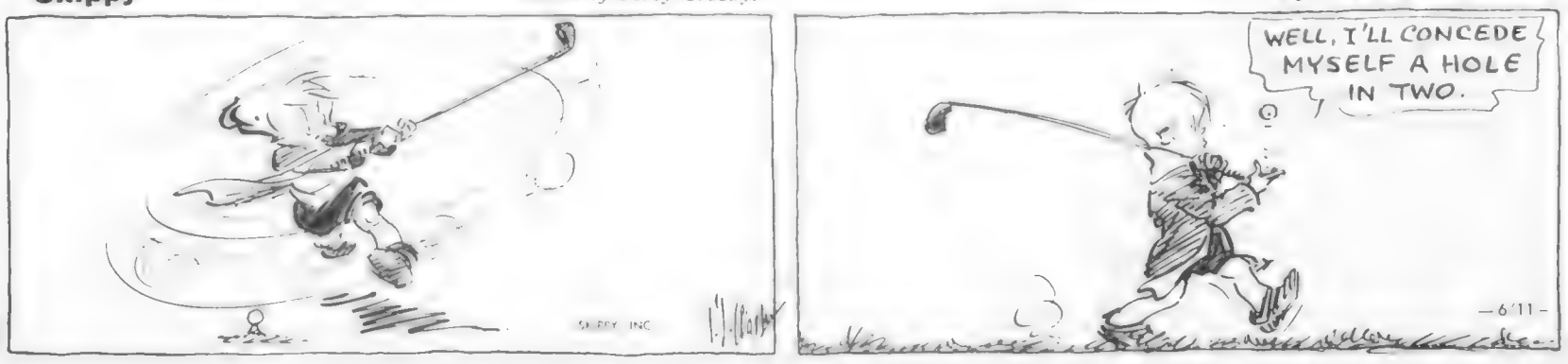
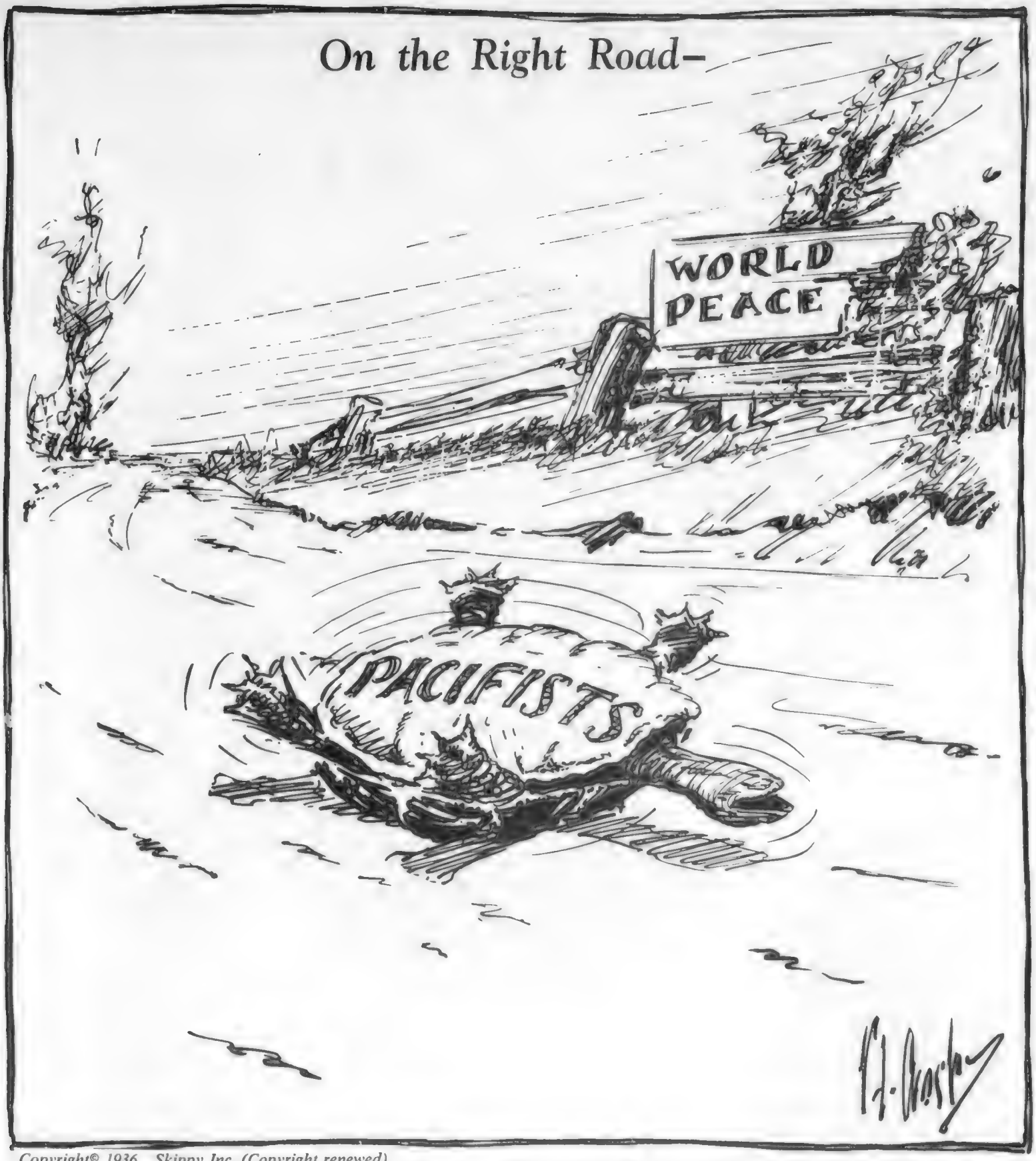
Skippy **by Percy Crosby**





Copyright© 1936 Skippy Inc. (Copyright renewed)
Estate of Percy Crosby.

Pub. Wash. Herald
(June 6, 1933)

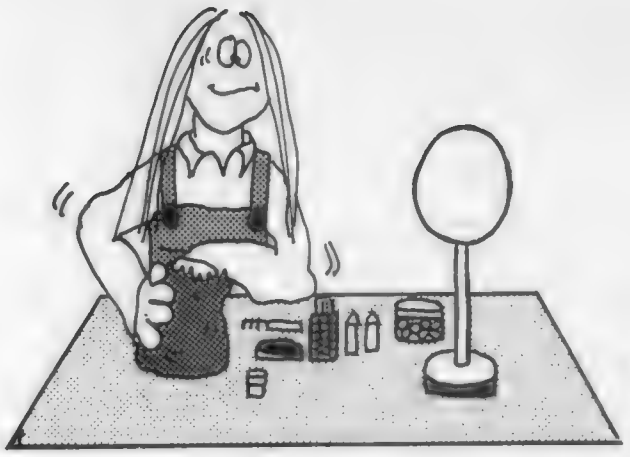
—But the feet are not on the ground.

world of "Peanuts" today, Philosophy invaded the world of Skippy. It was Crosby's way of making people look at the good things in life and to enjoy them. It was his way of making the voice of a child heard in the world that was ranting and raving over one belief or another. The basic simple things of life held the answers for Crosby and so he thought they were also applicable to others about him. But there were also moments of outright foolishness and gentle humor.

When one child debunked religion by complaining that he couldn't believe what he couldn't see, Skippy merely asked him what color the wind was. When another boy asked which church Skippy belonged to, Skippy replied none, as he went directly to the boss himself.

Skippy and his best friend would spend hours just talking of how good it was to share silence with a friend. Skippy refused to go back to the hospital after seeing that all the pictures they took of him showed that he had a tree growing inside of him.

But Crosby's own philosophy was probably the same one that Skippy talked about after a rough week of living and all its hardships. Skippy goes on that "I just look up at the evenin' star an' think how much nothin' there is in all the world...just millions o' nothin' an' if a star could shine through all that nothin'...why shouldn't I shine with the tiny nothin' that's part o' me?" ●



CATHY

by Cathy Guisewite

CATHY GUISEWITE

We heartily welcome the entrance of another young woman into the comic strip field in the person of Cathy Guisewite who creates CATHY for the Universal Press Syndicate. (We are indebted to Jennifer Holmes, a staff writer for the Detroit Free Press, for some of the information contained in the accompanying story).

After graduating from the University of Michigan in 1972 Cathy landed a job in Detroit as a copywriter at Campbell-Ewald advertising agency.

A year later, Cathy felt it was time for her career to move on, and she began looking at other agencies. But she didn't just knock on doors and fill out job applications. She drew a cartoon resume, characterizing her work experiences.

"Cathy was swamped with offers at a time when the job market was very depressed," says her mother, Mrs. Anne Guisewite.

Cathy spent a year at another agency before joining W.B. Doner in 1974.

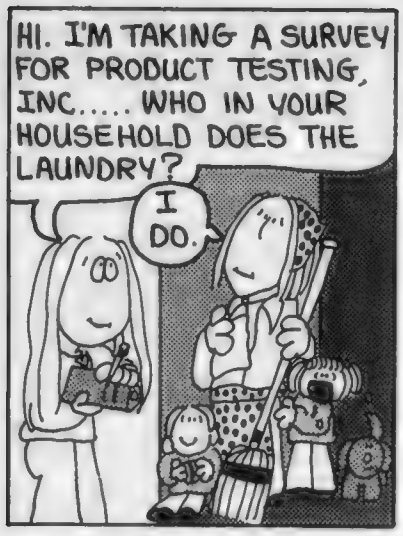
Cathy was promoted to supervisor in one year and vice-president in the next.

Meanwhile, Cathy's family had moved to Dayton, Ohio. When she wrote to them it was often with a cartoon describing Cathy's funny-sad social life.

If Cathy found release in the cartoons, her mother found talent. "Cathy has always made her own greeting cards," says Mrs. Guisewite. "She drew such expressive little figures and always with just the right tender words. She even put together little books, which I thought were good enough to be published."

BUT LIKE MOST kids whose fan clubs comprise their parents, Cathy pooh-poohed her mother's advice and encouragement. Undaunted, Anne Guisewite went right ahead and researched the possible syndicates for Cathy's comic strip.

Mrs. Guisewite urged her daughter to start the search for a publisher by sending samples to


HI. I'M TAKING A SURVEY FOR PRODUCT TESTING, INC..... WHO IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD DOES THE LAUNDRY?
I DO.

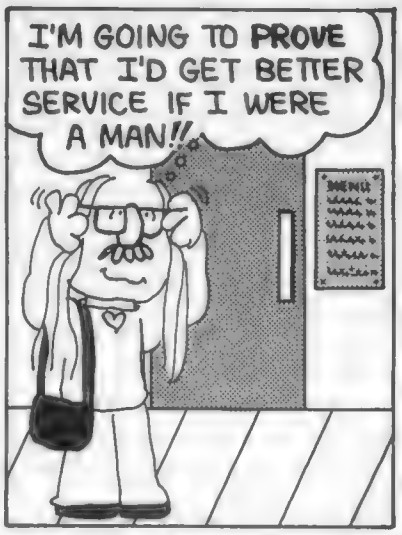
WHO TAKES CARE OF THE KIDS?
I DO.
THE DISHES? THE FLOORS? THE WINDOWS? THE SHOPPING?
I DO.
©1977 Universal Press Syndicate

AND WHAT DOES YOUR HUSBAND DO?
WELCOME

OH, HE WORKS.
WELCOME
Guisewite 4.11

I'LL SHOW THAT STUPID RESTAURANT!

THEY MADE ME REALIZE HOW HARD IT IS FOR A LADY TO GO OUT TO DINNER BY HERSELF IN A CHAUVINISTIC WORLD!
MENU

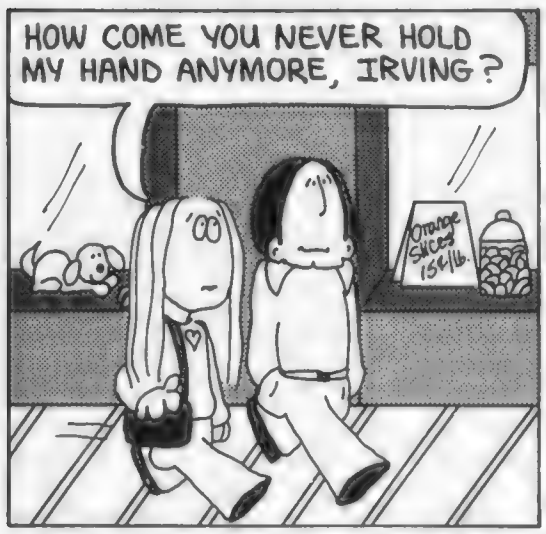

I'M GOING TO PROVE THAT I'D GET BETTER SERVICE IF I WERE A MAN!!
MENU

SORRY, SIR. I CAN'T LET YOU IN WITHOUT A TIE.
©1977 Universal Press Syndicate
Guisewite 4.11

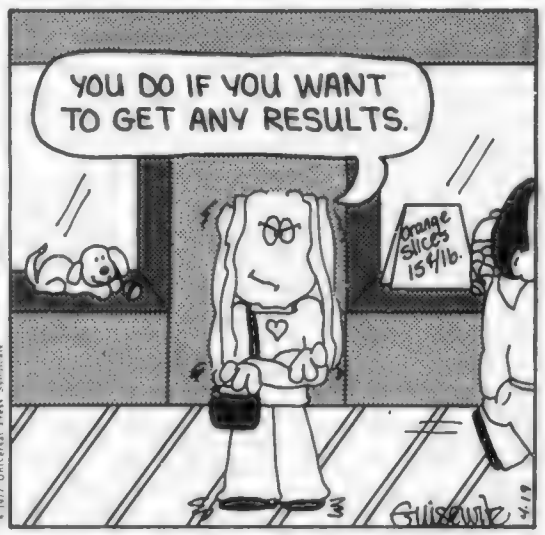
JUST THINK, CATHY! SUMMER IS ONLY 6 WEEKS AWAY!!
OH NO, MOM.

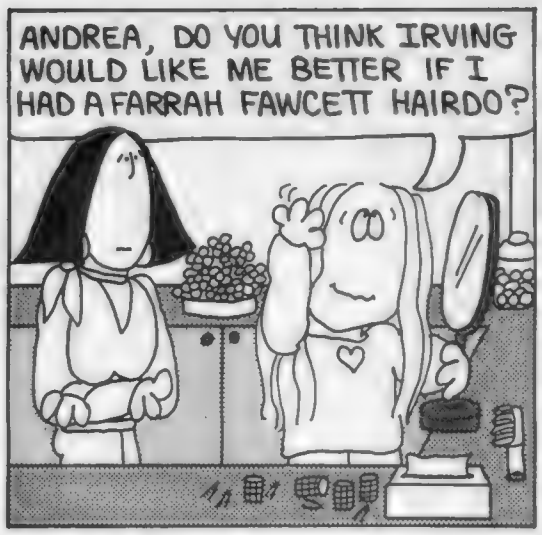
CATHY, AFTER A WINTER LIKE THE LAST ONE, HOW CAN YOU NOT BE HAPPY ABOUT SUMMER COMING IN 6 WEEKS??!

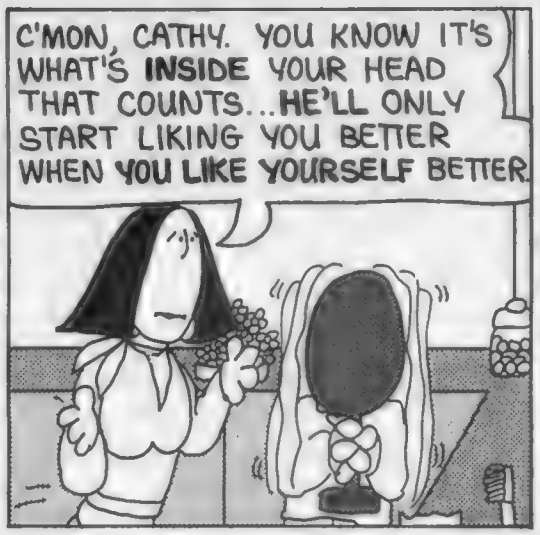
'CAUSE I'M STILL 4 MONTHS AWAY FROM GETTING INTO MY BATHING SUIT.
©1977 Universal Press Syndicate
Guisewite 4.19


HOW COME YOU NEVER HOLD MY HAND ANYMORE, IRVING?
Orange Slices 15¢/lb.

WHAT FOR, CATHY? YOU KNOW I CARE ABOUT YOU. I DON'T THINK I HAVE TO ADVERTISE IT TO THE WHOLE WORLD!!!
lb.
©1977 Universal Press Syndicate


YOU DO IF YOU WANT TO GET ANY RESULTS.
Orange Slices 15¢/lb.
Guisewite 4.19




C'MON, CATHY. YOU KNOW IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE YOUR HEAD THAT COUNTS...HE'LL ONLY START LIKING YOU BETTER WHEN YOU LIKE YOURSELF BETTER

Universal Press Syndicate.

Within two days of submitting her work to Universal, Cathy Guisewite received a contract in the mail.

The comic strip is about a sweet young thing named Cathy who is torn between her family's traditional values and her friends' leanings toward women's lib. She has many familiar problems, most of which concern men.

Cathy says one reason she writes the comic strip is because she resents the vogue image of the cool, slick, impervious "bionic" woman, whom the average female can't help comparing herself to—unfavorably.

She believes that the modern woman—no matter how independent and thick-skinned she is supposed to be now—is still just as vulnerable to upheavals in her love life as her traditional counterpart was.

"PEOPLE ASK ME why 'Cathy' spends so much time thinking about guys. It's because I think no matter how successful a woman gets, the man in her life is still the most important thing. When she's upset, it's the man she's thinking about, and not her career as an agriculture specialist."

And that's just fine, Cathy says.

The internal conflict arises when women believe their careers must be top priority and that they really shouldn't let men bother them so much. Then they start agonizing that something's wrong with them.

"If there's one goal for my comic strip, it's to reassure other women who don't feel that they have their lives under perfect control that they're OK. Somebody else has been through it."

Nobody's admitting anything, but there's a hint that the "somebody else" may be Cathy Guisewite herself.

"I'm romantic and emotional," she says.

"I definitely prefer to be pampered and romanticized. But there's no question in my mind that men are taking advantage of the feminist movement. Now we're supposed to share the cost of dinner and rarely does a girl get picked up for a date anymore."

Cathy says she called the strip "Cathy" primarily because she wanted a very common name that would enable women to identify with the situations. By letting it be her own name, she was able to make it personal. "There's no point in doing it if I don't get right to the gut."

Though the syndicate usually gives her a free hand, Cathy says, they sometimes bounce one of her strips for putting "Cathy" out of character.

"I HAVE TO BE schizoid," she says. "I have to separate myself from her. If 'Cathy' says something blunt or cutting or sarcastic, Universal says it's not in keeping with her personality. I have to remember not to let her lash out at goofy guys."

Cathy says she sometimes puts her character in situations that she herself has not been in, using ideas passed along from friends. For instance, "Cathy" will get involved with a computer dating service that uses TV to display clients to the opposite sex. "I researched it," Cathy says, "but I didn't go through it myself. I don't think I could endure the experience."

When Cathy Guisewite is asked why the strip bears her own name she says, "I feel comfortable with the character; she's my creation. She's not *me*, but she is *of* me—a large part of me. Many of my emotions and reactions are presented through her character, so I thought it only natural that the strip should have my name. But Cathy's only autobiographical to a degree. Her responses to life and the situations she finds herself in are real because I've been through many of the same things. Emotionally, we're very much alike. And some of her reactions are ones I know I would have to particular situations. But she has to keep her own identity too. Some of her remarks and feelings are not right for me."

When readers assume that Cathy Guisewite and her character are both one and the same, it doesn't bother her. She's sure they will realize that what she's trying to do is show some of herself. And she feels that will add both to the humor and credibility of the strip character.

People ask her, "Why a strip about a woman, by a woman?" And she comes back with," Isn't it time? I'm not doing any conscious thing to put a believable woman in the comic pages. But women—and a lot of men—will react very favorably to Cathy's character and life. A lot of us share similar situations. Cathy, like so many women today of all ages, is trying to come to grips with the new image of womanhood. Many of us do not feel entirely comfortable with the new ideals being offered us. It's not that we reject them, it's just that they don't fit well. Cathy feels the anxiety, the indefiniteness, of being young, female and single. Sometimes she accurately assesses what she must do and at other times she's helpless. She spends a lot of time struggling with the classic boy/girl relationships, just as it's important to a lot of women—and men too. Cathy will help them realize that humor can be extracted from much of the pain, and that, as bad as things may be going, they are frequently only temporary. We're seldom unique in our disappointments and bitterness relating to the opposite sex. And—I can say now, with some distance—there *is* a lot of humor in male/female relations. I think a lot of women will respond to the strip viscerally, for I'm certain what I've been through—and what Cathy is going through—is common to many women. And I suspect a lot of readers will be men—after all, they play such an important part in her life."

In order to handle both her jobs, Cathy must spend nights and weekends doing her comic strip. She isn't contemplating quitting her advertising job. "I love my work at the agency," she says. But she admits that someday she may have to hire someone to illustrate the comic strip.

For now, Cathy Guisewite will just keep on bringing home two executive salaries to her modest Royal Oak apartment. Weekends and vacations will find her at her drawing board under the stairs . . . or busy living out the normal gamut of tribulations that "Cathy," her alter ego, will echo.

phil love

Like Old Man River, the story of the Robert Colberts just keeps rolling along. Every time I think I've written the last word about their devious devices to obtain valuable autographs and especially inscribed original cartoons, someone pops up with new information so fascinating that I feel obliged to pass it on.

My latest information comes from a couple somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon Line, both autograph collectors and teachers of classes in autograph collecting. They asked me not to publish their names because they are "afraid to be tied to this mess."

"We have gotten a great many originals from the artists," they wrote. We do hope that not all the people who write to them are crooks.

"Just to give you a little example, Bill Hoest *(The Lockhorns)* not only has given us a Lockhorn and a magazine cartoon but was nice enough to do a self-caricature for us. All of this is still in our collection and is used for public displays.

"Please push the idea that there are many fans that just want a small item of their favorite cartoonist. We have seen students ... see a display and then want to write to a cartoonist. A few weeks later they will come to class smiling from ear to ear and carrying the original. They will be a fan for life."

THERE WAS a bit more to the letter than that, but at this point I'd better tell you what came with it. It was a Xerox copy of a chapter in a book, *Making Money in Autographs,* by George Sullivan. Included was an autographed photo of the couple with their 12-year-old son, the "baby" they've used to obtain so many autographs and cartoons. Since I can't improve on Sullivan's presentation, I'll quote him directly:

"Bob Colbert, a 36-year-old Philadelphia security guard and his wife embarked on a letter-writing campaign not long ago that earned them hundreds of valuable replies, more notoriety than they ever bargained for, and the heated criticism of a good many collectors and dealers.

"'Before we began, we asked ourselves what we could tell a celebrity that he would really like to hear,' Colbert recalls. 'And we decided to tell him that we had named a baby after him.'

"A determined campaign followed. The Colberts mailed a picture of their son, Robert, as an infant (he was really ten by then) to such people as Gerald Ford, Henry Kissinger, Pablo Picasso, Indira Gandhi, Fidel Castro, and Joe DiMaggio. One night Colbert himself would write out several letters; the next night it was his wife's turn. They averaged about 20 letters a week.

"'We hope the naming of our son after you makes you as proud as it does us in doing so,' the letter said. The Colberts explained that their baby-naming decision was made 'after much deliberation.'

"'We're making up a 21st birthday album for the child to give to him when he reaches that age,' the letter continued, and then requested 'a personal note in your own handwriting that contains a few words of wisdom for the child.'

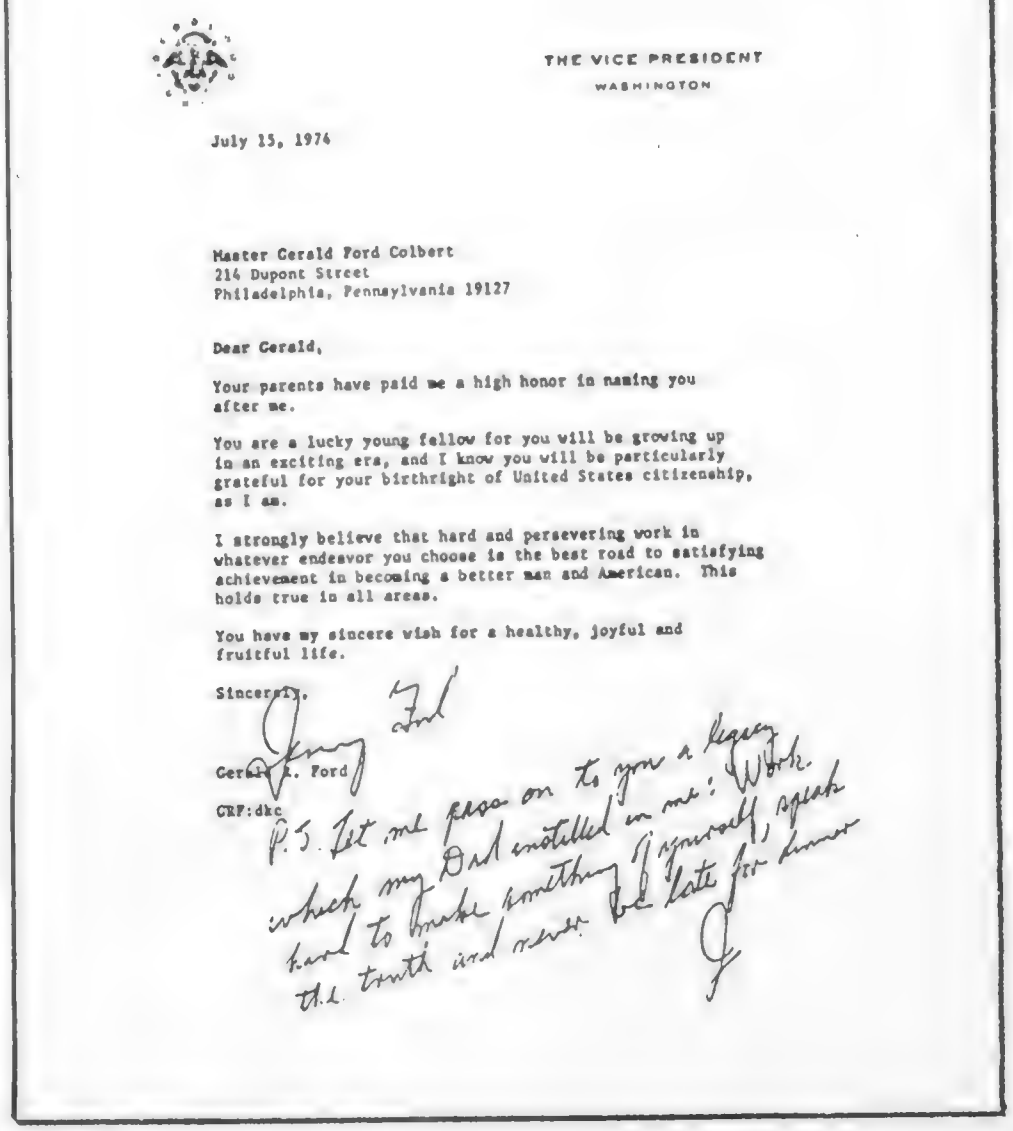
"'That part knocked 'em dead,' says Colbert. "We got letters with fantastic contents.'"

Some of the responses were, indeed, "fantastic." Ronald Reagen wrote, "Welcome to the world." Carl Albert, "God bless you, my wonderful little friend." George Wallace, "Congratulations on your arrival." Henry Kissinger wrote an enthusiastic longhand letter; Andrew Wyeth sent a drawing and Gen. James Gavin came through with a silver cup. Letters also came from Lyndon B. Johnson, Jimmy Carter, Edmund Muskie, Helmut Schmidt, Julian Bond, Hank Aaron, Dustin Hoffman, and too many others to list here.

There was also a long-distance phone call from Rep. Morris Udall, who wanted to visit the Colberts and have his photo taken with his new namesake. Colbert brushed him off, Sullivan reports, by saying, "Under no circumstances do I want that kind of publicity."

The best letter was from Gerald Ford, then Vice President and destined to become President less than a month later. He wrote:

"Your parents have paid me a high honor in naming you after me. You are a lucky young fellow because you will be growing up in an exciting era, and I know you will be particularly grateful for your birthright of United States citizenship, as I am.



THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

July 15, 1974

Master Gerald Ford Colbert
214 Dupont Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19127

Dear Gerald,

Your parents have paid me a high honor in naming you after me.

You are a lucky young fellow for you will be growing up in an exciting era, and I know you will be particularly grateful for your birthright of United States citizenship, as I am.

I strongly believe that hard and persevering work in whatever endeavor you choose is the best road to satisfying achievement in becoming a better man and American. This holds true in all areas.

You have my sincere wish for a healthy, joyful and fruitful life.

Sincerely,

Jerry Ford

Gerald R. Ford

GRF:dkc

P.S. Let me pass on to you a legacy which my Dad instilled in me: Work hard to make something of yourself, speak the truth and never be late for dinner

J

The Colberts pose with birth announcement and baby picture.
(Robert Colbert)

announce "the birth of Yasser (sic) Arafat Colbert." Lebanese newspapers reproduced the picture of the "baby" alongside the parents' letter and an appreciative statement by the PLO leader. As Sullivan describes what followed:

That triggered interest on the part of American... newspapers and the wire services, and a storm broke over the Colbert household. The telephone never stopped ringing. Local television stations wanted interviews. Mrs. Gavin wanted the silver cup back. Jewish organizations wrote to condemn Colbert. 'I was afraid I was going to hear from the Jewish Defense League,' says Colbert, 'afraid of what they might do.' "

The exposure forced the Colberts to admit their son is now far beyond babyhood and to stop using him in their trickery. As previously reported here, they've continued to use other devices, however, notably phony invitations to phony birthday and wedding anniversary parties for mythical people they say met and liked the celebrities years ago. And now, according to Sullivan, "Colbert says that he and his wife are back to sending out two or three letters every day. But he won't reveal what the letters say. 'All I can tell you,' he says, 'is that what we're doing now is just as good as the baby thing.' "

"I strongly believe that hard and persevering work in whatever endeavor you choose is the best road to satisfying achievement in becoming a better man and American. This holds true in all areas.

You have my sincere wishes for a healthful, joyful and fruitful life."

The letter was signed "Jerry Ford" and there was this handwritten postcript:

"Let me pass on to you a legacy my dad instilled in me. Work hard to make something of yourself, speak the truth, and never be late for dinner."

That letter, incidentally, was the one which, as reported in CP 33, brought $850 at an auction conducted by New York autograph dealer Charles R. Hamilton. (A letter from Jimmy Carter fetched $900.)

WHICH TAKES us back to the omitted portion of my Southern correspondents' letter:

"By the way, the Colberts did not make all the money off the Carter and Ford letters... They were the property of a New York autograph dealer by the name of Herman Darvick. There were three letters by Ford. One was to the Colberts, thanking them for naming the child in his honor, one to the child, and one about the 'death' of young "Gerald Ford Colbert."

But not everyone was a pushover for the Colberts' ruse. Pulitzer prize-winning author John Hersey, for instance, replied to "Mr. and Mrs. Colbert (if that really *is* your name): ...Maybe you'll see some connection between this game of yours and the "dirty tricks" of the Watergate crowd. Not that what you've done has all that much importance — it just has the same kind of contempt for human beings in it." The note was signed "J.H."

I say John Hersey for President — or, at the very least, director of the CIA or the FBI, or both!

THE COLBERTS' exposure, as reported in earlier CPs, began after they wrote to Yasir Arafat head of the Palestine Liberation Front, to

PHILIP H. LOVE
3015 BEECH STREET, N W
WASHINGTON, D C. 20015

AUTHOR OF
ANDREW W. MELLON (BIOGRAPHY)
LOVE ON LIFE (SYNDICATED COLUMN)

April 25, 1977

Mr. Charles R. Hamilton
25 E. 77th St.
NYC 10021.

Dear Mr. Hamilton:

Several weeks ago I received a phone call from a man who said he was your representative in the Washington area. He wanted to come see me about a column of mine in The Washington Star on the the deceptive practices of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colbert in obtaining autographs from famous persons. He said he had a lot of information about the Colberts and would like to swap it for any I might have in addition to what had appeared in my column. He had been trying for years, he said, to have Colbert kicked out of the autograph collectors association.

I said I was about to leave town for a week but would be happy to chat with him on my return. He promised to call back then but I haven't heard from him.

Since many cartoonists are among the Colberts' victims, I've written about them several times in my column for CARTOONIST PROfile magazine. I am about to write about them again--the wrapup, I hope--and would like to have your man's information. Would you please either ask him to get in touch with me immediately or else send me his name, address and phone number?

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Philip H. Love

I have no idea whom you mean, as I have no representative in Washington. I have tried several times without success to get the cooperation of the postal authorities & have Colbert indicted.

AMAZING AS THE COLBERTS' story is, the most incredible thing about it, as I've pointed out in earlier pieces, is that they profess to see nothing wrong in their trickery. To quote Sullivan on the baby flimflam one more time:

" 'I've never regretted what I did,' says Colbert. 'I'm just sorry we were exposed.'

"Colbert says that he started using the baby-picture ruse after years of seeking autographs of famous people, but receiving bogus signatures in reply. 'Most of the autographs we got were phonies,' he says. 'They were signed by a machine or a secretary. They were tricky with us; we were tricky with them.

" 'Future generations of collectors are going to appreciate what I did ... If there was a Bob Colbert around in 1776, we'd have a lot of examples of Button Gwinnett's signature and Thomas Lynch's. ' "

It does sound a bit like the Watergaters, doesn't it? Right on, John Hersey!

IN ADDITION to what I've written about the Colbert's in this great journal of culture and enlightenment, they've twice been the subject of my syndicated column, *Love on Life*. A man who read the more recent of these pieces in *The Washington Star* phoned and asked for an appointment.

"I'm the Washington representative of Charles Hamilton," he said, "I've been trying for years to have the Colberts kicked out of the autograph collectors' society. Do you have any documentary evidence against them?"

"Some," I answered. 'What did you have in mind?"

"Well, I thought I might tell you what I have and you might show me what you have. When may I see you?"

"I'm going out of town for a week or so, but I'll be happy to talk with you on my return. Call me about April 4."

He gave me a name, but I neglected to write it down and I soon forgot it. So, when he hadn't called by April 25, I wrote to Charles Hamilton. I told him of my column and the call and asked him to send me his man's name, address, and phone number. His handwritten reply was brief:

"I have no idea whom you mean, as I have no representative in Washington. I have tried several times without success to get the cooperation of the postal authorities and have Colbert indicted."

A question arose immediately:

Could my caller have been Colbert himself, eager to learn if I know any more about him than I reported in my column?

Incredible?

Not where the Colberts are concerned. Everything about them is so incredible that I'd suspect, if I didn't know better, that they are what a Malapropish former secretary of mine would have termed "just pigments of the imagination."

IN CP NUMBER 33, I promised to tell you in this issue how Ham Fisher landed his comic, *Joe Palooka,* with the McNaught Syndicate. The story was a legend among old-timers in the syndicate field.

Fisher, who had aspired to be a cartoonist since childhood, started as a staff artist for the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) *Herald* in the 1920's. In about 1926, an interview with an unusually naive prizefighter gave him the idea for Palooka, and it wasn't long before he was in New York trying to sell it.

But, alas, nobody wanted it. The best he could achieve was a job in the advertising art department of the *News*. It paid barely enough to keep him going while he continued to make the rounds of the syndicates with his strip. He considered himself lucky when McNaught hired him as a salesman; the job would, he thought, give him the "inside track" with the syndicate. General Manager Charles V. McAdam (see CP 33) promised that if he made good as a salesman, Palooka would be given a chance.

McAdam's immediate concern, however, was with *Dixie Dugan*, by J.P. McEvoy and J.H. Striebel, a girl strip that was just limping along. Fisher took it on a 40-day sales trip and returned with 40 orders. McAdam was delighted, but not sufficiently so to take on Palooka. Instead, he gave the frustrated cartoonist other features to peddle.

Fisher bided his time. Finally, McAdam went on vacation and Fisher decided that, as far as Palooka was concerned, it was now or never. Summoning all the courage he could command, he took Palooka on a three-week road trip. And, marvel of marvels, when he returned he had sold the comic to 20 papers!

That was the end of Fisher's sales career, of course. But it was only the beginning of a long and successful career for *Joe Palooka*. Even after his creator's death in 1956 he continued to flourish, and at this writing he still seems to be in good health for a fellow his age.

IT WAS HAM FISHER, incidentally, that gave Al Capp (*Li'l Abner*) his start as a comic artist. It was 1933, and Capp was trying for the second time to make a go of it in New York — and getting nowhere fast.

One day, as Capp trudged along the street with a portfolio of rejected drawings under his arm, he was accosted by a strange man who wanted to know if he was a cartoonist. Capp admitted that he was.

"My name is Ham Fisher," the stranger said. "I draw the Joe Palooka strip, and I need somebody to finish a Sunday page for me. Would you be interested in doing it for ten bucks?"

Capp did the job so well that Fisher hired him as his full-time assistant. It was only a little over a year later that Capp created Abner and was on his way to fame and fortune.

FROM FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA., Marty Kenilworth writes:

"I am a retired newspaper editor from up north. My daughter's art teacher lends her his *CARTOONIST PROfiles* when he has finished reading it and she lends it to me. The first thing I turn to is your column, which I enjoy very much.

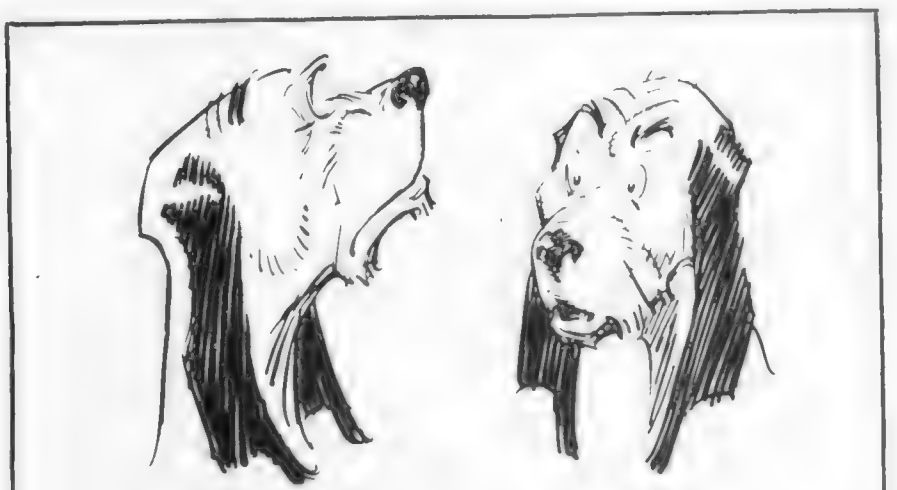
"I especially enjoyed the piece about old-time syndicate salesmen, as I knew — in fact, did business with — most of the men you mentioned. But I was disappointed not to see anything about two of my favorites, Ira Emmerich and Arthur Lafave. Did you know them?"

Indeed I did — and well. Both were great salesmen and interesting characters besides.

Ira was sales manager of the Post-Hall and Hall Syndicates. His technique was the soft sell, and it included an ample supply of funny stories. There was a time when he traveled the country in a limousine about two blocks long and it was said that, as a young bachelor trying to impress the ladies, he had employed a chauffeur.

Art, on the other hand, was all business, though he did like to celebrate some sales by treating the purchaser to a two-or-three-drink lunch. He always ordered a "very dry" martini with a teaspoonful of Scotch which, he explained, took the "sharp edge" off the gin. Once, at his insistence, I took a sip of his martini; the Scotch did seem to improve the flavor, but I never had the nerve to ask a bartender to go to so much trouble. Besides, I never cared much for martinis, anyway; I prefer old-fashioned Kentucky or Tennessee sour-mash Bourbon with just a splash of water.

Art operated his own syndicate out of his home in Shaker Heights, a posh suburb of Cleveland. One comic, Clifford McBride's great dog strip, *Napoleon,* made him rich. Thereafter, he took on only one feature at a time and pushed it to the hilt. I can't recall his ever having a failure. ●



Clifford McBride's *Napoleon*.
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This is Part 2, the conclusion of the 'Daredevil-Claw' comic book story which began in Issue No. 33 of CARTOONIST PROfiles. It was originally done by Jack Cole and re-created by C. C. Beck for our 'Comic Command Performance' series.

"MERCIFUL HEAVENS! THE CLAW!"
"L-L-LIGHTNIN' F-FROM HIS FINGERS!"
LOOK THOSE CARS- THAT LAMP-POST! TH-THEY'RE M-M-MELTING!
EVERYTHING IS MELTING! THIS HEAT IS KILLING ME!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES THE CITY'S CRUMBLING!
CHAOS BREAKS LOOSE!!!
TONIA IS NEARLY HYSTERICAL WITH FEAR!
BART, THE WHOLE BUILDING IS SHAKING!
STEADY!
THIS IS THE END- WE'RE FALLING!
BRACE YOURSELF, WE'VE ONLY ONE CHANCE!
JUST BEFORE THE BUILDING CRASHES, BART LEAPS UP AND CLEAR OF THE WRECKAGE!
CRASH!
DEEP DOWN UNDER MANHATTAN, THE CLAW'S MEN OPERATE A HUGE GENERATOR THAT GIVES OFF POWERFUL ELECTRIC CHARGES WHICH CAUSE METALS TO MELT WHEN THEY MEET THE CLAW'S ELECTRIC CHARGES
GENERATOR
BART DASHES TONIA TO SAFETY
EVERYTHING IS RUINED— EVERYTHING! WHERE CAN WE GO?
TO MY HOUSE UP IN NEW ROCHELLE— IF IT'S STILL THERE!!

BART'S HOME IS STILL INTACT

GET HER SOME COFFEE, JARVES – I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO DO!

ALONE IN HIS ROOM, BART DONS THE COSTUME THAT IS A SYMBOL OF TERROR TO THE UNDERWORLD– ***THE DAREDEVIL!***

NOW, MR. CLAW – I'M COMING!

DOWNSTAIRS, TONIA PEERS OUT

WHO'S THAT ?? WHY, IT'S BART !! BUT THAT COSTUME– ***THE DAREDEVIL'S OWN!!***

GOOD GRACIOUS! I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH THE ***DAREDEVIL*** ALL THIS TIME AND ***NEVER*** KNEW IT!

BACK TO MANHATTAN SPEEDS THE ***DAREDEVIL!!***

HE APPEARED OVER CENTRAL PARK – LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

AN ARMY FROM NOWHERE! THIS SMACKS OF THE ***CLAW!!***

HALT!

THE DEADLY ***BOOMERANG*** ZOOMS INTO ACTION!!

WHEN I SAY, "***HALT***," I ***MEAN HALT!***

AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL ALL ARE LAID LOW!

KONK

THIS RAT-HOLE NEEDS INVESTIGATING!

WHY, THE BLACK-HEARTED MONSTER!

ATTENTION, THIRD DIVISION! - KILL EVERYONE IN SIGHT AND SALVAGE ALL VALUABLES!

AN AMAZING SIGHT GREETS THE DAREDEVIL AS HE COMES UPON THE CLAW'S CONTROL ROOM—

HERE'S ONE GUY YOU'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME KILLING, MR. CLAW—AND I'M SURE YOUR 3RD DIVISION IS IN NO SHAPE TO OBEY ORDERS!

WHO BABBLES WITH SUCH DISRESPECT? -AN INFIDEL!"— WHY, I'LL—!

CLAW, BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES I VOW TO DESTROY YOU AND ALL THE EVIL YOU REPRESENT!

LOOK WHO CHALLENGES THE CLAW—AN INFANT!

HO HO HO HO HA HA HA HA HO HO HO HO

A BUTTON IS PRESSED AND THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH VICIOUS ORIENTALS

CUT HIM TO RIBBONS! I CANNOT BE BOTHERED BY SUCH TRIFLES!

OOF!

SO!—YOU IGNORE ALL FISH UNDER SIX INCHES, HEY? PERMIT ME TO SAY THAT—

-THIS SARDINE IS INDEED WORTHY OF YOUR IMMEDIATE—

ATTENTION!!

THE WHITE BEL SHOWS SPIRIT—TOO MUCH! HE HAS BEATEN MY MEN, AND FOR THIS HE DIES— THE SLOW, HORRIBLE WAY!!

HAHAHAHAHA

DOWN THROUGH A TRAP DOOR PLUNGES THIS NOBLE BEING OF VALIANT HEART, TOWARD - ???

!! ENOUGH !!

?

YOU ARE QUITE A REMARKABLE MAN! HOWEVER, THAT WILL SOON BE IN THE PAST TENSE, FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO SUFFER A THOUSAND DEATHS!

THE PIT-BOTTOM IS STUDDED WITH COUNTLESS SHARP SPIKES —

RIGHT BETWEEN THEM! — WITH GRETA GARBO'S FEET I NEVER WOULD HAVE MADE IT!

!! COBRAS !!

SAW A MOTORCYCLE CLIMB A WALL LIKE THIS ONCE! WONDER IF I RUN FAST ENOUGH — ?

PUFF PUFF ALMOST PUFF PUFF THERE PUFF PUFF

DAREDEVIL WHIRLS HIS BOOMERANG

HERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN!!

X'!!

I HAVE INDEED UNDERESTIMATED YOU--BUT THIS TIME THERE IS NO ESCAPE.!!

NO?

WELL, WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?

CURSE YOU, EEL!

SWISH

I'LL GET YOU YET!

NOT WITH THAT THING, YOU WON'T! I BIT ON IT ONCE— REMEMBER?

A JAGGED KNIFE SLASHES DOWN—

MY TOE! THIS IS A NEW ONE!

BAM!

HUNDREDS OF DAGGERS—

NOW IT'S KNIVES! GOTTA STAND STILL, OR—

THEN BLUE-WHITE FLAME—

HOLY SMOKES! YOU'VE GOT MORE GADGETS THAN DICKIE DEAN, THE BOY INVENTOR!

PHEW!-A TEMPORARY RETREAT IS IN ORDER!

AFTER HIM! A BULLET IN HIS HEART- A KNIFE IN HIS BACK— ANYTHING, BUT GET THAT EEL!

HA! THE BIG BOY HAS SUMMONED AID! HOPE THEY LEAVE SOON. I'M ITCHING TO POUND OUT A FEW NOTES ON THAT GENERATOR WITH THIS SLEDGE!

COAST IS CLEAR— NOW!

BETTER BEAT IT BEFORE I'M FOUND!

BLIND PIGS! THIS FOR LETTING HIM WRECK THE GENERATOR AND ESCAPE!!

MERCY!

NEAR THE TUNNEL'S EXIT, DAREDEVIL SPIES AN EXPOSED WATER MAIN—

THE ONLY WAY TO FIGHT THAT MONSTER IS TO GET HIM OUT IN THE OPEN— HERE'S WHERE WE SMOKE OUT A SKUNK WITH H_2O!

CLANG!

WATER ROARS INTO THE SUBTERRANEAN STRONGHOLD—

THIS IS THE DOINGS OF THE DAREDEVIL! ENOUGH!!— HE'LL PAY DEARLY, CURSE HIM, CURSE HIM, CURSE HIM!!

AN ENRAGED CLAW EMERGES TO FIND HIS SWORN ENEMY READY FOR BATTLE!

YOU!

NOW, WE'LL SEE HOW YOU MAKE OUT WITHOUT YOUR GADGETS!

DAREDEVIL RUNS FOR THE DOORWAY IN A PARTIALLY DEMOLISHED BUILDING—

TRY TO FOLLOW ME IN HERE— DARE YA!!

A HUGE HAND REACHES IN—

WHAM

BOY, DID YOU BITE ON THAT ONE!!

MAY YOUR PULVERIZED BODY BE SCATTERED IN THE FOUR WINDS!

BAM

BAM

BAM

DYNAMITE! WHAT A BREAK! OH-OH— THE BUILDING'S COMING DOWN!

DYNAMITE

RUNNING CLEAR OF FALLING DEBRIS, DAREDEVIL DUCKS, UNSEEN, BENEATH THE CLAW—

JUST AN OLD-FASHIONED HOT FOOT!

EEEE

I'LL FIX YOU! THE EEL SHALL BE EATEN ALIVE!

HEY!

THIS IS BAD! IF DYNAMITE DOWN HIS WINDPIPE FAILS, I'LL SOON BE GROUND MEAT!

THE "POP" SHOULD BE ALONG ANY SECOND – HOPE IT LEAVES ME IN ONE PIECE!

SUDDENLY A DEAFENING EXPLOSION –

FREE!

THE **CLAW** LUNGES FORWARD INTERNALLY WOUNDED –

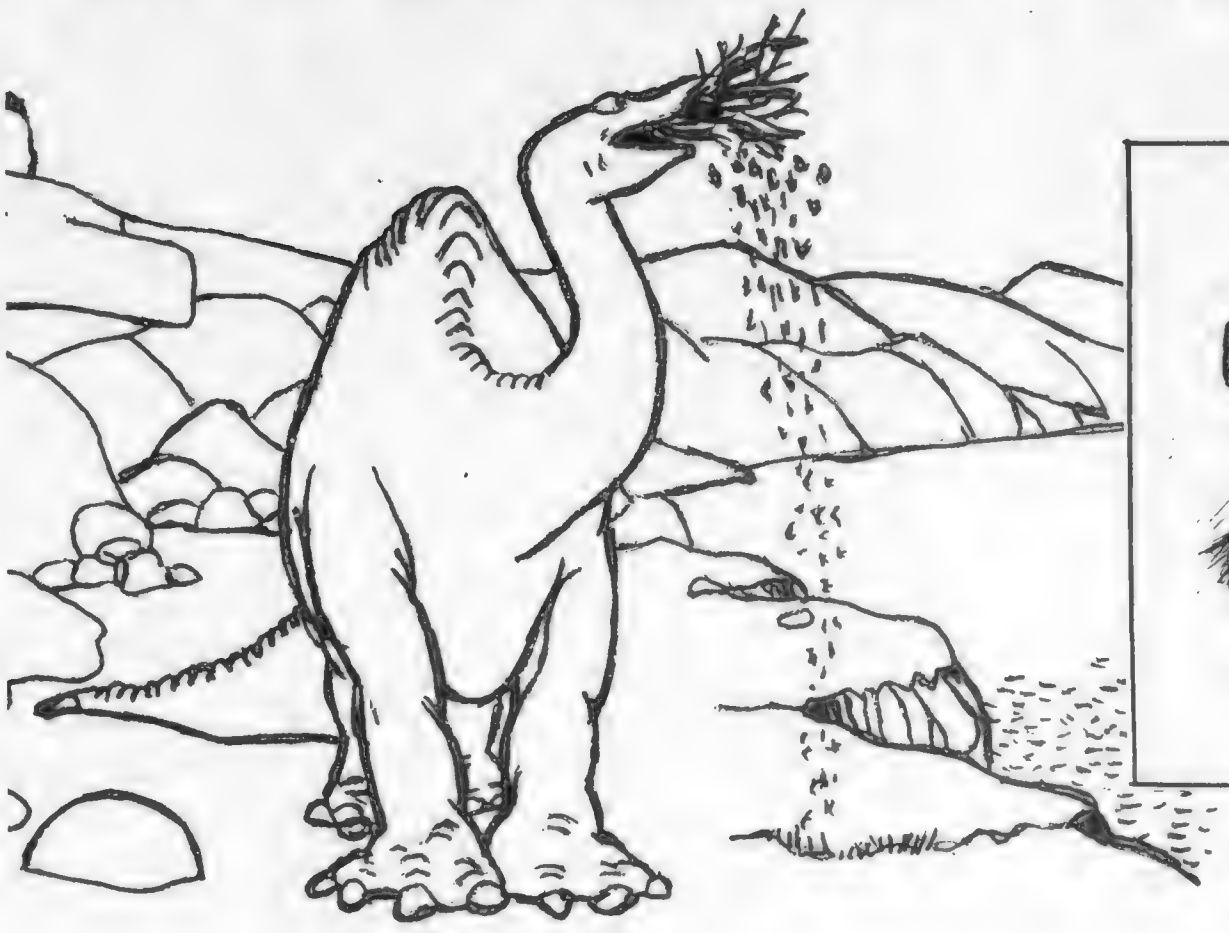
LUCKY I LANDED IN SOME BUSHES! NOW FOR THE KILL!

GONE!?? VANISHED IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE!

WELL, FOLKS, IT LOOKS LIKE WE CAN BREATHE EASIER FOR AWHILE – BUT IF I KNOW THE **CLAW**, HE'LL BE BACK FOR REVENGE – AND WHEN HE **DOES** RETURN, THIS LITTLE SCRAP WILL SEEM LIKE A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC!

How I came to know

The Fabulous Winsor McCay



Gertie the Dinosaur

Winsor McCay

Here's another in our series of reminiscent animation articles by former Disney artist, and New Yorker cartoonist, I. KLEIN.

BY I. KLEIN

I doubt if there are many in the animation industry to-day who can boast as I can, of seeing Winsor McCay do his act on the stage of the Palace Theater in New York City together with "GERTIE THE DINOSAUR." Winsor McCay stood on the stage of the darkened theater, he could be seen by the reflected light from the projection screen. "Gertie the Dinosaur," the prehistoric monster animated in line drawings loomed huge behind the artist. McCay acted like a ring master in a circus and "Gertie" followed his commands including "eating" an apple from his hand.

That was in 1918, four years after this animated film was released in 1914. Winsor McCay traveled the vaudville circuits with his "Gertie" act. McCay had produced two other animated cartoons before the Dinosaur film. The first in 1909. In 1918, the year I saw the screening at The Palace Theater, Winsor McCay released his fourth animation production, "THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA." I went purposely to see "Gertie" because I had just entered the animation profession in the Spring of 1918 and I did not have far to go to the Palace theater. That famous New York vaude house was located only a block or two from the building on 7th Avenue and West 49th Street where "Hearst International Film Service", my first animation job, was located.

But I saw "The Sinking of The Lusitania" just by chance that same summer in Coney Island. (Coney Island at that time was not surrounded by apartment houses as it is now). It was a bathing and amusement area on the Atlantic Ocean . . . five cent hot dogs, five cent beer, shooting galleries, roller coasters and various kinds of side shows. It was into one of these side shows that I wandered with my "gang" of friends from Newark, New Jersey, where I saw "The Sinking of The Lusitania". I didn't know then that it was produced by Winsor McCay. The film was just being screened when we sauntered in, so that I did not catch the title credits. As I remember it now, the film had an uncanny realism and yet it was not "live". It left me wondering how it was done. It certainly was not like the comic strip type of animated cartoons I was working on. The screening was followed by a magic act on the stage, an act of levitation . . . a shapely blonde in tights was made to float, lying on her back, up to the magician's outstretched arms. Then as he passed a hoop, seemingly for the girl's body to pass through, he proclaimed: "Will a gentleman from the audience please come up on the stage to prove this is not a fake." Instead of someone planted in the audience coming up, a bunch of rowdy ragamuffins headed for the stage. Instantly, from the stage wings dashed a number of stage hands, shooing the kids away with hissing threats of "Beat it you little bastards." The blonde quickly floated down to the floor, took a quick bow and the audience was shooed out to make room for another 10¢ a-piece crowd. I never saw "The Sinking of The Lusitania" film again.

Between the time McCay produced his first film of animation in 1909 and the year of 1918, an animated cartoon industry had taken root in New York City. The first continuous series of animated cartoons were shown in movie houses in 1913 produced by John R. Bray and Earl Hurd. Also Raoul Barre and Charles Bowers began producing "Mutt and Jeff" cartoons in animation and Max and Dave Fleischer had their animation studio rolling along. Winsor McCay never exploited animation by organizing a large scale animated cartoon "factory". He continued with his other activities of comic strips and editorial cartoons for the Hearst Newspapers.

In 1927 I met Winsor McCay in person and heard some interesting details about his career directly from him. The following are the circumstances leading to my being introduced to this fabulous cartoonist:

After seven years at animation I switched my cartooning from films to magazines . . . first for The New Yorker magazine, then free lancing for other publications. There were certain obvious cartoon "markets" besides The New Yorker . . . (most of them now gone into oblivion, such as Judge, the old Life magazine, Colliers, Saturday Evening Post and the like). To widen one's "market" in the last half of the 1920's required snooping around. (There were no lists of cartoon markets available in those days as far as I knew). Sometimes I followed hunches. Among my friends were a number of writers and poets. Their literary chit-chat sparked some cartoon gags concerning the literary field. I sold a few to The New Yorker magazine. I heard from my friends that there was a magazine called SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE. I drew up some of those bookish ideas and took them up to that publication. Two or three were bought right off on

that first try. They continued buying and publishing my cartoons from time to time until I left for Hollywood in 1935.

Another important market opened up for me when I was asked to submit gags of The New Yorker magazine type for the Hearst morning newspaper, THE NEW YORK AMERICAN. That paper was going to use a cartoon a day on its MARCH OF EVENTS PAGE (also called the Editorial Opposite). The invitation came from Elsie Dick, secretary to The New Yorker's editor Harold Ross. She had acquired an extra side job, sort of moonlighting, to pick the cartoon gags for that editorial opposite page. She was chosen for that job because she had "The New Yorker" magazine slant on cartoons. Once a week she held Court at the Madison Avenue office of one of the Hearst publications where cartoonists at her invitation would bring in their roughs. Elsie Dick's choice of the cartoon material was final, no other editor's approval was needed. She held this position for only a short while. The contributing cartoonists then were advised to bring their cartoon roughs directly to the editorial offices of The New York American on South Street facing the East River. There was a free bus service from Park Row near City Hall which transported the Hearst paper employees directly to the New York American building. The editor who took Elsie Dick's place was a man by the name of Jack Cullen. He had the same authority as Miss Dick over the choice of gag material.

One afternoon after Jack Cullen had okayed several roughs for me to finish into drawings for publication, he said: "I want you to meet some important people." I thought he was going to take me to one of the other offices. Instead, we went into the elevator and then walked a block or two into a saloon. Inside, he took me to two young men sitting on bar stools. I was introduced to them. They were both sons of William Randolph Hearst.

One day when I came in with my batch of new gags, I was told that the cartoon material for "The Editorial Opposite" page would be handled from then on by King Features at their office uptown. So for about two weeks I made several visits to King Features and struck out each time. I watched the paper to see who was appearing. None of the regulars. Only King Feature comic strip cartoonists. The cartoons were single panels with the dialog in balloons as in their comic strips. This went on for only a short while when I received a phone call to resume my visits to South Street. I went down the same afternoon. The editor who had telephoned me showed me a telegram. The gist of it was: GO BACK TO THE PREVIOUS CARTOONISTS, OTTO SOGLOW AND THE OTHERS: It was signed William Randolph Hearst.

Smooth sailing again. Then there was the time when one of the contributing cartoonists was suddenly promoted to be the editor to choose and okay the cartoon material. His own gags were quite funny but his rendering of the cartoons was cramped, crowded and scratchy ink lines. His drawings could be recognized at a glance. He not only announced his promotion to me when I came down to the office but added that his improved position warranted his moving into a finer apartment. He had already moved into a classy apartment complex in mid-town called "Tudor City." Then, within the following weeks new signatures appeared on the Editorial Opposite cartoons . . . but they were all drawn in a cramped, crowded style and the ink rendering was very scratchy. I don't think he okayed more than two of my gags in that time. Just as I thought this market had gone down the drain, I met this "editor" on the street. He shook hands with me and sadly remarked: "I've been fired from my job on The New York American. I guess I'll have to skip out of that Tudor City apartment." It was quite clear that Mr. William Randolph Hearst was not fooled by this sleezy fake signature ploy. That was verified on my next trip to the New York American office. A new editor had replaced Mr. Fake signatures.

The visits to the editorial office were informal. No formalities with secretaries.. The room was large with a number of windows facing South Street. One day I saw a man sitting at a desk in a corner. That corner was a sort of cosy alcove formed by two walls and the side of a wide rack of shelvings. The man was bending over a drawing board, engrossed in his work. He was wearing a fedora. (Many newspaper men in those days wore their hats at work. Some sort of a tradition). A green shaded electric bulb hung from a wire from the ceiling. This illuminated his drawing board. I couldn't see his face, only the top of his hat.

I don't remember the name of the editor in charge at that time. He knew by way of our conversations, that I had been in animated cartooning before my magazine cartooning. When he saw me looking in the direction of the man in the corner, he said: "You are looking at the first man to make a full animated cartoon film. That's Winsor McCay who animated 'Gertie the Dinosaur.' ". He then introduced me with the explanation that I had animated on the "Mutt and Jeff" animated cartoons. McCay nodded in acknowledgement without looking up from his work. He was drawing a large editorial cartoon which seemed to have hundreds of people in active movement. I stayed for a moment then turned to walk away, when he asked me how long I had worked at animation. My reply was 1918 to 1925. And that I then changed over to do magazine cartoons. He also inquired if I had seen "Gertie". My answer was in the affirmative and that I had seen him with "Gertie" on the stage of the Palace.

The next time I came in I said hello to McCay. He seemed prepared for my visit. He showed me newspaper clippings concerning a law suit against an animation studio. I looked at the clips but not too attentively before he took them back. On other visits I heard more about his history. After several weeks, I came in one afternoon and found McCay's corner dismantled. His desk, drawing board and hanging electric light had been moved to another part of the building. I never saw McCay at the Hearst offices again.

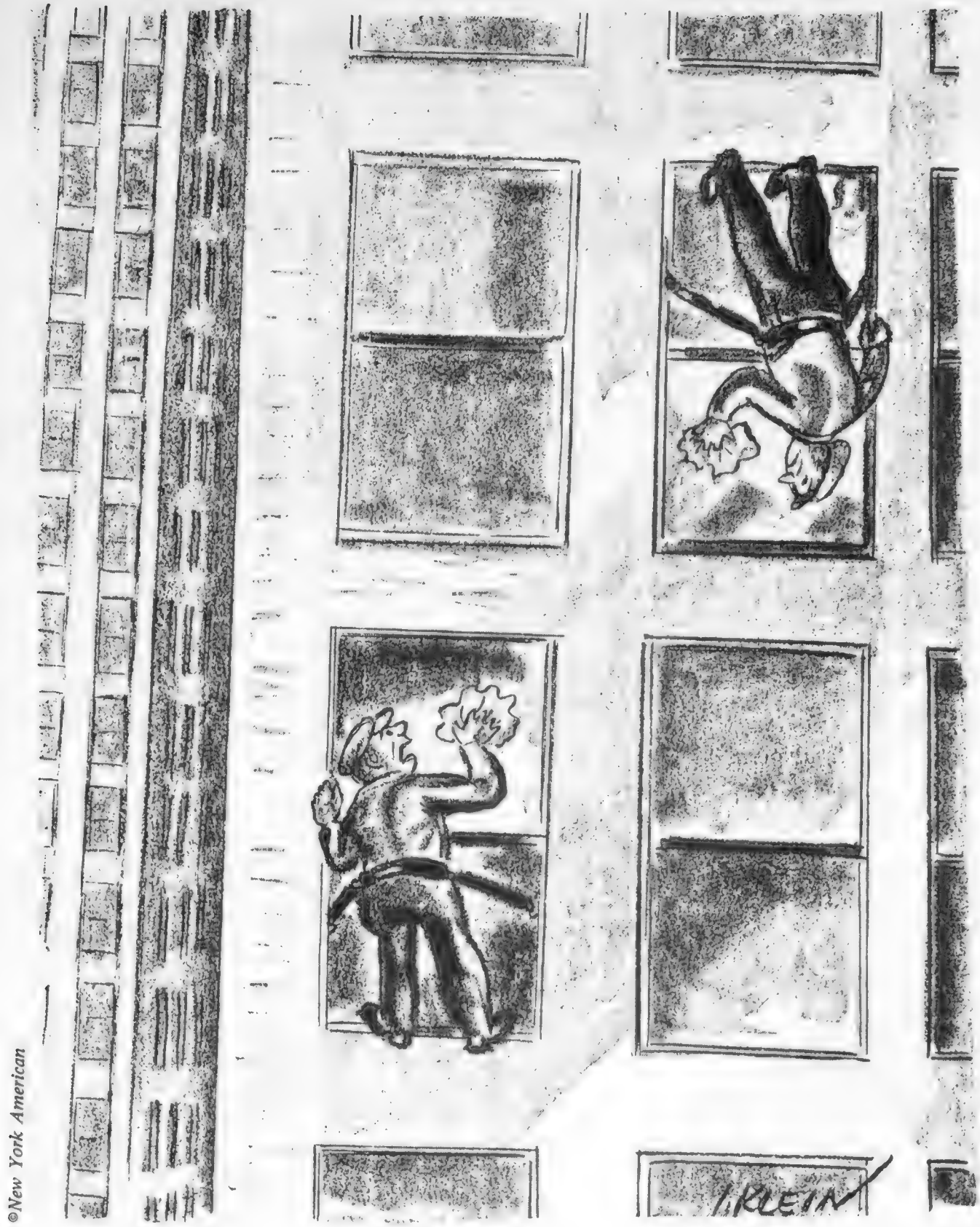
Piecing together all his conversation into a narrative it shaped up as follows: (All his talk was addressed to his drawing board, he never looked up or stopped working on his complicated drawings). Part of his story I already knew and he did not go into it . . . he was a unique master of the art of cartooning and a man of fantastic imagination. He did tell me how he got into newspaper work at a time when he was hardly more than a kid. This came about through a man he had never met before, a total stranger.

Young McCay was high up on a scaffold as a pictorial artist for outside advertising sign painters. He was working away on a mural size picture for some popular product of that day, when he heard someone shouting down from below: "Hey kid, come down here, I want to talk to you." McCay lowered the scaffold to the sidewalk. The man said: "Young fellow, you're too good an artist for this sort of work. You should be drawing for a newspaper. My name is Wolff." Mr. Wolff told McCay to go the local newspaper, "The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune" and whom to see. Winsor McCay followed through on this suggestion and got a job drawing for that paper. His work attracted the Hearst people resulting in his joining the Hearst organization.

He related a number of anecdotes which I will skip over except this one which concerned his involvement with an unscrupulous artists' agent. This so-called agent was an outright scheming crook. He came to Winsor McCay, painting a glowing picture of the fortune he would make, if he allowed this man to be his representative. McCay signed on the dotted line. Time passed and nothing happened. Then McCay found out the crook's gimmick . . . to whit: the agent sent his business card to anyone who could possibly use McCay's art work, then he did nothing, no phone calls, letters or visits. Nothing at all. Then, if McCay went to those places on his own and got orders for art work, this agent would step in and demand a commission for doing the "spade work." "Well," said McCay to me: "I wouldn't give the bastard the crooked satisfaction of making a penny on me. I did no work for anyone except where I made my own original contacts. But I had the last laugh on him. One day I was going into one of the downtown hotels when I was asked by a bell-hop to stand to one side. Through the door an invalid was being pushed in a wheel chair. I stood respectfully to one side. On second look I saw that this partly paralyzed man was that god-damned crooked agent. I walked up to him, shook my finger in his face and hollered: 'God's punishment has caught up with you. You're getting everything you deserve, you son of a bitch!' "

On one visit Winsor McCay said: "I sure got a laugh on Brisbane." (That was Arthur Brisbane, McCay's boss, editor of THE NEW YORK AMERICAN and almost as famous as the paper's top man, William Randolph Hearst). His editorials appeared daily in large type . . . solid thinking for the Common Man . . . like . . . A SINGLE GORILLA CAN LICK A DOZEN JACK DEMPSEYS. It seems there was a large store room where, among other things, McCay's published cartoons were kept. Every once in a while Brisbane would dig up an old McCay cartoon and reprint it with a line "REPRINTED BY REQUEST." This would make McCay sore, but he could do nothing about it. He received no extra pay for the reprint. Well, one night there was a fire in that store room and everything was destroyed by the fire or by water. When McCay came in the next morning and heard of this destruction he went to Brisbane's office, stuck his head in the doorway and said: "I see where there will be no more REPRINTS BY REQUEST for a while, ha-ha-ha!"

There was another important occasion when McCay felt he was "put-upon" even more than by the crooked agent. The person who offended McCay was a pioneer producer of animated cartoons. It led to his suing the man. That was what the newspaper clipping which he showed me at our first meeting was all about. The gist of the matter was this: When McCay produced his first animated cartoon he felt that he had introduced a new Art Form . . . THE ART OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. He arranged for a demonstration and a screening at The National Arts



"Say—we can't both be right."

Club on Gramercy Park in New York City. Representatives of the newspapers were invited . . . and they came. The occasion was a success. But it turned out with subsequent events that in the audience was a young newspaper cartoonist who got enough instruction from the demonstration to go into the business of being an animated cartoon producer himself. When McCay learned of this he blew his top. He felt that his new art form had been dragged down into the gutter of commercialism. He sued. Judging from the length of the newspaper clippings it must have been a long trial. Winsor McCay won . . . a moral victory but only about eighteen cents in cash.

The next time I saw McCay was at a dinner at the Salmagundi Club of newspaper and magazine cartoonists. One speaker was introduced who looked familiar, but I didn't catch his name. I asked the guy next to me. "That's Winsor McCay" he answered. Why didn't I recognize him? Because for the first time I really saw his face. He wasn't wearing a hat.

I saw him once again. That was also at a dinner. The occasion was a gathering of the animators of New York. (There really were no others in the world at that time. Pre-sound days). The party was to honor "the originator and founder of modern animation . . . Winsor McCay. I was invited as a guest. I had not yet returned to the animation industry, I was still quite active doing magazine cartoons. This might have been in the Fall of 1927. Max Fleischer presided. His opening remark, after the dinner was served and consumed, including a considerable amount of bootleg liquor, was: "McCay created the miracle of animation and another miracle was, the getting all the animators into one big friendly gathering." Max Fleischer was loudly cheered. Then Max introduced Winsor McCay. McCay's speech was brief . . . he gave some technical suggestions which I don't think his professional audience took much stock in. He wound up with a statement which has remained in my mind . . . "Animation should be an art, that is how I had conceived it . . . but as I see what you fellows have done with it, is making it into a trade . . . not an art, but a trade . . . bad luck". He sat down. There was some scattered applause.

A preview look at a few of the strips contained in a new book which features a complete run, for the year 1928, of Harry Tuthill's famous and zany 'THE BUNGLE FAMILY'.

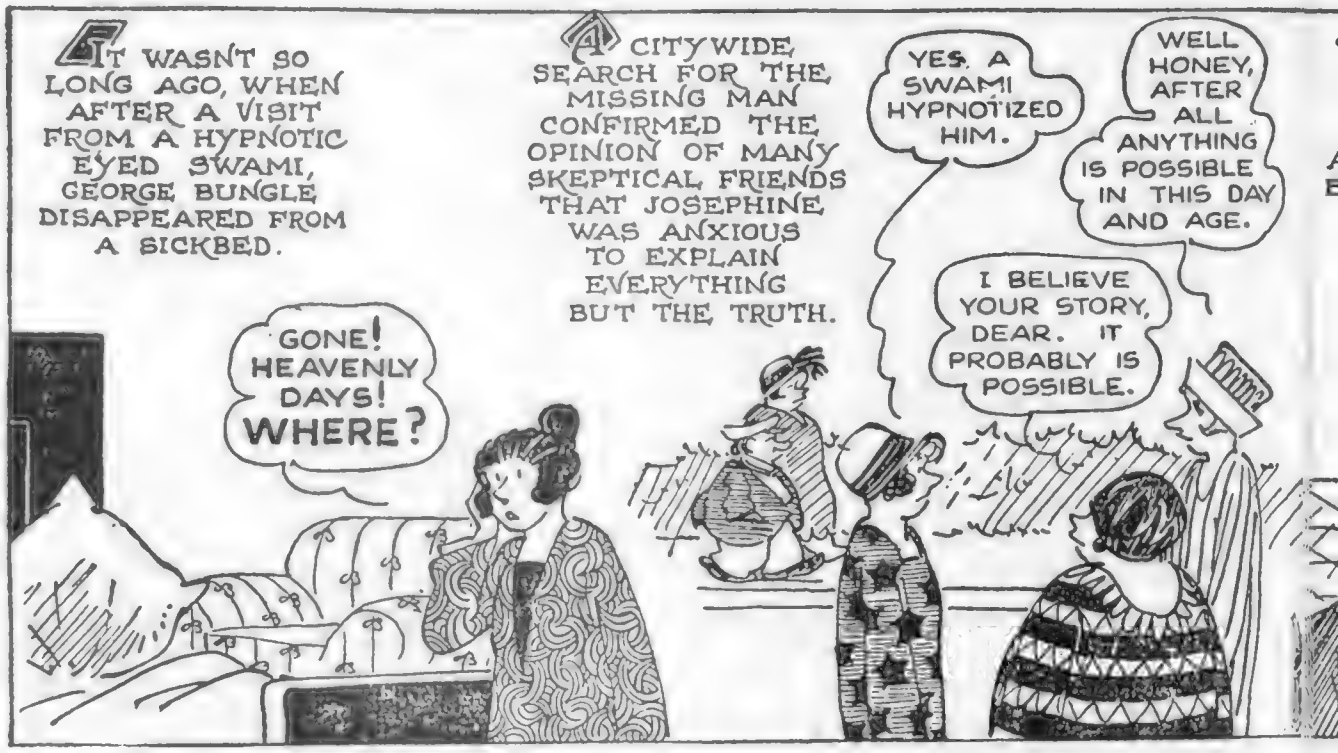
The Bungle Family

Starting with this issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles we will be giving our readers previews of the first comprehensive library of the great newspaper strips ever published. Details of the first series of books, which will consist of 22 volumes, can be found elsewhere in this issue in the advertisement of the publisher—Hyperion Press. This is a major event in our field since it is the most extensive book publishing program ever to be devoted exclusively to the newspaper comic strip, and we salute those who have made it possible.

This library of classic American comic strips is principally the result of the efforts of three men—Hal Dareff, the president of Hyperion Press, Tony De Luna, who had the original idea, and Bill Blackbeard of the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art, from whose tremendous files the material was drawn.

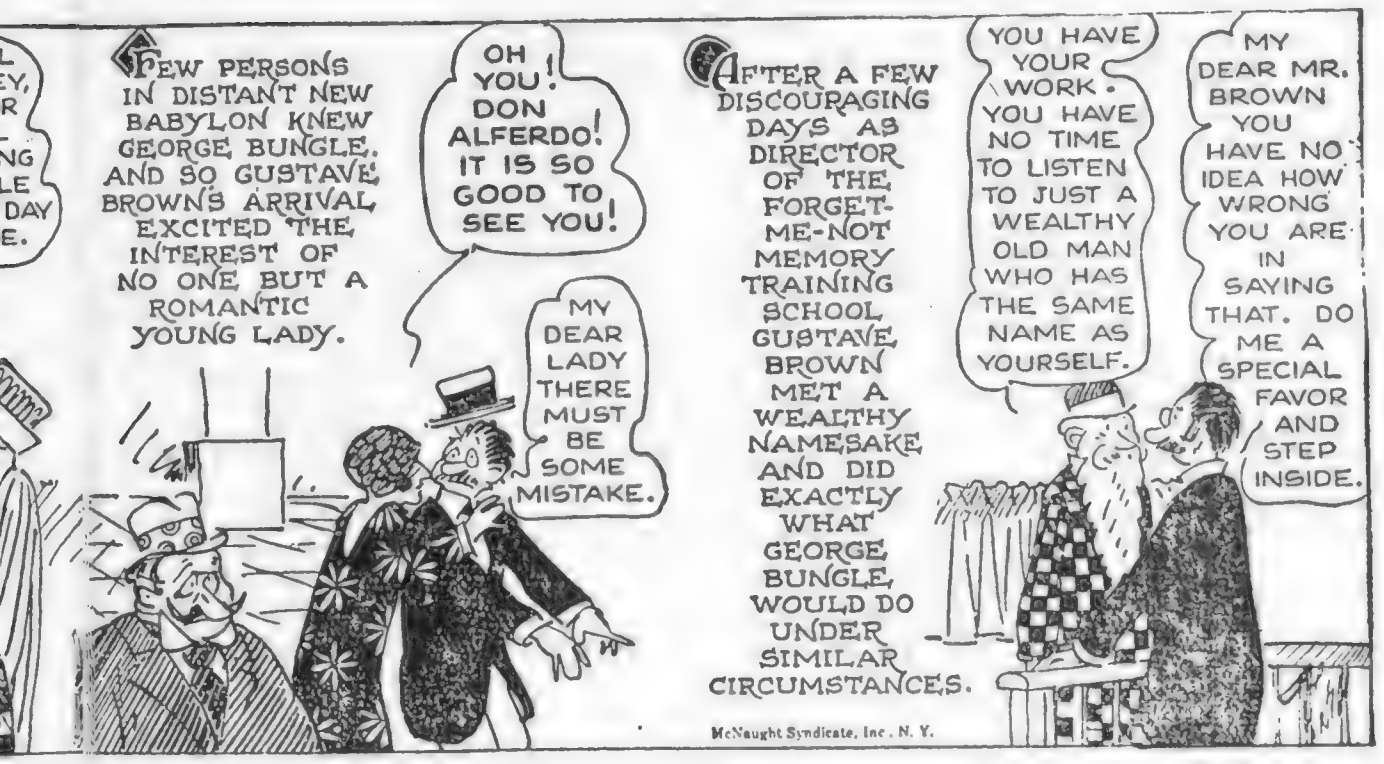
Publisher Hal Dareff had been associated with illustrator, art director, and comic-buff Tony De Luna at Parents Magazine, and had heard him speak about such a program as this many years ago. After leaving Parents Tony had a small publishing operation of his own, in which he published several titles on the comics. Then he became associated with Hal who already had a history of going into the areas of popular culture. Before founding Hyperion Press in 1972 Dareff had worn many

HARRY J. TUTHILL


IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO, WHEN AFTER A VISIT FROM A HYPNOTIC EYED SWAMI, GEORGE BUNGLE DISAPPEARED FROM A SICKBED.
GONE! HEAVENLY DAYS! WHERE?
A CITYWIDE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING MAN CONFIRMED THE OPINION OF MANY SKEPTICAL FRIENDS THAT JOSEPHINE WAS ANXIOUS TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH.
YES. A SWAMI HYPNOTIZED HIM.
WELL HONEY, AFTER ALL ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN THIS DAY AND AGE.
I BELIEVE YOUR STORY, DEAR. IT PROBABLY IS POSSIBLE.

hats in the publishing field which made him uniquely qualified to launch this present venture. For several years he was editor-in-chief of juvenile and young adult books at Grosset & Dunlap, he edited some juvenile magazines at Parents Magazine Enterprises, he organized a whole series of paperbacks at Dell, was a consultant with the New American Library and with the Grolier Society, edited scholarly books, and is the author of 8 books of his own, including the 1965 big seller, 'The Story of Vietnam'.

Recently we asked Hal Dareff how he came to feel that now was the time to start publishing these volumes of classic American comic strips. He answered that it happened the way it usually happens with publishers—you get an instinct about something or detect an historical smell of it. Hal has personally been a student of history and contemporary culture, has had longtime friends who were science-fiction and mystery writers, magicians and comic artists, and his ear is tuned to both the scholarly world and to that of contemporary culture. As a publisher he had begun to notice over the past several years the rising interest in the study of the comic strip. Various academies were tackling the field, there was a World Encyclopedia of Comics, and evidences of a burgeoning growth seemed to be everywhere. He had considered the reprinting of old mystery books, and then it suddenly seemed appropriate that Hyperion do something with comic strips.


FEW PERSONS IN DISTANT NEW BABYLON KNEW GEORGE BUNGLE, AND SO GUSTAVE BROWN'S ARRIVAL EXCITED THE INTEREST OF NO ONE BUT A ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.
OH YOU! DON ALFERDO! IT IS SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!
MY DEAR LADY THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE.
AFTER A FEW DISCOURAGING DAYS AS DIRECTOR OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT MEMORY TRAINING SCHOOL GUSTAVE BROWN MET A WEALTHY NAMESAKE AND DID EXACTLY WHAT GEORGE BUNGLE WOULD DO UNDER SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES.
YOU HAVE YOUR WORK. YOU HAVE NO TIME TO LISTEN TO JUST A WEALTHY OLD MAN WHO HAS THE SAME NAME AS YOURSELF.
MY DEAR MR. BROWN YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW WRONG YOU ARE IN SAYING THAT. DO ME A SPECIAL FAVOR AND STEP INSIDE.
McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.

The next question was where would they get all the material. Tony knew Bill Blackbeard of the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art and was aware of his amazing collection of comics. Your editor recalls a very informative evening we spent with Blackbeard a year or so ago, during which Bill talked about some of

the ways by which the Academy's collection was built up. He discovered that the storage areas in many newspaper plants were jampacked with the thousands of their issues which had accumulated over the years. And further, when they were finally able to microfilm all these copies, they were ready, willing and able to give these enormous accumulations of newspapers to the Academy. Hal and Tony started with a rough idea of what Hyperion wanted to do and they sent Bill a list of about 25 titles and periods. Bill looked the list over and modified it somewhat, primarily because he wanted to make sure that the strips that were to be selected were available in complete runs. The main object of all three men was to put a comprehensive list together, one that would be very basic for a comic library, that would have great interest, and that would include material that had been previously neglected. It was decided to either publish the opening run of a strip or to feature some

SINCE GEORGE BUNGLE LEFT HOME AFTER BEING TREATED BY A HYPNOTIC EYED SWAMI, JOSEPHINE BUNGLE HAS BEEN A SHINING MARK FOR JAVELINS OF SYMPATHY THROWN BY SICKENINGLY SWEET FRIENDS.
DON'T TURN YOUR HEAD, CLARICE, BUT HERE COMES JOSEPHINE BUNGLE HOLDING HER HEAD AS HIGH AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED. ISN'T IT JUST WONDERFUL TO BE THAT WAY!
MY HEART BLEEDS FOR SUCH PEOPLE. FROM HER ATTITUDE ONE WOULD SUPPOSE THAT SHE LOOKS ON HER PRESENT TROUBLE AS MERELY AN OPPORTUNITY TO STEP INTO THE SPOTLIGHT OF .....WELL OF.....SOMETHING.
THERE'S THOSE TWO BUSYBODIES CLARICE LANE AND ANNETTE BOBBIN. I KNOW THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME, TOO.

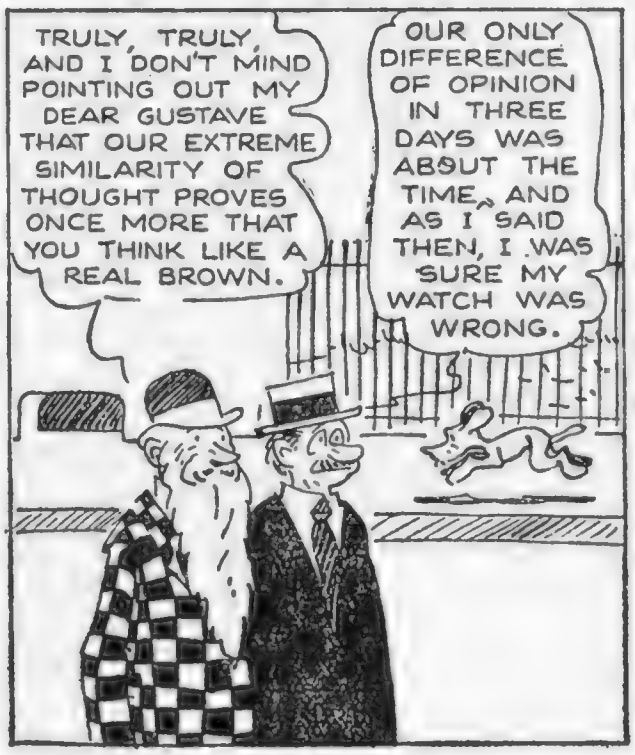
UNDER ORDERS TO PRODUCE IMMEDIATE RESULTS IN REDUCING A SWOLLEN FORTUNE, GUSTAVE BROWN THE YOUNGER SPENT HIS FIRST DAY WAITING TO COMPARE NOTES WITH HIS WEALTHY NAMESAKE.
AH, I DISLIKE TO HURRY YOU, GUSTAVE, BUT THIS MORNING MY BANKERS INFORMED ME THAT SOME FORGOTTEN SECURITIES I OWN JUMPED ENORMOUSLY IN VALUE. AND WE MUST AT ONCE SEEK A PRACTICAL WAY TO HELP THE BROWNS AND SO GET ME FROM UNDER THE BURDEN OF MY EVER INCREASING WEALTH. I THOUGHT OF OPENING AN OFFICE AND—
OPENING AN OFFICE IS THE VERY THING I TOO HAD IN MIND. OPENING AN OFFICE IS JUST WHAT WE NEED.
McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.

AN OUTSTANDING TRAIT OF THE MISSING GEORGE BUNGLE WAS HIS BELIEF THAT A WEALTHY RELATIVE WAS ALWA'S RIGHT. AND IT IS ONLY NATURAL THAT THE NEW GUSTAVE BROWN SO HEARTILY AGREES WITH HIS MILLIONAIRE NAMESAKE.
EACH DAY, GUSTAVE, I FIND FRESH PROOF THAT OUR OPINIONS COINCIDE ON EVEN THE MOST TRIVIAL DETAILS. FOR INSTANCE, WHEN I SUGGESTED USING MY DISTASTEFUL WEALTH TO HELP THE LESS FORTUNATE MEMBERS OF THE BROWN FAMILY, YOU EXPLAINED THAT YOU HAD THE SAME THOUGHT IN MIND. NOW I FIND THAT YOU ALSO HAD CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY OF ADVERTISING FOR THOSE WHO NEED HELP.
ABSOLUTELY! MY THOUGHT WAS BASED UPON THE FACT THAT EVERYONE BUT A BURGLAR SHOULD ADVERTISE.

WHY IF IT ISN'T JOSEPHINE BUNGLE! DARLING, WHEN YOU SPOKE I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU.
SUCH A SURPRISE! YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED ME OVER WITH A FEATHER WHEN I TURNED AND SAW YOU.
I INTENDED TO PASS. THEN I TURNED MY HEAD AND RECOGNIZED BOTH OF YOU.
SHE SEEMS SO HAPPY! SO CAREFREE! ANY OTHER PERSON IN THE WORLD WOULD BE HOME IN BED.
IT'S A GIFT. SOME PERSONS WOULDN'T WORRY IF THE SKY FELL. BUT ANYHOW SHE DESERVES SYMPATHY.
OH HOW I WISH I KNEW WHAT THEY WERE SAYING ABOUT ME.
McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N. Y.

ALL WE NEED IS A DESK AND SAFE AND A FEW COMFORTABLE CHAIRS IN WHICH UNFORTUNATE APPLICANTS FOR AID MAY REST.
EXACTLY! IN OTHER WORDS ALL WE NEED IS A FEW CHAIRS, A SAFE AND A DESK. I THOUGHT OF THAT TOO.

WELL, GUSTAVE, I MUST HURRY ON NOW TO A BOARD OF DIRECTOR'S MEETING OR I'D STAY HERE AND HELP YOU GET THIS BOOST 'THE BROWNS MOVEMENT ON FOOT. ANYHOW REMEMBER WE MUST MAKE SPEED.
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT SPEED MYSELF. OUR MINDS ARE AS ONE ON THAT POINT.


TRULY, TRULY, AND I DON'T MIND POINTING OUT MY DEAR GUSTAVE THAT OUR EXTREME SIMILARITY OF THOUGHT PROVES ONCE MORE THAT YOU THINK LIKE A REAL BROWN.
OUR ONLY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IN THREE DAYS WAS ABOUT THE TIME, AND AS I SAID THEN, I WAS SURE MY WATCH WAS WRONG.

GUSTAVE, EACH DAY GIVES ME MORE REASON TO ADMIRE YOUR STERLING BROWN QUALITIES, BUT THEN YOU COME BY THEM HONESTLY. BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER! AND IN THAT CONNECTION I WOULD LIKE TO REQUEST THAT YOU DROP THE EMPTY FORMALITY OF MR. BROWN. AND JUST CALL ME UNCLE.
VERY WELL AH,.... ..UNCLE! I HAD THE VERY SAME THOUGHT IN MIND BUT KNEW YOU'D SUGGEST IT SOONER OR LATER.

period that was important in the history of the strip—as was the case, for instance, with 'Thimble Theatre'.

Another interesting feature of this series is that some strips that may not have lasted very long, but which are worthy of note, have been included.

Tony, whose role in this project is one of designer of the books, talked recently about some of the things involved in his production function. The material comes to him in the form of the actual clippings of the strips from the newspaper pages. Copies are made of the strips and then mechanicals are made for the pages of the Hyperion books. In a few cases certain extraneous items were eliminated, as was the case with the 'Positive Polly' strip which soon became 'Polly & Her Pals'. To begin with, a different idea, which had nothing to do with the character of Positive Polly, appeared one day each week. This practice continued for about 5 weeks, then the strip title changed to 'Polly & Her Pals' and this extra idea disappeared from the fea-

ture. In this case, Tony removed the material.

However, in another case, Hyperion decided to include all such exploratory material because it represented an important experimental period in the career of George McManus. Before 'Bringing Up Father' jelled, McManus was producing several different strips during the week, each of them with a title of its own. When he finally arrived at the actual look of Maggie and Jiggs, the reader will see that they were composites of some of the characters McManus had started off with in these separate strips. Hal Dareff commented that McManus, in effect, was road-testing his eventual characters and ideas in these several different strips, and that Hyperion will run all these strips chronologically so that the reader can see just what was happening. He points out that this is a very unique look at a creative concept in mind and action.

Hal Dareff mentioned another classic example of this experimentation in the comics—that of 'The Family Upstairs' by

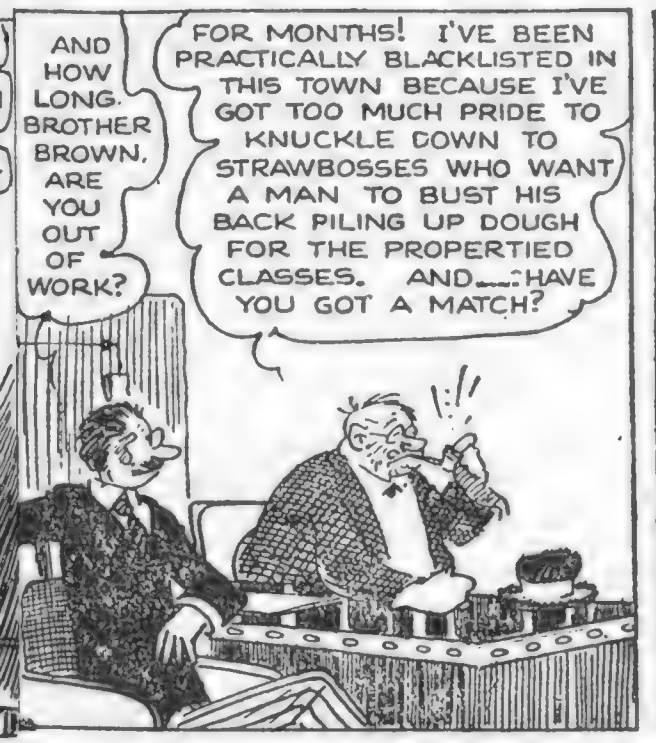
THE OFFICIAL HOME OF THE HELP THE BROWNS MOVEMENT WAS OPEN FOR BUSINESS TODAY AND BOTH THE YOUNGER AND ELDER GUSTAVE BROWN PAUSED FOR A MOMENT IN THEIR BENEVOLENT RUSH TO CONGRATULATE EACH OTHER.
GUSTAVE, I'M IN A GREAT HURRY BUT I LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS LITTLE HAVEN FOR DISCOURAGED BROWNS. HOW MANY WEARY HEARTS WILL BE LIFTED UP IN THIS LITTLE OFFICE THAT OWES SO MUCH TO YOUR SPLENDID ENERGY AND BUSINESS SAGACITY.
I FEEL THAT YOU DESERVE ALL THE CREDIT. IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR MONEY WHERE WOULD THE BROWNS GET OFF? ANSWER: IN THE SLOUGH! ABSOLUTELY!
G. BROWN
THE OPENING BOMB IN A BORED MILLIONAIRE'S CAMPAIGN TO REDUCE HIS TOO LARGE FORTUNE, WAS HEARD IN NEW BABYLON HOMES AND ENCOURAGED AT LEAST ONE MEMBER OF THE BROWN FAMILY.
THERE'S RUMORS GOING AROUND THAT A MAN NAMED BROWN WITH A BARREL OF DOUGH HAS STARTED AN OFFICE SOME PLACE AND IS GOING TO MAKE EVERYTHING HOTSY TOTSY FOR EVERYBODY NAMED BROWN. IT SOUNDS LIKE THE OLD STUFF BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT DIZZY PEOPLE WILL DO.
AND, I SUPPOSE, YOU WERE SO BUSY TRYING TO FIND THIS NEW SANTA CLAUS THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO LOOK FOR WORK, EH?
NEWS OF A BENEVOLENTLY INCLINED MILLIONAIRE TRAVELED FAST, BUT NOT FASTER THAN THE FIRST OF THOSE EXPECTING A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF THE NEWLY ORGANIZED HELP-THE BROWNS MOVEMENT
WHEN I HEARD ABOUT THIS HELP FOR THE BROWNS IDEA LAST NIGHT I THOUGHT IT WAS A HOOK OF SOME KIND BUT THE WIFE INSISTED ON GETTING ME UP EARLY THIS MORNING TO SEE IF IT REALLY WAS A HOOK OR—
BROTHER BROWN, THERE IS NO HOOK! GUSTAVE BROWN. THE WELL KNOWN MILLIONAIRE. AND MYSELF ARE MERELY TRYING TO MAKE THE PATH OF LIFE A BIT SMOOTHER FOR DESERVING BROWNS. STEP INSIDE PLEASE.
THE BROWNS

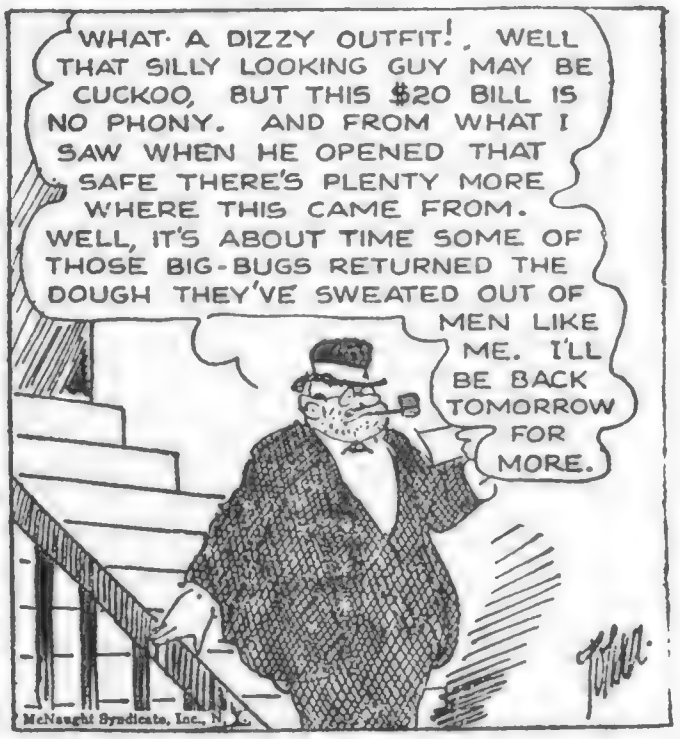
MY KEENEST REACTION TO THIS ENTIRE AFFAIR IS TO SEE HOW CLOSELY OUR THOUGHTS ON EVERYTHING COINCIDE. IT, GUSTAVE, IS ALMOST UNCANNY.
THAT VERY THOUGHT CAME TO ME THIS MORNING. HOWEVER IN SPITE OF ALL WE ARE BOUND TO DIFFER, SLIGHTLY, SOONER OR LATER ON SOME TRIVIAL MATTER.

POSSIBLY. BUT IT IS HIGHLY GRATIFYING FOR ME TO REALIZE THAT YOU HAVE THROWN YOURSELF HEART AND SOUL INTO THIS EFFORT TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE FOR MEMBERS OF THE BROWN FAMILY, GUSTAVE.
THAT REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER MATTER UPON WHICH WE AGREED YESTERDAY WHEN YOU SAID THAT THE BROWNS WERE JUST AS GOOD AS ANYONE ELSE. AND THEY, THEREFORE, DESERVE THE HELP YOUR SPLENDID VISION AND MONEY WILL GIVE THEM HERE AND NOW.

THERE AINT NO WORK EXCEPT A FEW JOBS WHERE YOU HAVE TO BUST YOUR BACK FOR STARVATION WAGES. THINGS WILL PICK UP IN A FEW DAYS. I FEEL THAT IN MY BONES.
IN THE MEANTIME I CAN GO WITHOUT A STITCH TO MY BACK WHILE YOU TROT AROUND "INVESTIGATING" THIS RELATIVE OF YOURS WHO UNLIKE ALL OTHER BROWNS IS THROWING HIS MONEY TO THE BIRDS?

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF DIZZY PEOPLE. IF THERE'S ANYBODY GIVING AWAY MONEY I WANT MY SHARE OF IT. GET ME UP EARLY IN THE MORNING. WHILE I'M LOOKING FOR WORK I CAN ALSO BE LOOKING FOR THIS MILLIONAIRE NAMED BROWN. HE MAY BE A RELATIVE.
OH KEEP STILL! ONE OF THE THINGS THAT PUT US WHERE WE ARE IS YOUR HOPE OF GETTING HELP FROM RELATIVES


AND HOW LONG, BROTHER BROWN, ARE YOU OUT OF WORK?
FOR MONTHS! I'VE BEEN PRACTICALLY BLACKLISTED IN THIS TOWN BECAUSE I'VE GOT TOO MUCH PRIDE TO KNUCKLE DOWN TO STRAWBOSSES WHO WANT A MAN TO BUST HIS BACK PILING UP DOUGH FOR THE PROPERTIED CLASSES. AND—HAVE YOU GOT A MATCH?

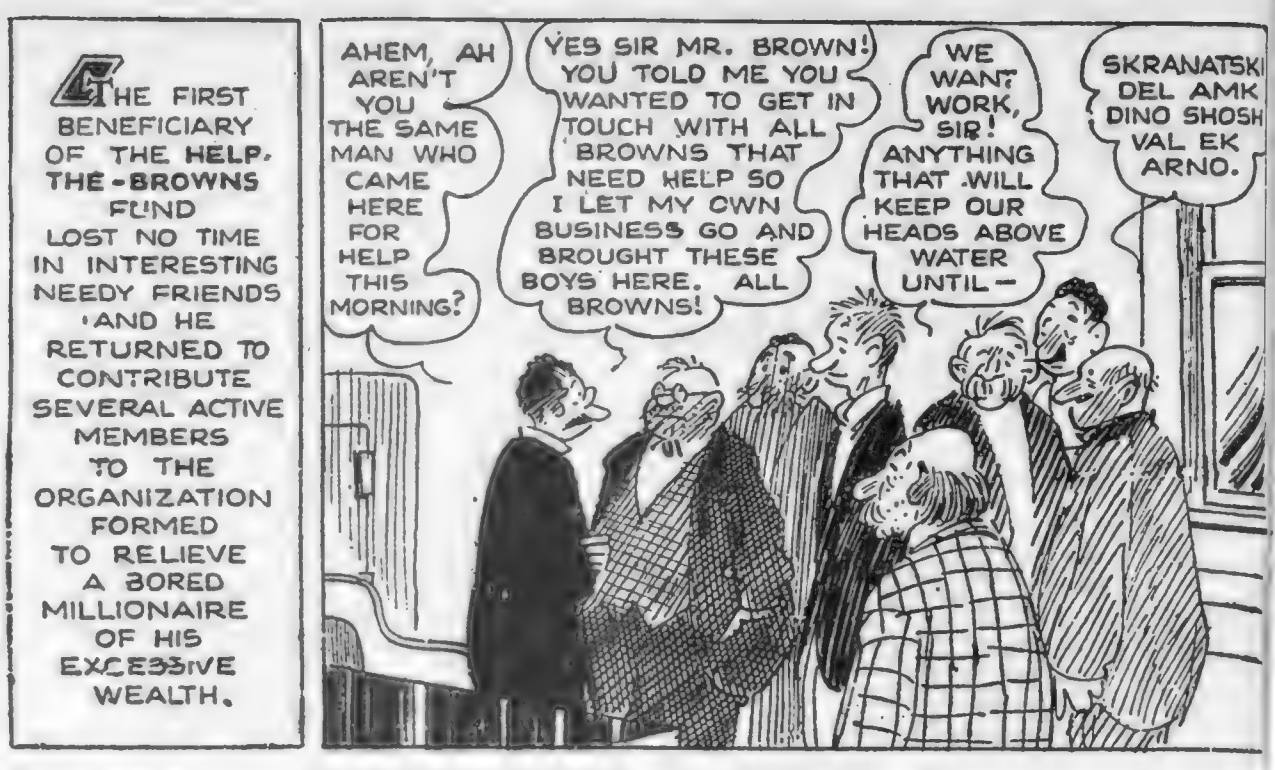

WHAT A DIZZY OUTFIT! WELL THAT SILLY LOOKING GUY MAY BE CUCKOO, BUT THIS $20 BILL IS NO PHONY. AND FROM WHAT I SAW WHEN HE OPENED THAT SAFE THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM. WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME SOME OF THOSE BIG-BUGS RETURNED THE DOUGH THEY'VE SWEATED OUT OF MEN LIKE ME. I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW FOR MORE.
McNaught Syndicate, Inc., N.Y.

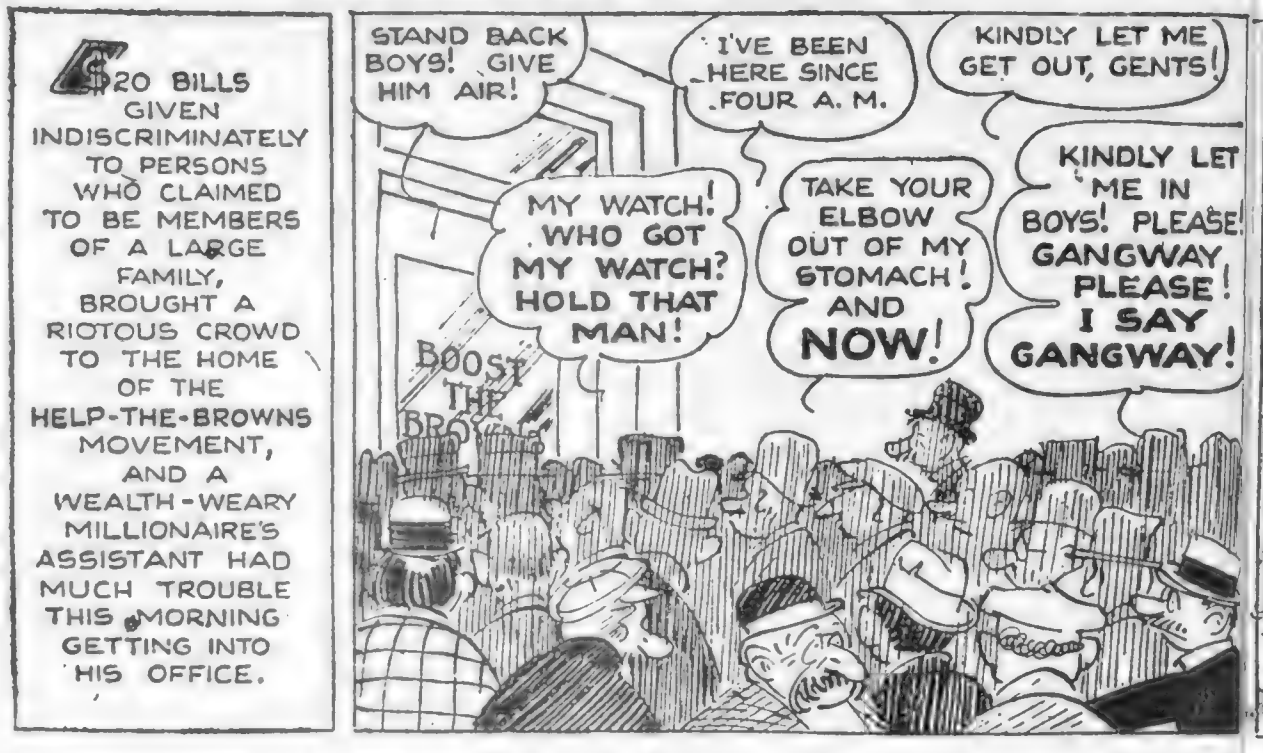
George Herriman. Herriman was drawing 'The Family Upstairs', the cat and the mouse entered the strip as creatures inside the body of the main feature, later became the subjects of a panel underneath 'The Family', and finally blossomed as the leading characters in the main feature 'Krazy Kat'—with 'Family' becoming a subsidiary feature.

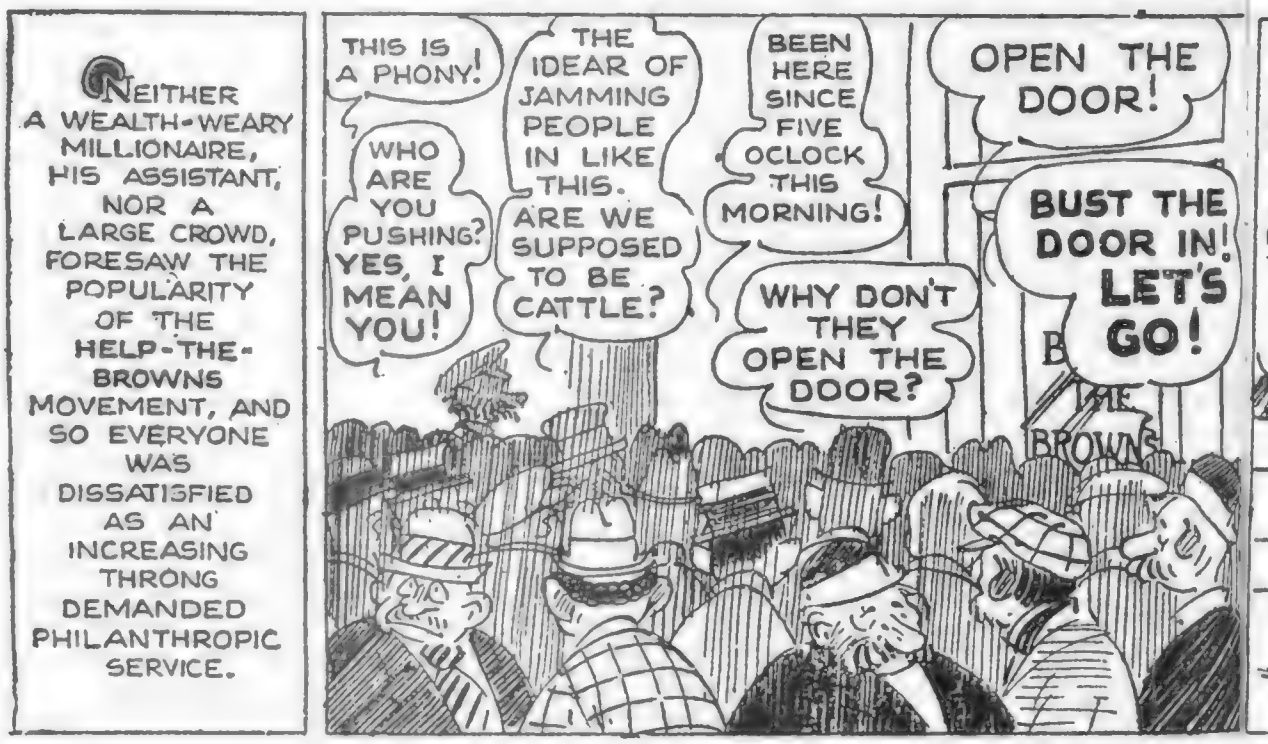
Tony De Luna pointed out that the strips in the 'A. Mutt' volume show Bud Fisher's initial lack of concentration on any one character, just as we've seen was the case with George McManus. There is a whole series of 'A. Mutt' episodes and then, all of a sudden, Fisher would go into some political thing where Mutt wouldn't even appear. Hal Dareff wanted to add that this will be the very first national publication of these 'A. Mutt' strips, since they were originally published only on the sports pages of a newspaper in San Francisco, and weren't syndicated. This represents a couple of years of work before the strip took on the character

that became 'Mutt & Jeff'.

Incidentally, Tony mentioned to us that although he had always been interested in the comics, that interest really became solid when he read Coulton Waugh's classic book, 'The Comics' which he later reprinted himself. He had done some illustrating before becoming an art director in the book division of Parents Magazine Press, and while there he illustrated a book in comic strip form. Tony considers 'The Bungle Family' just about the funniest strip ever created, and we're giving our readers a preview of some of the strips in that volume in this issue of CARTOONIST PROfiles. The first strips we're showing on these pages are being reproduced the size you will see them in the 'Bungle Family' volume. Since there are a great many words in each strip, we were afraid to reproduce them all in much-reduced format, for fear of discouraging potential readers of the book. However, to give you a better idea of how this particular

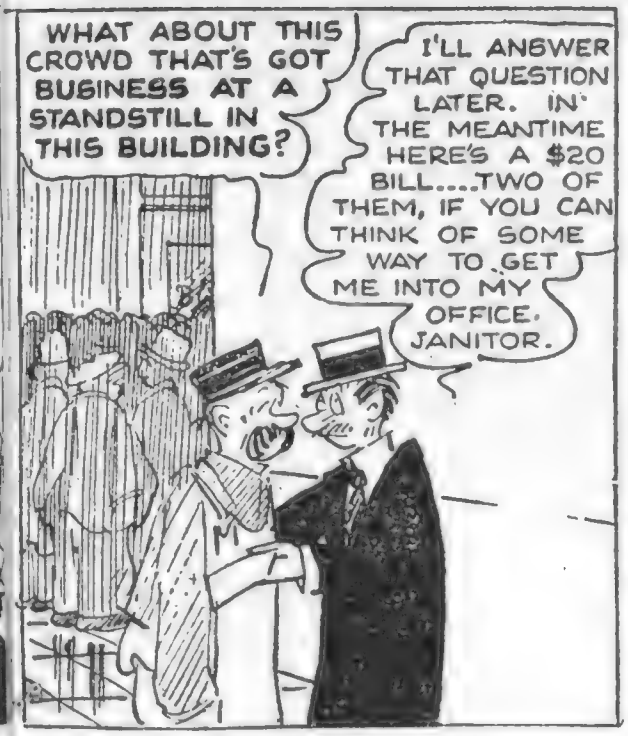

THE FIRST BENEFICIARY OF THE HELP-THE-BROWNS FUND LOST NO TIME IN INTERESTING NEEDY FRIENDS AND HE RETURNED TO CONTRIBUTE SEVERAL ACTIVE MEMBERS TO THE ORGANIZATION FORMED TO RELIEVE A BORED MILLIONAIRE OF HIS EXCESSIVE WEALTH.
AHEM, AH AREN'T YOU THE SAME MAN WHO CAME HERE FOR HELP THIS MORNING?
YES SIR MR. BROWN! YOU TOLD ME YOU WANTED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ALL BROWNS THAT NEED HELP SO I LET MY OWN BUSINESS GO AND BROUGHT THESE BOYS HERE. ALL BROWNS!
WE WANT WORK, SIR! ANYTHING THAT WILL KEEP OUR HEADS ABOVE WATER UNTIL—
SKRANATSKI DEL AMK DINO SHOSH VAL EK ARNO.

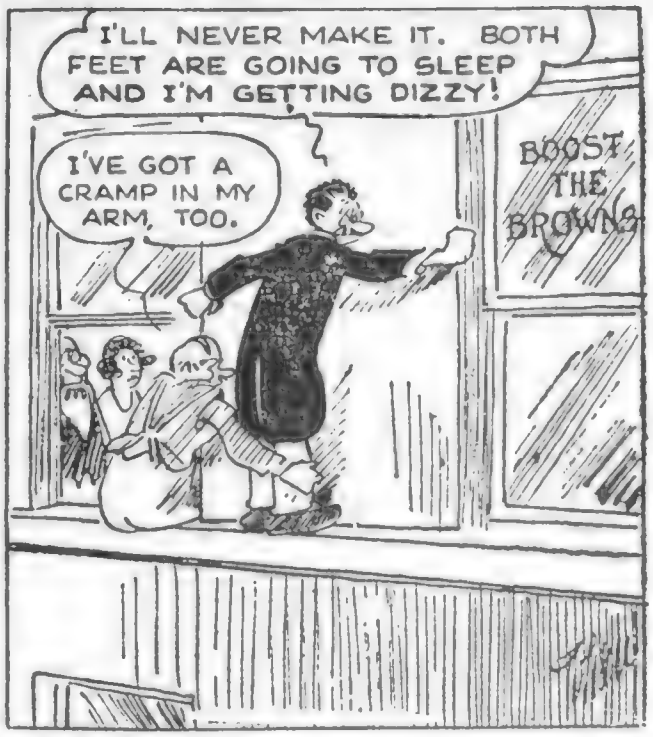

$20 BILLS GIVEN INDISCRIMINATELY TO PERSONS WHO CLAIMED TO BE MEMBERS OF A LARGE FAMILY, BROUGHT A RIOTOUS CROWD TO THE HOME OF THE HELP-THE-BROWNS MOVEMENT, AND A WEALTH-WEARY MILLIONAIRE'S ASSISTANT HAD MUCH TROUBLE THIS MORNING GETTING INTO HIS OFFICE.
STAND BACK BOYS! GIVE HIM AIR!
I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE FOUR A. M.
KINDLY LET ME GET OUT, GENTS!
MY WATCH! WHO GOT MY WATCH? HOLD THAT MAN!
TAKE YOUR ELBOW OUT OF MY STOMACH! AND NOW!
KINDLY LET ME IN BOYS! PLEASE! GANGWAY PLEASE! I SAY GANGWAY!
BOOST THE BRO

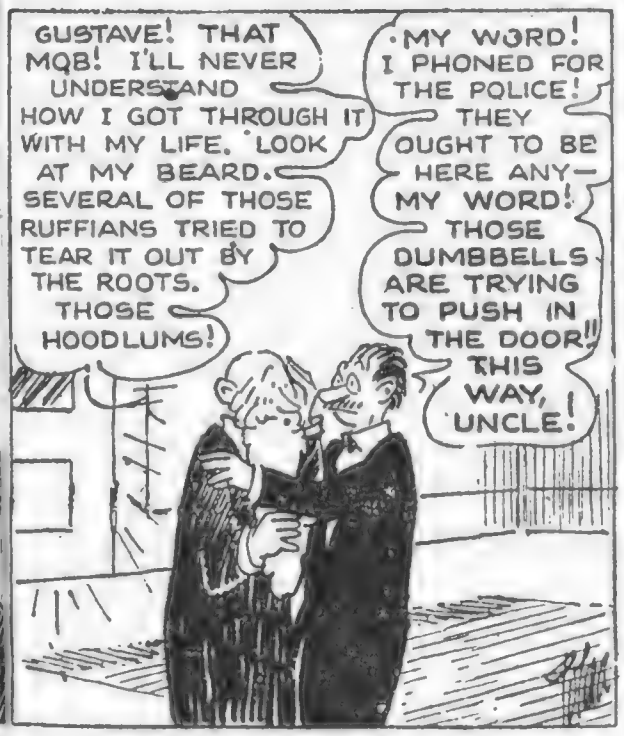

NEITHER A WEALTH-WEARY MILLIONAIRE, HIS ASSISTANT, NOR A LARGE CROWD, FORESAW THE POPULARITY OF THE HELP-THE-BROWNS MOVEMENT, AND SO EVERYONE WAS DISSATISFIED AS AN INCREASING THRONG DEMANDED PHILANTHROPIC SERVICE.
THIS IS A PHONY!
WHO ARE YOU PUSHING? YES, I MEAN YOU!
THE IDEAR OF JAMMING PEOPLE IN LIKE THIS. ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE CATTLE?
BEEN HERE SINCE FIVE OCLOCK THIS MORNING!
WHY DON'T THEY OPEN THE DOOR?
OPEN THE DOOR!
BUST THE DOOR IN! LET'S GO!
BROWNS

AH, DIDN'T I HEAR ONE OF YOU SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE? MR. BROWN WANTS TO HELP ONLY BROWNS.
I KNOW THAT, SIR. OLAF HERE IS A SWEDISH BROWN. TOOK TO SWEDEN BY HIS PARENTS WHEN HE WAS A LAD OF TWO.
WE'RE ALL BROWNS SIR, EVERY ONE OF US.
YES, INDEED! EVERY ONE, SIR!

OLAF, YOU POOR DUMBBELL! WHY DID YOU GET EXCITED AND SPEAK THAT SWEDISH LINGO? DO YOU REALIZE HOW NEAR YOU CAME TO GUMMING UP THE WHOLE WORKS?
THIS IS THE LAST TIME OLAF COMES HERE WITH US.. THATS FLAT.
$20 APIECE! BOYS, THIS IS SOFT! AND WE'LL NURSE IT ALONG.


WHAT ABOUT THIS CROWD THAT'S GOT BUSINESS AT A STANDSTILL IN THIS BUILDING?
I'LL ANSWER THAT QUESTION LATER. IN THE MEANTIME HERE'S A $20 BILL....TWO OF THEM, IF YOU CAN THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET ME INTO MY OFFICE. JANITOR.




GUSTAVE! THAT MOB! I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND HOW I GOT THROUGH IT WITH MY LIFE. LOOK AT MY BEARD. SEVERAL OF THOSE RUFFIANS TRIED TO TEAR IT OUT BY THE ROOTS. THOSE HOODLUMS!
MY WORD! I PHONED FOR THE POLICE! THEY OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY— MY WORD! THOSE DUMBBELLS ARE TRYING TO PUSH IN THE DOOR!! THIS WAY, UNCLE!

WE WERE TOLD TO COME HERE AND GET DOUGH! HELP! WHERE IS IT?
LETS WORK ON BOTH OF 'EM!
BROTHER BROWNS! HALT! STAND BACK! DO NOT HARM THIS OLD GENT! I WILL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR EVERYTHING!

continuity is developed by Tuthill, we're including additional strips in much smaller size.

Hal Dareff would like us to mention that the introduction in each of these volumes is important. Perhaps half of them were written by Bill Blackbeard who has, over the years, written a number of incisive critical articles on popular literature for such journals as The Smithsonian Magazine, Xenophile, The Riverside Quarterly, contributed to various books, written several science fiction novels, is writing a definitive critical history of the comic strip for Oxford University Press, and of course founded the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art. Other critics and historians of the comic strip, such as Jim Ivey, Peter C. Marzio, Woody Gelman, Don and Maggie Thompson, Richard Marschall, M. Thomas Inge, Maurice Horn, Martin Williams, Cal Dobbins and Jack Herbert, have contributed introductions to the various strips.

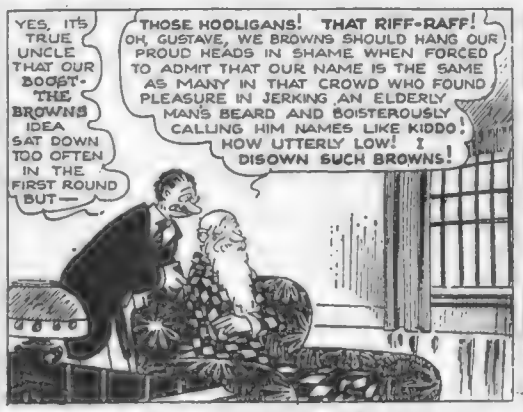
A PHILANTHROPIC MILLIONAIRE'S PLAN TO HELP THE BROWNS WAS ACCELERATED SO MUCH WHEN A LARGE CROWD DECIDED TO HELP THEMSELVES, THAT GUSTAVE BROWN THE YOUNGER HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO USE THE ORATORICAL TRAINING GEORGE, BUNGLE GOT WHILE ADDRESSING THE DISCONTENTED ELEMENT IN BOUNDER LODGE NO. 9.

WHERE'S THE OLD PHONY WHO GOT US TO COME HERE?
WHERE'S OLD MAN BROWN?
THAT'S HIM WITH THE WHISKERS.
BROTHER BROWNS! LET ME EXPLAIN! IT'S TRUE THAT WE KEPT YOU WAITING A FEW MOMENTS BUT—
GUSTAVE! GUSTAVE! BANDY NO MORE WORDS WITH THOSE RUFFIANS THE POLICE ARE HERE NOW!

WE WERE PROMISED HELP IF WE CAME HERE.
MOVE ON! MOVE ON!
DON'T BE AFRAID TO CLUB THEM OFFICER.
ALL US BROWNS WERE SUPPOSED TO GET HELP.

YESSIR, THAT HELP-THE-BROWNS PARTY SURE GOT ROUGH EH, UNCLE.
THOSE WRETCHES OH, GUSTAVE, IT MAKES ME WANT TO HANG MY HEAD IN SHAME TO THINK THAT HE-MEN LIKE THE BROWNS WERE IN THAT MOB. THERE WAS ONE REAL BROWN ON THE JOB, GUSTAVE. YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I'LL NEVER FORGET IT.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE FAR AWAY CITY OF NEW BABYLON, HAS HAD FEW OF THE GRATIFYING MOMENTS HE EXPECTED WHEN HE ARRANGED TO UPLIFT LESS FORTUNATE MEMBERS OF THE LARGE FAMILY THAT BEARS A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO THEIR FELLOW MEN.

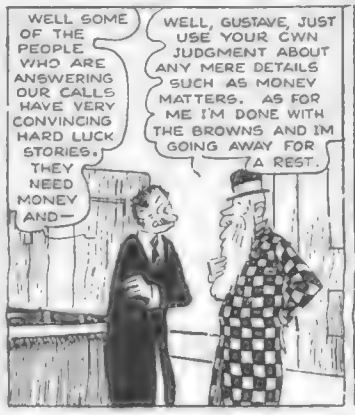

YES, IT'S TRUE UNCLE THAT OUR BOOST-THE-BROWNS IDEA SAT DOWN TOO OFTEN IN THE FIRST ROUND BUT—
THOSE HOOLIGANS! THAT RIFF-RAFF! OH, GUSTAVE, WE BROWNS SHOULD HANG OUR PROUD HEADS IN SHAME WHEN FORCED TO ADMIT THAT OUR NAME IS THE SAME AS MANY IN THAT CROWD WHO FOUND PLEASURE IN JERKING AN ELDERLY MAN'S BEARD AND BOISTEROUSLY CALLING HIM NAMES LIKE KIDDO! HOW UTTERLY LOW! I DISOWN SUCH BROWNS!

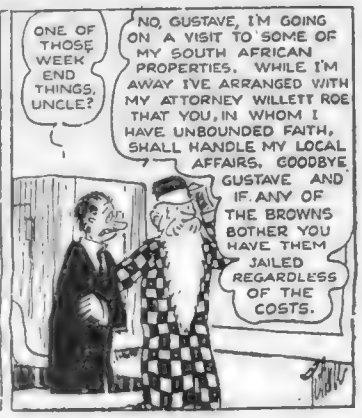
A LOT OF THEM WERE ONLY ALIAS BROWNS, UNCLE.
POSSIBLY! BUT I CAN NEVER FORGET THAT NOT ONE OF THAT CROWD CAME TO MY ASSISTANCE WHEN, WHILE DEFENDING MYSELF, MY CANE WAS JERKED OUT OF MY HAND AND MY HAT KNOCKED OVER MY EYES.

THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WERE. WHEN ONE PERSON IN A CROWD STARTS RAZZING SOMEONE THE OTHERS WILL—
GUSTAVE, I'M DONE WITH THE BROWNS. EVEN THE CODFISH ARISTOCRACY OF THE FAMILY FOUND FAULT WITH MY UNSELFISH PLAN WHEN THEY THREATENED ME WITH A LAWSUIT MERELY BECAUSE I OFFERED AID TO ALL BROWNS.
THAT, GUSTAVE, WAS THE LAST STRAW!

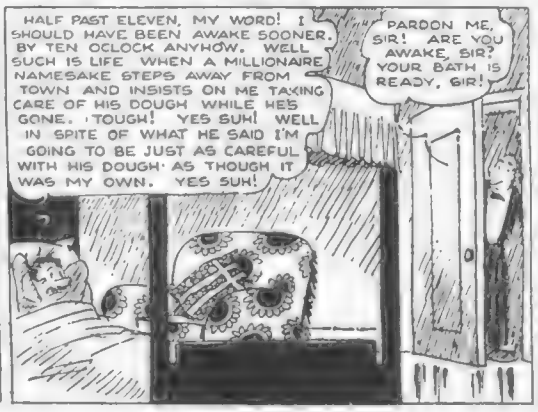
MILLIONAIRE'S ATTEMPT TO HELP ONE OF OUR BEST FAMILIES, SATISFIED SO FEW PERSONS NAMED BROWN, THAT THE RICHEST MAN IN DISTANT NEW BABYLON FINDS LITTLE HAPPINESS IN THE RESULTS OF HIS BENEVOLENT EXPERIMENT.

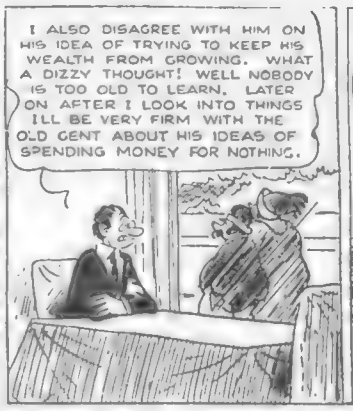
I'M VERY GLAD YOU DROPPED IN THIS MORNING, UNCLE. LAST NIGHT I FIGURED OUT A PLAN WHEREBY OUR HELP-THE-BROWNS IDEA CAN BE PULLED OUT OF ITS NOSEDIVE AND—
GUSTAVE, DASH THE BROWNS! I'M SICK OF THAT CREW. ALL DURING MY FORTY YEARS OF BIG BUSINESS I WAS NEVER SO EXCITED AS I HAVE BEEN DURING THE TWO WEEKS WHEN I TRIED TO PUT THE BROWN FAMILY ON ITS FEET. BUT NOW MY EYES HAVE BEEN OPENED. FROM HERE ON YOU WILL GIVE THE BROWNS THE HELP THEY NEED MOST BY REMINDING THEM THAT EVERY TUB MUST STAND ON IT'S OWN BOTTOM.

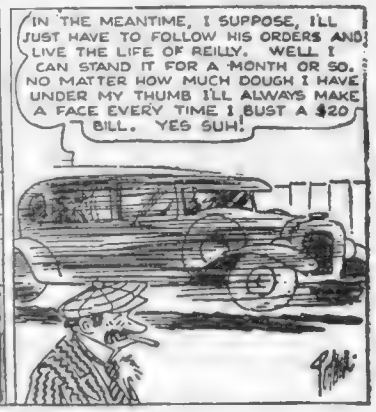

WELL SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO ARE ANSWERING OUR CALLS HAVE VERY CONVINCING HARD LUCK STORIES. THEY NEED MONEY AND—
WELL, GUSTAVE, JUST USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT ABOUT ANY MERE DETAILS SUCH AS MONEY MATTERS. AS FOR ME I'M DONE WITH THE BROWNS AND I'M GOING AWAY FOR A REST.


ONE OF THOSE WEEK END THINGS, UNCLE?
NO, GUSTAVE, I'M GOING ON A VISIT TO SOME OF MY SOUTH AFRICAN PROPERTIES. WHILE I'M AWAY I'VE ARRANGED WITH MY ATTORNEY WILLETT ROE THAT YOU, IN WHOM I HAVE UNBOUNDED FAITH, SHALL HANDLE MY LOCAL AFFAIRS. GOODBYE GUSTAVE AND IF ANY OF THE BROWNS BOTHER YOU HAVE THEM JAILED REGARDLESS OF THE COSTS.

WHEN THE RICHEST MAN IN NEW BABYLON LEFT TOWN TO FORGET A SHORT TURN IN PHILANTHROPY, HE WARNED HIS NAMESAKE AGAINST TURNING ECONOMY INTO A VICE, AND SO GUSTAVE BROWN THE YOUNGER LAY ABED THIS MORNING GAZING INTO A BRIGHT FUTURE


HALF PAST ELEVEN, MY WORD! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN AWAKE SOONER. BY TEN OCLOCK ANYHOW. WELL SUCH IS LIFE WHEN A MILLIONAIRE NAMESAKE STEPS AWAY FROM TOWN AND INSISTS ON ME TAKING CARE OF HIS DOUGH WHILE HE'S GONE. 'TOUGH! YES SUH! WELL IN SPITE OF WHAT HE SAID I'M GOING TO BE JUST AS CAREFUL WITH HIS DOUGH AS THOUGH IT WAS MY OWN. YES SUH!
PARDON ME, SIR! ARE YOU AWAKE, SIR? YOUR BATH IS READY, SIR!


I ALSO DISAGREE WITH HIM ON HIS IDEA OF TRYING TO KEEP HIS WEALTH FROM GROWING. WHAT A DIZZY THOUGHT! WELL NOBODY IS TOO OLD TO LEARN. LATER ON AFTER I LOOK INTO THINGS I'LL BE VERY FIRM WITH THE OLD GENT ABOUT HIS IDEAS OF SPENDING MONEY FOR NOTHING.


IN THE MEANTIME, I SUPPOSE, I'LL JUST HAVE TO FOLLOW HIS ORDERS AND LIVE THE LIFE OF REILLY. WELL I CAN STAND IT FOR A MONTH OR SO. NO MATTER HOW MUCH DOUGH I HAVE UNDER MY THUMB I'LL ALWAYS MAKE A FACE EVERY TIME I BUST A $20 BILL. YES SUH!

GUSTAVE BROWN'S CONFIDENTIAL POSITION WITH HIS MILLIONAIRE NAMESAKE, HAS ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF MANY IMPORTANT NEW BABYLONIANS WHOSE ACQUAINTANCE WOULD HAVE BEEN EQUALLY WELCOME TO THE GEORGE BUNGLE WHO DISAPPEARED AFTER A TOO THOROUGH HYPNOTIC TREATMENT.

WHO?
GUSTAVE BROWN! NEPHEW OF OLD MAN BROWN, THE MILLIONAIRE! IF HE LOOKS THIS WAY IT WON'T DO ANY HARM TO BOW TO HIM.
PARDON THE INTRUSION, OLD CHAP, BUT I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM A DESCRIPTION I GOT FROM A VERY DEAR FRIEND, FRANK BOEHM THE LIGHT AND POWER MAN. YOU'RE MR. GUSTAVE BROWN! I'M AMOS GUZZLE THE SOFT DRINK MAN! GLAD TO KNOW YOU! CAN I SIT DOWN?
CERTAINLY.

ANOTHER ONE OF THE BOYS FROM THE CLUB. AH, MR. BROWN MEET MR. BRUSH.
MIGHTY GLAD TO MEET YOUR ACQUAINTANCE MR. BROWN!
WELL, BOYS WE'RE ALL FRIENDS. LET'S USE OUR FIRST NAMES EH, GUSTAVE.

I'LL GIVE YOU $20 FOR THE CHAIR YOU HAVE AT HIS TABLE, BENNY.
LISTEN, FELIX, ARE YOU TRYING TO INSULT ME?
I'LL TAKE THE CHECK, GUSTAVE.
NO! LET ME HAVE IT, GUSTAVE, OLD CHAP!
NO, GUS, I'LL TAKE IT.

NOT ONLY WEALTH HAS BEEN ATTRACTED TO JOSEPHINE BUNGLE'S HUSBAND SINCE HE MYSTERIOUSLY LEFT HIS HOME TOWN, FOR TODAY WHILE OUT FOR A STROLL, GUSTAVE BROWN AGAIN MET THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY WHO EMBRACED HIM WHEN HE ARRIVED IN DISTANT NEW BABYLON.

THAT'S GUSTAVE BROWN THE ASSISTANT WHO WAS HIRED BY OLD MAN BROWN TO HELP HIM SPEND HIS DOUGH.

GUSTAVE BROWN! HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH AND—OH, OH, WHO'S THE WOMAN TALKING TO HIM SO EXCITEDLY?

ALFERDO! A WORD WITH YOU PLEASE. FOR DAYS I HAVE TRIED TO FIND YOU. OH ALFERDO.... O VAPOR CHEGOU!

MY DEAR MADAM, I AM SO SORRY, BUT AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, THERE IS SOME MISTAKE

BE CAREFUL, ALFERDO! DO NOT PRESUME THAT YOU CAN SO EASILY CAST ASIDE ONE WHO WORSHIPED THE VERY GROUND UPON WHICH YOU WALKED! OH ALFERDO....

MY DEAR MADAM I'M VERY SORRY BUT MY NAME IS NOT DON ALFERDO!

MY NAME IS GUSTAVE BROWN, HOWEVER I AM INTERESTED IN THE MISTAKE YOU HAVE MADE AND IF I CAN BE OF SERVICE TO YOU IN ANY—

OH, YOU COWARD! YOU THINK MY GREAT LOVE FOR YOU HAS MADE ME TOO WEAK TO SEEK REVENGE? HA, HA! WE SHALL SEE, MY GREAT DON ALFERDO! ATÉ AMANHÃ!

A MYSTIC HEALER WHO INTENDED TO HYPNOTIZE GEORGE BUNGLE INTO FORGETTING RELATIVES, WAS SO REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL THAT GUSTAVE BROWN, NOW OF NEW BABYLON, REMEMBERS NO REASON WHY HE SHOULD NOT BE TOO FANCY FREE WITH THE YOUNG LADY WHO MISTAKENLY IDENTIFIED HIM AS HER FIANCE

YES SUH! YESTERDAY WAS THE THIRD TIME THAT LITTLE GIRL BUSTED OUT CRYING WHEN I ASSURED HER MY NAME ISN'T DON ALFERDO. AND HOW THOSE DARK EYES FLASHED WHEN SHE STAMPED HER LITTLE FOOT AND CALLED ME A BRUTE. AND HOW! WELL I POSITIVELY WILL NOT MIX INTO OTHER PEOPLES AFFAIRS BUT ANY MAN WHO SNEERS AT A LITTLE LADY WHO I SUPPOSE HAS NO ONE TO PROTECT HER, ISN'T A MAN, THAT'S ALL.

WELL IF SHE NEEDS HELP OR ADVICE FROM ME SHE'LL GET IT. WHY SHOULD I BE NARROW-MINDED ABOUT THIS AFFAIR SIMPLY BECAUSE THAT POOR LITTLE GIRL HAS MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE? MY WORD, WHAT A DIZZY THOUGHT!

DELORES CASTANET! SHE PROBABLY KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT THE WORLD. SHE PROVED THAT WHEN SHE RUSHED UP TO ME AS I GOT OFF THE TRAIN AND THREW THAT PAIR OF CHUBBY ARMS AROUND MY NECK AND BURST INTO TEARS OF GLADNESS. DELORES CASTANET! I WONDER WHERE SHE LIVES AND IF SHE LIKES FLOWERS?

SINCE GUSTAVE BROWN HAS BEEN CARETAKER OF A MILLIONAIRE NAMESAKE'S FORTUNE, HE HAS BEEN INVITED TO MOST OF THE IMPORTANT SOCIAL AFFAIRS AND FINDS HIMSELF BUSIEST AFTER 6 P.M.

IT'S TRUE MOTHER THAT MR. BROWN IS A NICE MAN BUT WE'VE JUST MET HIM.

WE CAN'T, MOTHER, THROW OURSELVES IN HIS ARMS, CAN WE!

GIRLS, DON'T BE SILLY. HE'S OLD GUSTAVE BROWN'S NEPHEW. HE'D MAKE A SPLENDID HUSBAND FOR SOME PLUCKY GIRL.

BY JOVE WHERE'S BROWN?

YES, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND HIM TOO.

YOU SHOULD MEET HIM, CLARICE.

YES, AS YOU SAY, MISS PLUM, LIFE IS A MYSTERY AND, I MAY ADD, ALL OF US ARE DETECTIVES TRYING TO SOLVE IT.

WELL—

OH, ALICE HOW DARE YOU KIDNAP MR. BROWN AND KEEP HIM AWAY FROM MY OTHER GUESTS.

YES SUH, THOSE CAKE EATING AFFAIRS ARE THE LIFE. I LOVE 'EM! IT'S A BIT TIRESOME TO HAVE THOSE FLAPPERS FLUTTERING AROUND ME, BUT I SUPPOSE I'LL GET ACCUSTOMED TO THAT AND—

WHERE IS THE NEXT STOP, SIR?

GEORGE BUNGLE'S CULTIVATED AMBITION TO MEET IMPORTANT PEOPLE, AND THE WELL KNOWN WEALTH OF A MILLIONAIRE NAMESAKE, HAVE MADE GUSTAVE BROWN ONE OF THE BUSIEST SOCIAL LIONS WHO EVER APPEARED IN NEW BABYLON, BUT HE NEVERTHELESS FINDS TIME TO REMEMBER A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

DELORES CASTANET! MY WORD, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE PAINFUL EXPRESSION THAT CROSSED HER LITTLE PERFECTLY OVAL FACE WHEN I SAID, PARDON ME, LITTLE LADY, I AM NOT DON ALFERDO BUT INSTEAD I'M GUSTAVE BROWN. HO HUM! WELL THE LITTLE GIRL MEANS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO ME BUT I'LL SAY RIGHT NOW THAT THIS DON ALFERDO IS NOTHING BUT A BIG BUM TO LEAVE DELORES FLAT.

SUCH CRUST! THE WORLD IS FULL OF WISEHEIMERS WHO DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'RE LUCKY. IT'S A MANS DUTY TO PROTECT A LITTLE GIRL LIKE HER. FOR ALL I KNOW SHE MAY NOT HAVE A FRIEND IN ALL THE WORLD. TOUGH! I WONDER IF HER NAME IS IN THE PHONE BOOK?

NO IT ISN'T! SUCH LUCK! WELL I THINK I'LL PUT ON ANOTHER SUIT, GET A HAIRCUT AND SHAVE, AND STEP OUT FOR A LONG STROLL. I'LL WALK PAST THE PLACE WHERE I LAST MET DELORES, TOO. SHE MAY LIVE IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD. I NEED THE EXERCISE, ANYHOW.

AVOIDING A BLACK CAT THAT THREATENED TO CROSS HIS PATH, GUSTAVE BROWN RAN UNDER A LADDER, AND HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN PREPARED FOR SOME BAD NEWS HE GOT, TODAY.

JUGGINS MY MAN, I HEAR THE NEWS BOYS YELLING EXTRA. JUST STEP DOWNSTAIRS AND GET ME A PAPER.

I'VE ALREADY DONE SO, SIR. OH SIR, THERE'S VERY BAD NEWS. ASTOUNDING NEWS, SIR. AND IF YOU'LL PARDON ME SAYING SO, SIR, IT'S CRUSHING NEWS TO THOSE OF US WHO KNEW AND LOVED MR. BROWN.

GUSTAVE BROWN ON HEALTH TRIP DISAPPEARS FROM DECK OF U. S. S. SULPHURIA.

MILLIONAIRE CAME TO NEW BABYLON AS BAREFOOT BOY. AMASSED HUGE FORTUNE. STEAMER CAPTAIN FEARS HIGH WIND CARRIED WEALTHY MAN TO WATERY FATE.

MY WORD! JUGGINS, MY CLOTHES QUICKLY!

animation nostalgia

Harry Love

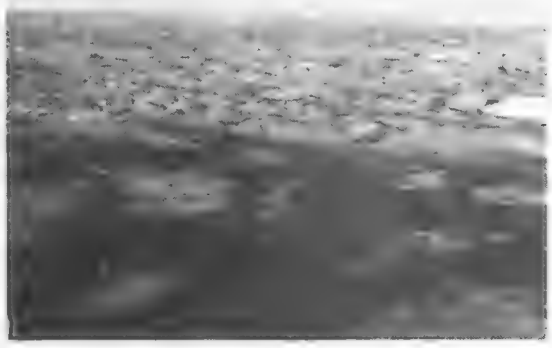
Recently we dropped a line to HARRY LOVE who worked at the Charles Mintz animated cartoon studio in Hollywood at the same time your editor did some years ago. Harry is now directing the training of animators, layout and storyboard artists, designers, background painters, animation checkers, and camera operators in the Animation College which HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS started last October. We asked him to do some nostalgic reminiscing about the business on tape and we're pleased to say that we will have the very interesting results in our next issue. But for now, Harry has sent us the photos which you sec on these two pages. There are a few name-gaps but we're sure that those of our readers in animation will enjoy identifying old friends.

There are some name gaps in this group. Mike (inker), Al (Camera), a cousin of Manny Gould, Al (Manny's brother), Bernie Wolf, Al Rose, Harry Love, Manny Gould, Sid Marcus, Ben Harrison, Jimmy (Shamus) Culhane, Artie Davis, ?, ? (office boy), Dave Tendlar. This photo was taken in New York in 1928 or 1929.

A group leaving for the coast in 1930. Charles Mintz, Al Rose, Jack Carr, Jimmy Bronis, a publicity gal, Ben Harrison, Artie Davis, Manny Gould, Joe DeNat and Harry Love.

Those in this group are Bob McKimson, Bill Tytla, John Rose, Harry Love, Hawley Pratt, Tom O'Loughlin, Dave DePatie, Treg Brown, Friz Freleng, Bob Matz, Lee Halpern, Dave---, Lew Irwin, Bill Orcutt, Cecil Eckhardt, Gerry Chiniquiy, O.B. Barkley, John Dunn, Virgil Ross.

Photos by Julianne Warren



Once again the roving cartoonist-photographer team of L.D. and Julianne Warren has come through for us with the following very interesting account of an exciting trip which eight cartoonists and four of their wives made to Russia this past February. Julianne selected a dozen or so transparencies from the hundreds she took in Moscow and Leningrad, and from them we've reproduced those which accompany L.D.'s story.

The shots at your left show L.D. and Julianne in Red Square, with the Kremlin wall and clock tower in the background. This is one of 20 towers. In the other picture, you're looking across the frozen Moskva River at the Kremlin wall and the cathedral domes.

Cartoonists and wives in front of Krokodil building.

Etta Hulme with German Ogorodnikov. (That's his name — not his nationality.)

Cartoonists, wives and Krokodil cartoonists, writers, and editors have four-hour conference at the humor magazine's offices. We were served tea and their version of a cola drink and delicious little cookies and cakes, with hostess to pour. Our efficient and pretty guide, Alissa, acted as a very competent interpreter. After an hour or so of interesting conversation, the Russian cartoonists brought in many of their original drawings and said, "Help yourselves." (Semenov, one of the Russian cartoonists who was there, had attended our AAEC meeting in Indianapolis in 1958, along with another cartoonist and an interpreter.)

Naum Lisagorsky and Roy Peterson.

Photo at the same Krokodil conference.

Hubenthal, Semenov, one of the Russians, Alissa Chabrova, (our Intourist guide for the whole trip and interpreter at the Krokodil meeting), L. D. Warren.

Lisagorsky sketching Jim Morgan, L. D. holding his finished drawing by the Russian cartoonist.

Jim Orton, Washington, D.C. "Roll Call" cartoonist, sketches one of many palaces, now a museum, in Leningrad.

Semenov, L. D., and Walt Partymiller. Jim Morgan in background.

"THE CARTOONISTS ARE COMING!"

...By L.D. WARREN

Sunday, the 13th of February, 1977, after a nine-hour non-stop flight from New York aboard a Russian Aeroflot, eight weary editorial cartoonists, accompanied by four wives, invaded the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Once through the curious customs, our beautiful, bountiful, and brilliant Intourist guide, Alissa Chabrova, led us by hand to the waiting bus that deposited the sleepy AAEC-er's at Moscow's "Rossia", the world's largest hotel. Rooms were assigned and instructions given, "Be in the lobby in thirty minutes for a three hour tour of Moscow. Mission accomplished! Further instructions, "Breakfast at seven A.M., bring hats and coats, bus leaves at eight, be on time, Please!" Wending our way through the endless halls, we all settle down to a short winter's nap.

Next morning, promptly at 7 A.M., after checking hats and coats, Alissa gently guided Karl and Elsie Hubenthal (Los Angeles Herald-Examiner), Etta Hulme (Fort Worth Star-Telegram), Ranan and Tamar Lurie (Newsweek International), James Morgan (Spartanburg Herald-Journal), James Orton (Roll Call, Washington, D.C.), Walt and Nellieanna Partymiller (York Daily Record), Roy E. Peterson (Vancouver Sun), and L.D. and Julianne Warren (Cincinnati Enquirer), to the cartoonists' allotted tables in the "foreigners" dining room where we enjoyed our first soviet service. "Everybody ready! — Bus leaves in five minutes!" As we trudged through museums, churches, castles, parks, prisons and palaces, bus calls became as difficult as our daily cartoon deadlines. In addition, the repetitious orders, "Be on time!" "Check hats and coats!" "Stay together!" "Don't get lost" "Bus stops here for photographs!" "Hurry up!"(and wait) soon sounded like cartoon captions!

After four days of Moscow Maneuvers, we quietly departed for a landing in Lenin's Leningrad in search of its historical buildings and treasures, in the forty-eight hours allotted. The eye cannot see nor the mind absorb all the wonders of this beautiful pre-revolution city. We returned to Moscow to pack and prepare for our flight to New York, with a one hour stop-over in Shannon, Ireland to stock up on all sorts of tourist goodies at this duty free airport store. After fond farewells at Kennedy airport, Julianne and I taxied to the Algonquin Hotel for another long winter's nap — oh, yes — our cab suddenly refused to move in the midst of heavy traffic on the rain-soaked East River bridge. After many kind words from the driver and not so kind words from the passengers, the motor decided to kick off and dump us at our destination!

MOSCOW MEMORIES

Being lost on the twelfth floor of the 3,500 room Rossia Hotel.

Sunset over Red Square from our hotel room window.

The unforgettable walk from "Prince Igor" opera through Red Square to Hotel Rossia on a below-zero snowy night, without a hat.

Dinner at a Georgian Restaurant, with music and vodka, when all cartoonists toasted and sketched our alluring Alissa.

Visit inside the wide, endless Kremlin wall. Where slippers are worn while visiting the Armory Chamber Museum.

Standing in the center of Red Square, amazed at the view ... that all editorial cartoonists have frequently drawn and seldom seen.

The Moscow Underground Metro magnificence, the pride and joy of modern Muskovites, fit for a Tsar, beautiful and clean as their many palaces, no rubbish, no graffiti, fast people

movers and faster escalators.

Endless lines of visitors in freezing temperatures waiting to enter Lenin's tomb.

Monetary tipping forbidden .... chewing gum preferred ... seems the USSR is more in need of U.S. gum than U.S. grain.

USSR Women's Lib movement far surpasses the U.S. ... elderly women with brooms, picks and shovels working night and day keep highways, streets and sidewalks spotlessly clean, to accommodate pedestrians and traffic.

The fur-hatted crowds, reminding cartoonists of the long-ago Estes Kefauver presidential campaign.

Krokodil Conference — The highpoint of the Kartoonists Klambake — a four-hour discussion with the Krokodil staff of cartoonists, artists, writers and editors — and renewing friendship with Ivan Semenov, Krokodil Senior cartoonist and painter, who attended the first general AAEC meeting in Indianapolis in 1958.

LENINGRAD LUXURIES

Lenin Square —Lenin statues —Lenin posters — Lenin portraits — Lenin quotes and adulation.

The incredibly beautiful Hermitage galleries and their contents.

Frozen rivers and canals running through tree-lined boulevards.

The luxurious and elegant Astoria Hotel and muddy bath water in a chilly room.

Last, but not least, the amazing Leningrad circus, far greater than the "Greatest show on earth."

CARTOONISTS CAPERS

Etta Hulme — frequently leaving her sketch pad to dole out water purification tablets to thirsty cartoonists!

Roy Peterson — finally finding a Russian fur hat to match his furry beard. It gets cold in Vancouver too!

Jim Morgan — Tall, straight, and handsome, like a Russian Prince, posing for a caricature by Krokodil's cartoonist, Naum Lisagorsky.

Jim Orton — The only AAEC'r with knowledge of the Russian language, taking time out from sketching to translate the daily news in "Pravda" for the not-as-smart cohorts.

Ranan and Tamar Lurie — attentive and inquisitive, absorbing all facts (and fiction) for future use in cartoons and writing.

Nellieanna Partymiller's continual search for husband Walt, whose ability to get lost is equalled only by his ability to draw.

Karl Hubenthal photographing all points of interest, while Elsie ceaselessly tries, without success, to keep covered with her fur coat, hat and muffler. L.A. was never like this!

Julianne tirelessly shooting color slides while I carry her camera bag and supply new rolls of film with freezing white hands and a warm heart.

HOTEL TAILS OR HOTEL TALES

MOSCOW'S ROSSIA

The world's largest — two city blocks square — should one carelessly step on the wrong elevator, a map and compass and a non-English speaking "floor-lady" are essential to finding one's assigned room.

Seemingly endless hike from room to dining accommodations.

The AAEC cartoonists checked out from the Rossia five days before a major fire partly destroyed this 6,000 bed hotel overlooking Red Square. Wow!

LENINGRAD'S ASTORIA

Fabulous historical old hotel stands unmarked by wars. Facing St. Isaac's Square. Six-inch long solid brass room keys, or were they gold?

At Krokodil

Our group at a Georgian restaurant. Tamar Lurie is in foreground on left, Alissa is in front on right with Ranan Lurie next to her. If you look closely, you can see some of the rest of us. This was the only night, believe it or not, that we drank vodka and toasted all good things. (In Moscow).

A large and busy intersection in Leningrad. Walt and Nellie Anna Partymiller and Russian woman. There are walkways under the wide streets for pedestrians. We tried to cross under at this point and came up right where we started from.

Assigned to a luxurious, blue-velveted, cut glass, chandeliered suite that would make Lenin's red flag turn green with envy!

Returning to amorous abode after circus, matronly desk clerk informs me, "A special guest is arriving in the early A.M. and you must change rooms immediately." Many "Nyets" and "Da's" with officials, floor managers and bell hops. Then no water! Meekly agreed to follow commands. Better to spend several hours in less elegant room than spend several months in Siberia!

NEW YORK'S ALGONQUIN

Dragging our exhausted selves and overstuffed bags to room, bell-hop talks at great length about the many famous cartoonists, artists and writers he has served in the past twenty years. Alone. Bed. Smoke alarm suddenly blasts for no apparent reason ... hotel engineer arrives to repair it ... have leftover smuggled Aeroflot sandwiches and bit of bourbon ... back to bed about nine P.M. ... *!¢$%&? ... smoke alarm screams at midnight ... night engineer arrives with ladder and tools and cleans the monster! Deep sleep until 2 P.M. next day. Dine with old friends Ruth and Milt Morris ... after-dinner drinks with author of "The World and Warren's Cartoons," Dr. Walter C. Langsam and his wife, Julia, who happen to be in New York on business. Lunch next day with the Langsams and officials from Exposition Press ... discuss progress and future of book. Back to the ol' drawing board ... wonder what ever happened to Stalin, Krushchev and Brezhnev?

MAD KONG

HARRY NORTH, the British artist who has just recently become a regular contributor to MAD magazine, and who has been doing some drawings especially for CARTOONIST PROfiles in Issues No. 28-32, has drawn the lead feature, KING KORN, a satire on the new King Kong film, in the July issue of MAD. (Number 192).

Harry, who has visited us in the CARTOONIST PROfiles office on several occasions, tells here about his methods of work, including some of the problems of adapting to the MAD format, etc. We think our readers will find a lot of good solid information in these thoughts from a topnotch artist and cartoonist.

by Harry North

CARTE BLANCHE ALMOST

Due to a combination of events I have not drawn a line for two weeks and that may as well be a hundred years! My hand is out of control and there is no 'inner chemistry,' just an uninformed heaviness.

Panic flutters, confidence wanes, everything is ready and the blank, white board threatens ... and the longer one avoids getting down to work the more impossible the whole thing seems and the deeper the anxiety and frustration.

Really, on reflection, I have to be a total slave to the drawing; there can be no 'vacations' and it must stand in priority after breathing and before eating.

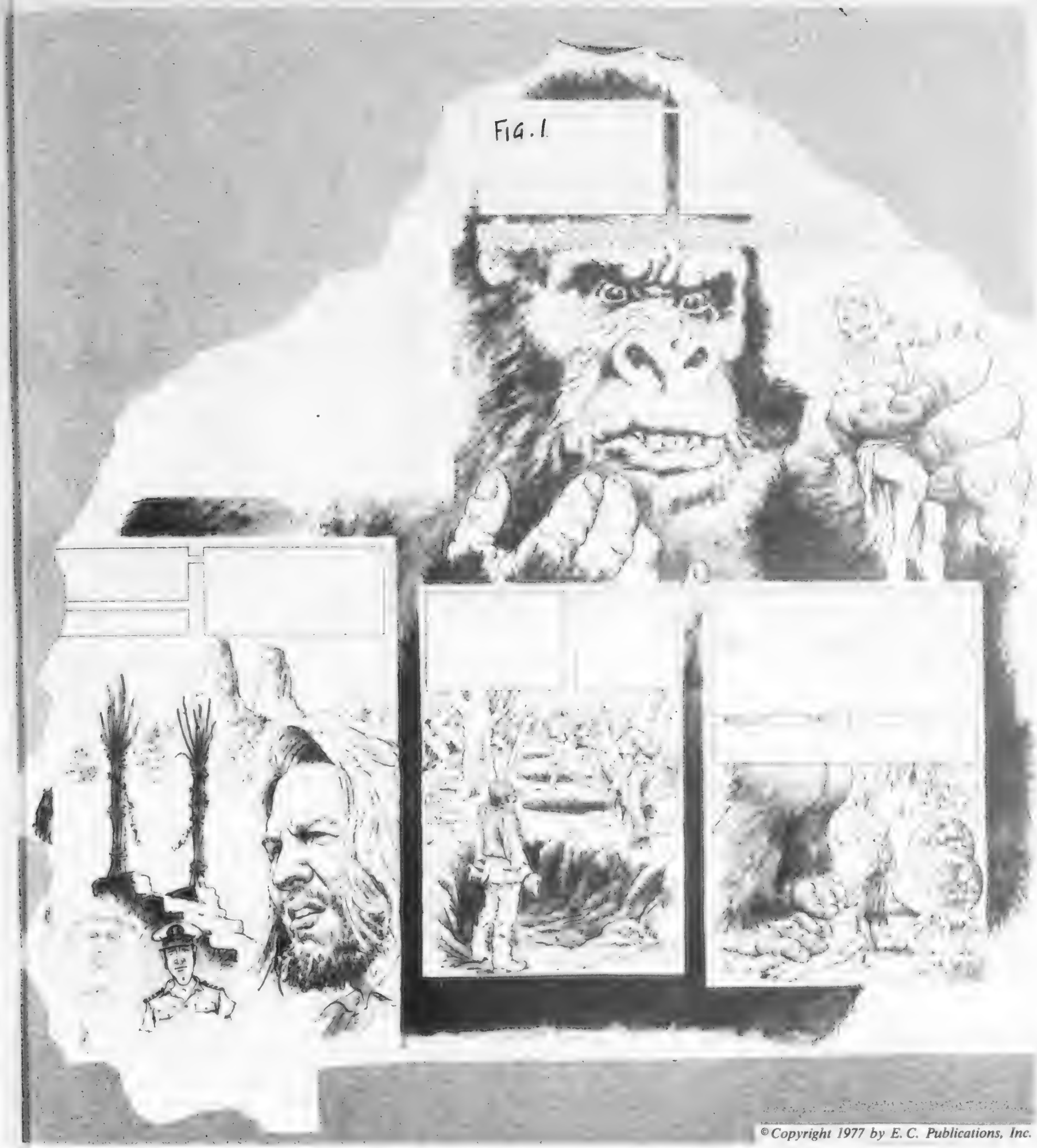
Put like this it sounds depressing and it *is* depressing because I'd like to be 'free' to travel round the world (I think), and from time to time I envisage myself contentedly turning out the work from a tent up in the Andes by the shores of Lake Titicaca (if that's how it's spelt) or perhaps overlooking the Grand Canal in Venice — or whatever. Some hope.

SOME PAGES LATER

... for a moment there I almost *enjoyed* myself! I almost remembered why I'm in this business. Then I read the script again and realized I'd done the last two panels wrong ...

GETTING THE RIGHT ANGLE

Always, in the past, I've been in the habit of laying out my own pages ... in a thoroughly undisciplined way, inking-in and even coloring the third or fourth panel for example before even pencilling the rest of the page or, another day, lettering-in the speech and 'thinks' balloons and drawing around them later, guided only by sheer caprice. There was never any need to do one's own lettering but it very early became apparent that there was a way to control the script to fit the drawing. A small change here, a little omission there and I was soon wallowing in total abandon, cutting out whole speeches and whole pictures and inserting new ones. My argument has always been that he who draws, due to the long period



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spent over a script, has time to come up with 'innovations' which definitely enhance the story-telling visually. Writers cannot visualize and will disagree and — from time to time — there are complaints but fortunately not one of them has ever been justified (ahem)!

I also like to hand-letter titles, though I've never yet had the audacity to change one of these; in fact, this is tied in with my second reason for doing all lettering — to control the character of the whole page. My line and style is very fine and, from the printers' point of view probably too fine; consequently heavy, solid black typefaces tend to overpower it. Mainly editors have been tolerant, not to say indulgent (especially if their pages consistently turn up on time) and — okay — I've been spoiled.

Those halcyon days are gone, alas, for a while, at least. Editor Al Feldstein knows exactly what he wants and, sadly for my deviant personality, expects it. The first law of Mad is that all lines shall converge at 90 degrees and I am trying to toe the lines. But, out of friction comes polish and, for example, something like having to work at twice the size I am accustomed to working is proving to be an enlarging experience. A pun intended seriously, because these impositions demand greater boldness of style and fresh means of counteracting a visually sterile squareness. My drawing needs to flow and it is more than enough restriction that the page has to be cut square without underlining the fact. Anyway (but always at 90 degrees), Al has listened patiently to all

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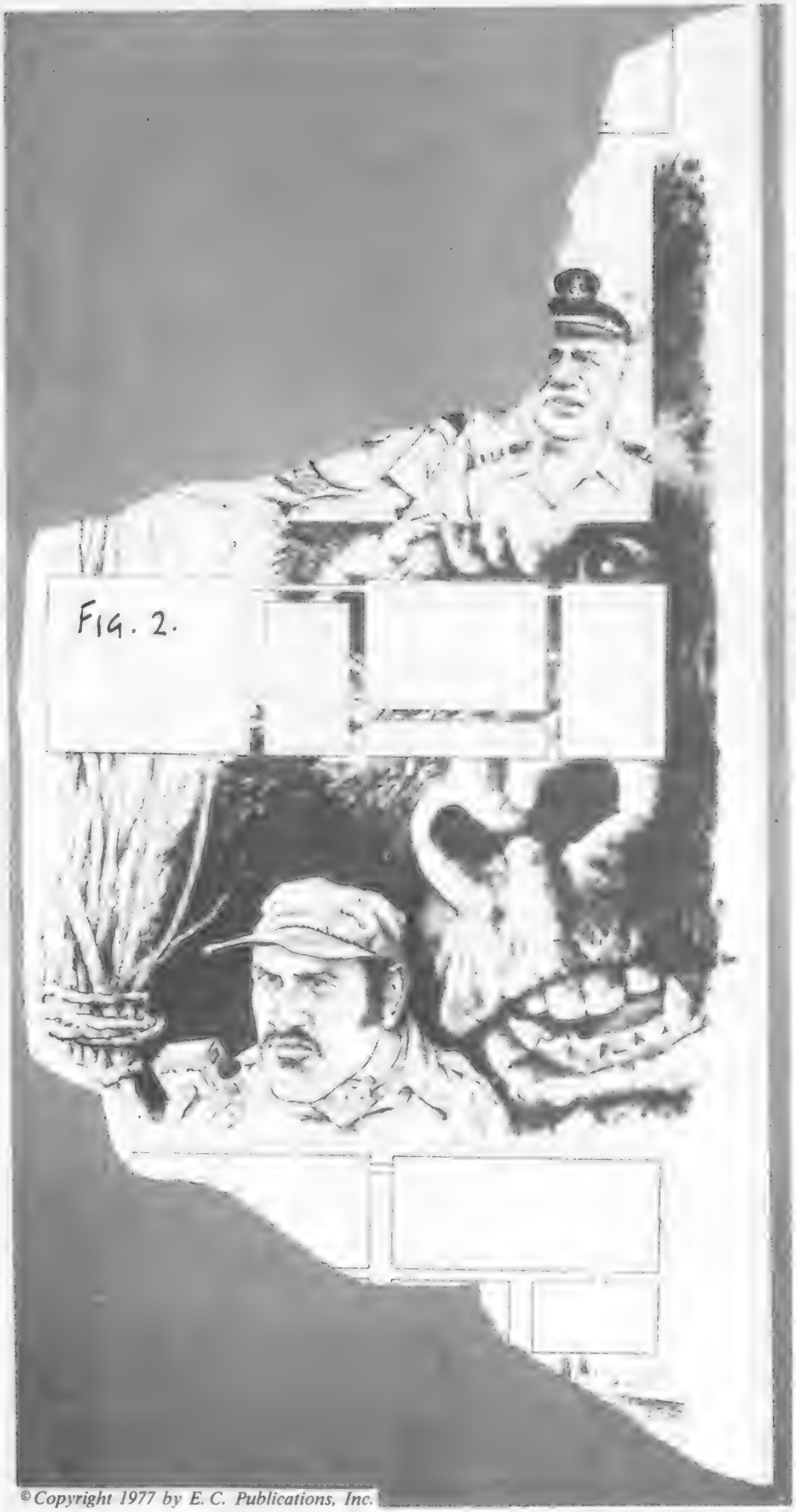

FIG. 2.

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FIG. 4

these groanings and given me some latitudes and I am pretty happy with our layout for these pages.

HANDICAPS

If it can be said that we 'parody' what is in the first place fun — and I thought King Kong was a remarkable feat as well as a fine piece of entertainment — I believe that the characters in such a parody must be instantly recognizable. If the reader (or viewer) is not totally convinced, then the whole spoof becomes a pathetic bore. Therefore, since I am still very far from confident that I will capture *any* celebrity, faces come first and everything else must fit itself round them. The faces are determined by the range of photos and magazine cuttings etc., that Jerry De Fuccio magics up.

The next difficulty is that the size of our pictures are determined by the quantity of dialogue and may result in there being half a page to show two faces and a tiddly little corner to show the charge of the Light Brigade complete with fingernails. This 'space' problem is particularly evident with Kong because of the discrepancy in size between the ape and the humans and to make his appearance more impressive I have a couple of times (Figs. 1 & 2) carried him behind other pictures. It will be interesting to see if, in the issue, his belly will show at the bottom of the page in Fig. 1. Due to my poor observance of the bleed-off indication, it will probably be lost, which is a shame because this conveys a much stronger impression of the ape than when it is missing. It also integrates the design of the page.

There is nothing particularly original about this. I think originality is a thing which sometimes evolves in a person's style over years, but at least breaking up a page in this manner expresses my own style better than a poor imitation of Drucker. Incidentally, talking of originality and Drucker, visiting the Mad office has given me the opportunity to look at his originals and work in past issues and it was wonderful to observe, around '64, I think it was, the gradual transition from what had been fairly nondescript artwork into something unique and sublime.

I resort to tracing from time to time. I don't like to and certainly don't recommend it or using a projector for instance. And also I am sure such devices are the nemesis of creativity (whew!).

They can only make drawing tighter and more mechanical; nevertheless, I trace because I cannot always handle a picture like Fig. 3, where we have to show Dino De Laurentiis and Charles Grodin, Jeff Bridges, an enchained and angry Kong, Jessica Lange being assailed by n^2 reporters who are surrounded by a frantic crowd — all in the space of a 31 cent stamp. At other times there may be a particular face or figure which will not do what it is supposed to do, as with the character in Fig. 4. Only practice and experience can make all the elements arrive spontaneously.

FRACTIOUS ANIMUS

At first, after an interruption to work, it is hard to recommence or to find any energy but now, after three weeks, I am really gaining momentum. I always curse deadlines but there is no doubt they enable one to generate tremendous drive. Today I've worked really well from about eight a.m. through to eight in the evening with truly no more than one hour off and that without any limp periods to speak of. There are some days when I may be at the board for twelve hours but I wouldn't call it twelve hours work.

ARABESQUE

A most important aspect of strip illustration is continuity, and it is sad that in this type of job it is almost impossible to utilize; carrying the action on with incidentals outside the storyline as well as synchronizing with the script. For me it is less analogous to directing a film than playing a piece of jazz where one can improvise around the basic theme. I often quote a couple of things Joe Kubert has done in 'Sergeant Rock'.

Once, in a single frame he had drawn several images of the Sarg' dejectedly turning and

FIG. 3.

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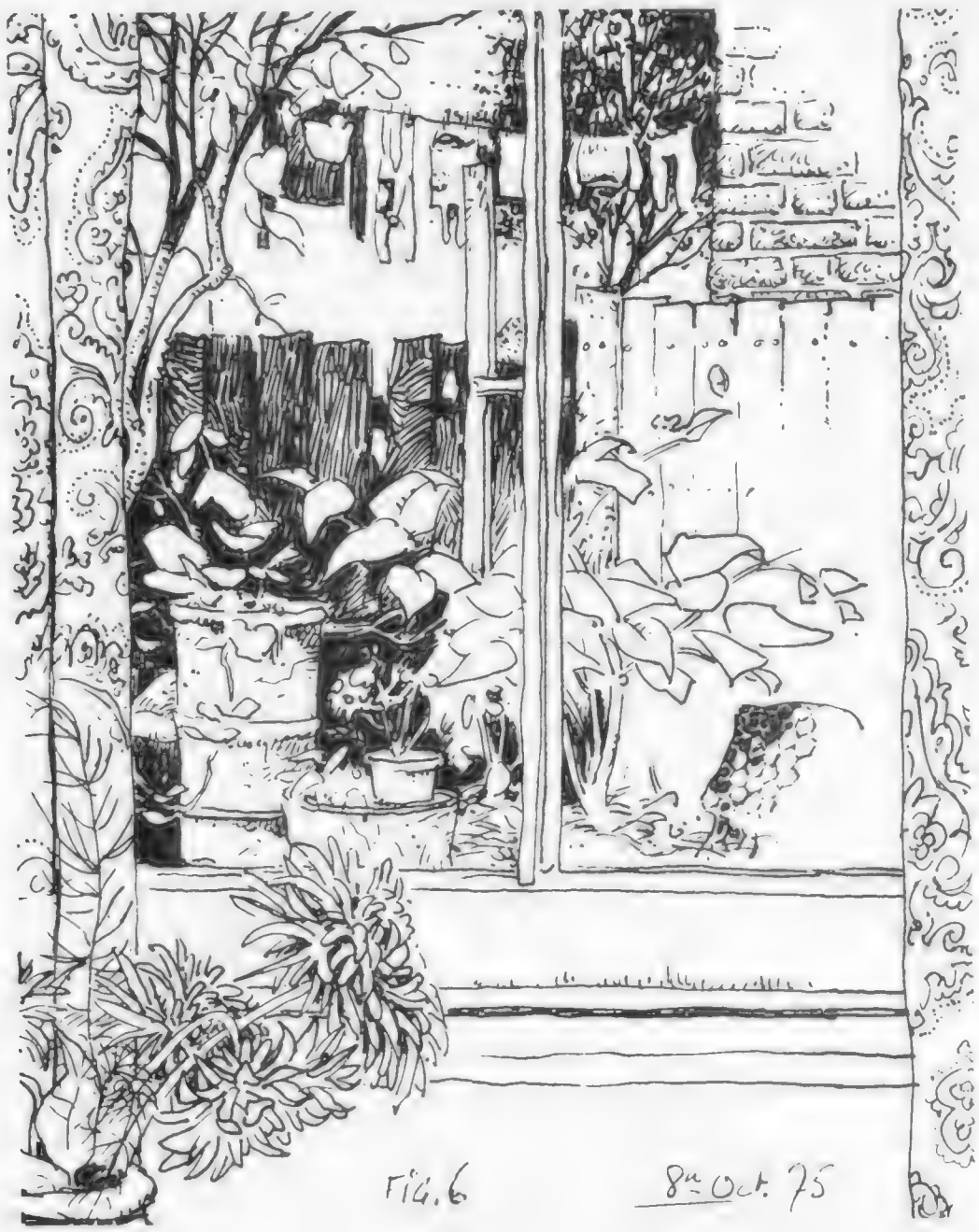

diminishing away from his victim, the prone figure of a boy dressed in a German soldier's uniform. And again where, instead of merely showing a marine hurling a grenade — throw, whizz, bang, in three pictures — he had drawn a cluster of maybe nine frames wherein the pin is extracted, the arm drawn back, the grenade passes through its trajectory and then comes the explosion, spreading — effectively slowing the eye and executed with more art and less artificiality than many of the slow motion film sequences. In Fig. 5, we were able to show a small sequence and some innovation by pushing the main action of the ape and his noise behind the man and his comments. In the first frame Grodin is saying something like, "Don't worry, he can't get out of that cage." In frame 2: "Don't worry, he can't break those chains." And finally the crowd roar, "He's out of his cage! He's broken his chains!" "Worry!" says Grodin.

INKONG

I began inking the final page first, where the pencils were surest, and worked forward. I *hate* having to present pencilled roughs because I like to be trusted and anyway, I know the pencils will look nothing like the inks; and one has to get involved in details which I am later dissatisfied with and will erase. As I said, I prefer to ink a frame or picture at a time. It seems to work out and it's less smudgy that way.

The quality that is conveyed in my drawings almost without effort is 'life'. But I have not really mastered the technique of pure pen or brush strokes. I like to feel that this is because I was a very late beginner and have only been working commercially about five years and that it *is* coming ... In the meantime, however, it is necessary for me to pull the elements of a picture together with wash. I like wash but I should like even more having the choice of being able to do without it; this would be a great development for me. Interestingly though, if I am drawing just for myself as in Fig. 6, I *can* work in pure line and I have to conclude that I am inhibited into doing many things that I *think* people want to see — and it is not easy to break the habit.

Only when someone is oblivious to blame or praise or reward and works simply for the sake of working can his full potential be realized. It is these self-less moments, when there is no future and no past, which are the most joyous and meaningful.

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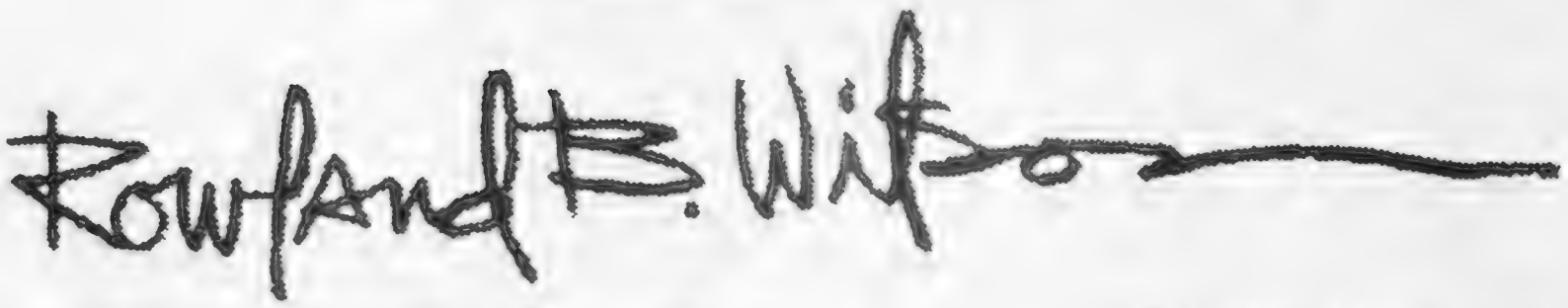
SERIES I: 22 VOLUMES

Photo by Dick Wingert

L. to R.: Rowland Wilson and CP Editor Jud Hurd.



The two most visible accomplishments of Rowland B. Wilson's skill as a magazine gag cartoonist are the full-color cartoons that appear in Playboy magazine most every month, and the advertising campaign for the New England Life Insurance Company that he illustrates, and which is published in a wide variety of national magazines. Most people only admire the work and know little of the man. The following interview was conducted by Bill Crouch, Jr.

BY BILL CROUCH, JR.

Q: A lot of people know your work but don't know you. Possibly some biographical material might be a good way to start off our interview?

A: Well, I grew up in Dallas and started cartooning and drawing when I was in high school. I went to the University of Texas in Austin and graduated in 1952 with a BFA. It was a four year degree. I knew Bill Yates when he went there and was editor of the school humor magazine, The Texas Ranger.

After graduating I went to graduate school at Columbia University in New York City working on a masters in fine art. I did most of the course work but never finished my masters project painting. In New York I supported myself doing gag cartoons for Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, Look, True, etc. The first gag I sold to Post was published in October or November 1952. It showed two moose on one side of a lake and a hunter with a call on the other. The hunter is blowing on the moose call and one moose says to the other, "I wish I'd said that."

The Post started me out at $60 a gag and if you sold ten you got a raise. By the time they folded I was getting about $125.

After Columbia, I got drafted into the Army for 24 months and spent most of it in Austria and Germany. I was a draftsman doing classified charts from about December 1954 to December 1956. I worked a lot in the service with a Leroy lettering set and it was really 1957 before I got myself together again with my own art. It was then I sat down and in a couple of months created a portfolio. In doing it I arrived at animation as the thing I was really interested in. During school I'd worked at a little outfit in Dallas. Then I had put in about six weeks in a New York animation studio so I had fooled around some with animation. At that time the animation studios were very structured on the Hollywood union job model. To be a designer for animation, you had to put in seven years doing in-between work.

Based on the portfolio, I joined the Young & Rubicam advertising agency in 1957. There I would do mostly conceptual drawings for accounts. They gave me the choice of working either in print or television. I was influenced by the space you had in print. Also at that time TV was all black and white. So I chose print so I could work in color. At Young & Rubicam you put in six months as an apprentice and then were promoted to assistant art director. Eighteen months later I was made an art director. I stayed there until 1964 doing drawings, type specifications, proofs, and what have you.

During this period I was also freelancing magazine gag cartoons again. I started doing full page color cartoons for Esquire about 1958. At the time they were publishing interesting artists like E. Simms Campbell, Tomi Ungerer and Ruge. Also in the late 50s and early 60s I sold some to The New Yorker magazine.

In 1964 I left Young & Rubicam and went freelance. One source of frustration with my job there was I didn't get to do finishes or layouts I'd designed. A lot of advertising work came my way and I found I wasn't able to submit to The New Yorker on a regular basis which is what they like. The ad work was lucrative and had a fast deadline. To continue to submit to The New Yorker required a couple of days work on a very speculative basis. Also I started selling Playboy about 1965-66 and they are a very good market. I'd been selling full page color to Esquire but they then decided to stop publishing full color cartoons. So I mailed off 25 or 30 ideas to Playboy in Chicago and didn't hear a word for three months. Finally I got the stuff back and they'd taken six.

Q: Wasn't an anthology of your Esquire work published? And have you done any other books?

A: Yes, a cartoon anthology of my stuff called "The Whites of Their Eyes" was published and sold out its first and only printing. The cover showed the British charging up Bunker Hill with dark glasses on. I've also illustrated two children's books: "Tubby and the Lantern," and "Tubby and the Poobah."

Q: Did you ever have a fling at syndicated cartooning?

A: In 1969 I did do a syndicated strip for the New York News — Chicago Tribune Syndicate which lasted six months. The strip was called "Noon", the name of the main character Noon Ringle, an unemployed cowboy in a dying small Texas town in sort of modern times. The whole thing was autobiographical and it's inevitable because if you experience something growing up, you end up using it in your work. It was set in these tiny Texas towns named like Duckfit, Gypwater and the like. I had taken the strip to

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"Leonardo thinks he's such a genius. Wait till he finds out he still has to invent the brake!"

© 1975 New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, Boston. Subsidiary: NEL Equity Services Corporation, mutual funds; Affiliate: Loomis, Sayles & Company, Inc., investment counselors

"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Smashing idea: we also offer mutual funds, variable annuities and investment counseling.

Rowland Wilson did these drawings of the locomotive, and of the Cossacks riding over the hill to meet the train, for a prize-winning commercial "Trans-Siberian Express".

King Features and the News and Arthur Laro had liked it a lot.

A lot of my influence in the design of the strip and use of space was from Windsor McCay and also Krazy Kat. The single biggest influence was Roy Crane. His was the type of thing I really liked. It had enough reality to identify with and enough fantasy and comedy to excite you with.

The New York Daily News ran "Noon" for awhile. But then the New York Herald Tribune folded and all those comic strips were released and "Noon" was dropped. The syndicate didn't sell it very well either. Their sales methods didn't impress me as I came from advertising. I soon learned they weren't too impressed with my views on the subject and preferred to be secure in theirs. They seemed to have one salesman for each quarter of the country. If they don't get a yes at a newspaper, a year goes by before that editor gets canvassed again.

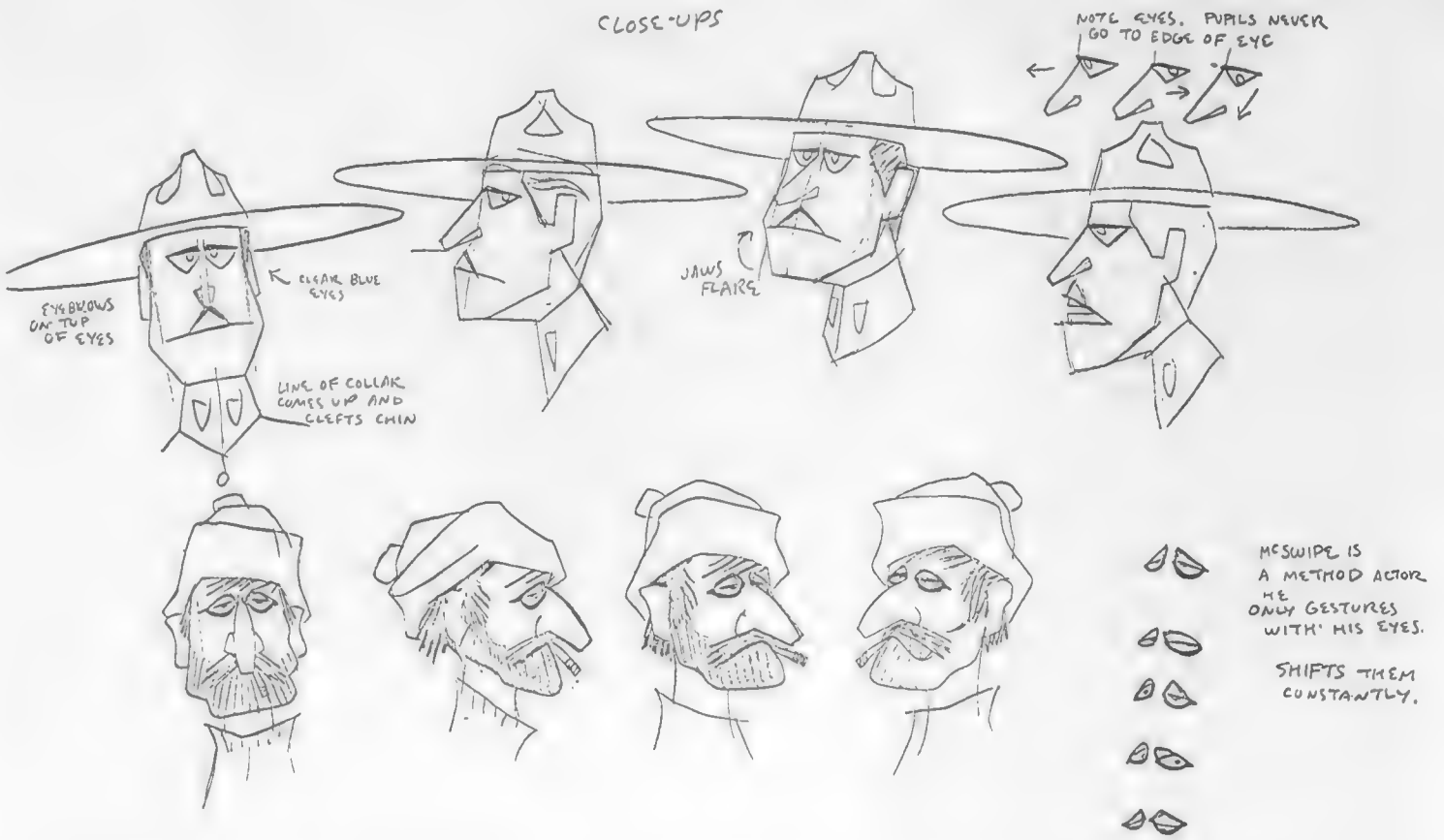
After that I decided syndicated comics weren't my thing. The space of it was important to me. I've always been interested in the physical aspects of a medium. However, I found I wasn't comfortable working in the limitations of the space allowed.

Q: Did you get into doing more animation work while freelancing?

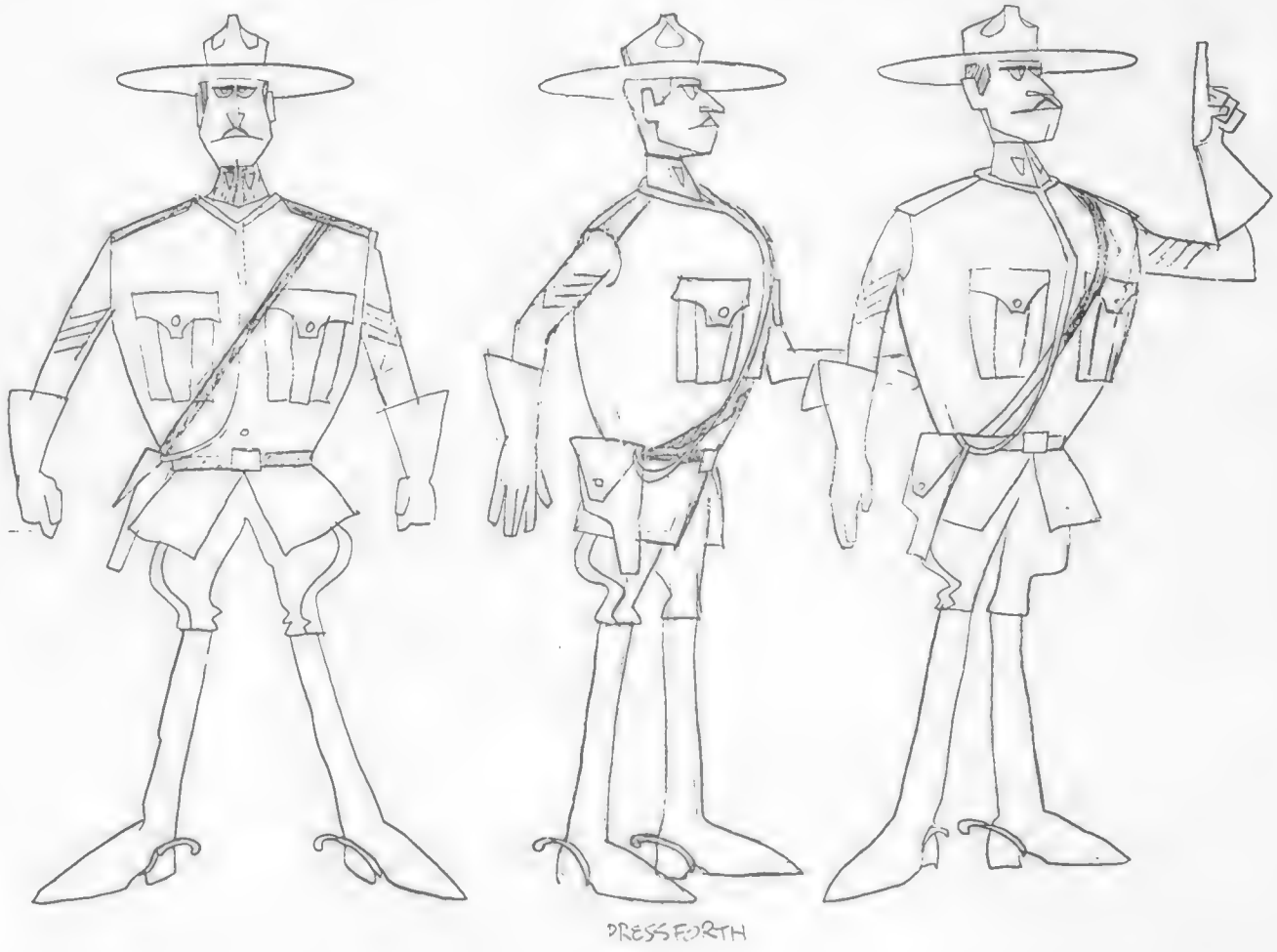
A: Yes, by 1968 I was doing designs for animated commercials. The ad agencies literally forced the animation studios to start letting outside designers like myself do some work. The animation houses resisted and the UPA and Disney styles still predominated.

Q: This must be about the period you started the New England Life campaign that shows a disaster in the making with the question, "What's your life insurance company? New England Life of course."

A: An agency in New York contacted me when they had just taken over that account and they had the idea of the disaster illustrations. Originally I wrote and drew them


CLOSE-UPS
NOTE EYES. PUPILS NEVER GO TO EDGE OF EYE
EYEBROWS ON TOP OF EYES
CLEAR BLUE EYES
LINE OF COLLAR COMES UP AND CLEFTS CHIN
JAWS FLARE
MCSWIPE IS A METHOD ACTOR HE ONLY GESTURES WITH HIS EYES.
SHIFTS THEM CONSTANTLY.

Rowland did these model sheets for "The Mountie", a Utica Club beer commercial. They show Sgt. Pressforth and McSwipe.



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"Ze kaiser's mistress is flat-chested!"

both. Now the agencies have changed and I don't write the gags. I've done close to 40 and it's been very good for me.

Q: What are some of your favorite magazine gags that have been published?

A: One was published both in Esquire and my book. It showed the galley slaves being marched down to the dock and there at the berth is a beautiful warship. One slave comments, "What a beautiful boat. What makes it go?" I like the gag because it invites an immediate response. Another favorite shows a medieval catapult in the center. A man-at-arms is sitting in it. He's getting a pep talk from the knight in charge. The knight says, "What if I told you this mission might shorten the war by six weeks?" The book had a lot of historical gags and that whole thing developed out of being in Europe in the Army. I loved the old buildings, the Napoleonic uniforms. All that stuff is so much fun to draw. People have always been the same, no matter what time or location you place them in. Unfortunately Esquire never returned the originals and the agencies never return things. For all that work I don't have many originals.

Q: Do you have any helpful hints for our readers interested in trying magazine gag cartooning themselves?

A: I think of cartooning as picture writing. The design is the real fun of it — doing the art. Every gag is an incongruity and nothing is harder to remember. When I think of a gag I try to write it down immediately. Nothing is more forgettable. Thumbing through books is useful sometimes in thinking up gag ideas. The way I like to work is to make a mental note that a week from now I will work on gags. I may not think of any before but it seems to get me ready. Then I sit down with a pad and dead quiet and start writing and drawing. Almost every joke has what I call a sharp right turn. It leads you down a road and then veers off. You take two things with no relationship with each other and you find one for your gag.

Looking at the other gags being published is important and I find I prefer to see what cartoonists are doing visually than what the gag is. I've never felt inhibited about what could and couldn't be published. I also like sight gags best where the picture is funny itself. In my own work I'm using bolder colors with more contrast than before. The fun in it for me over all these years is maintaining the simplicity of form and statement in your picture. I do it not because it's the only way to do it, but because it enhances my enjoyment of doing a drawing.

There's a tendency when drawing gags for Playboy that some cartoonists have of doing conventional pictures with a sexy gag line. Most of these gags turn on the caption rather than the drawing.

Q: Although you're now associated with a New York animation firm, you recently spent two years in England. Would you tell us what it's like being an American cartoonist in England, and how you happened to go there?

A: I'd been following animation for years and was really impressed by the work of Dick (Richard) Williams, a Canadian with a London studio. I met him on a trip in 1972 and then returned the following year to Europe and he suggested I design an animated cartoon for a Yellow Page ad he had to do. So I did that. Dick has been working on a special feature film on and off for years. It's animated and set in an Arabian Nights-type location. So he suggested I come work for him and do the designing of commercials so he could work on the feature. I arrived in England in July 1973 and stayed two years. Very little of the work was for American TV. It was for England and Europe. I designed the characters and backgrounds for 30 or 40 films in my stay there.

Before I went to England I had done about a dozen animated TV commercials here. Dick Williams is especially well known for his film credit work. He did the titles for films like The Charge of the Light Brigade and A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum. I was pleased not only to work with him but as a bonus he had two of the all-time great Disney people in his studio then, Art Babbitt and Grim Natwick.

Art Babbitt did the Queen in Snow White, worked on Pinocchio and did the mushrooms in Fantasia. Grim Natwick had animated Snow White herself, and been with Fleischer and UPA. He, Art and the late Bill Tytla are some of the greats in my book. Dick Williams had hired these guys to primarily teach animation to people in his studio. It was a treat. Art ran a class every day for a month on subjects like timing, problems of a man on a tightrope — how to handle the slack wire — falling water and the like. Grim worked as an advisor.

It was a great experience working with these men. The class was held daily from 9 a.m. to noon and they gave out an animation assignment to do plus our regular work, of course.

Williams at the time was picked by ITT to do an animated Raggedy Ann feature film that should be released soon. He has a four floor building on Soho Square, London with about 30 people working for him but they're not all animators.

Q: Is there any one thing Babbitt and Natwick seemed to emphasize the most?

A: Art would stress over and over that draftsmanship was all important. You have to have drawing ability to be a good animator in his opinion. To really animate you have to understand three dimensional form. He advocated life drawing and such classes were instituted at the Dick Williams studio. Some people don't see the relationship between life drawing and cartooning, but it sharpens the eye that much more. Grim Natwick stressed the idea of putting a lot of emphasis on contrasting straight lines with curves. I look at drawing as a series of contrasts between straight and curved lines plus light and dark areas. The drawings that I do that I think are good always have tension in them at some point. This tension being achieved by having opposing shapes and spaces and so forth.

In animation you have to constantly think of three dimensionality. One line may seem to dominate the drawing when you have animated action, but the others must support it.

Q: How was it being an American artist working in England? Was the whole experience delightful or did it have some drawbacks?

A: I think Americans have somehow been cowed by European culture but in terms of the popular arts, America is where things are happening. In London the kind of art services such as typesetting and photostats that you take for granted in New York, are far less efficient. In many ways life is simpler in New York with the rat race. I did meet a few people in cartooning while in England, but I was locked into a full work day at the studio and had time for little else. The inflation in England finally really got to me. I was living in London and I think in retrospect the climate is suited for tourists and those born there, but not for me. As a tourist London is great. All the luxuries, theater, concerts, etc. are cheap. It's the necessities that are expensive. One nice thing was the studio was near the Tate Gallery and The National Gallery, both excellent museums, and I used to drop by at least once a week.

Q: What type of exposure did the work you did in England get?

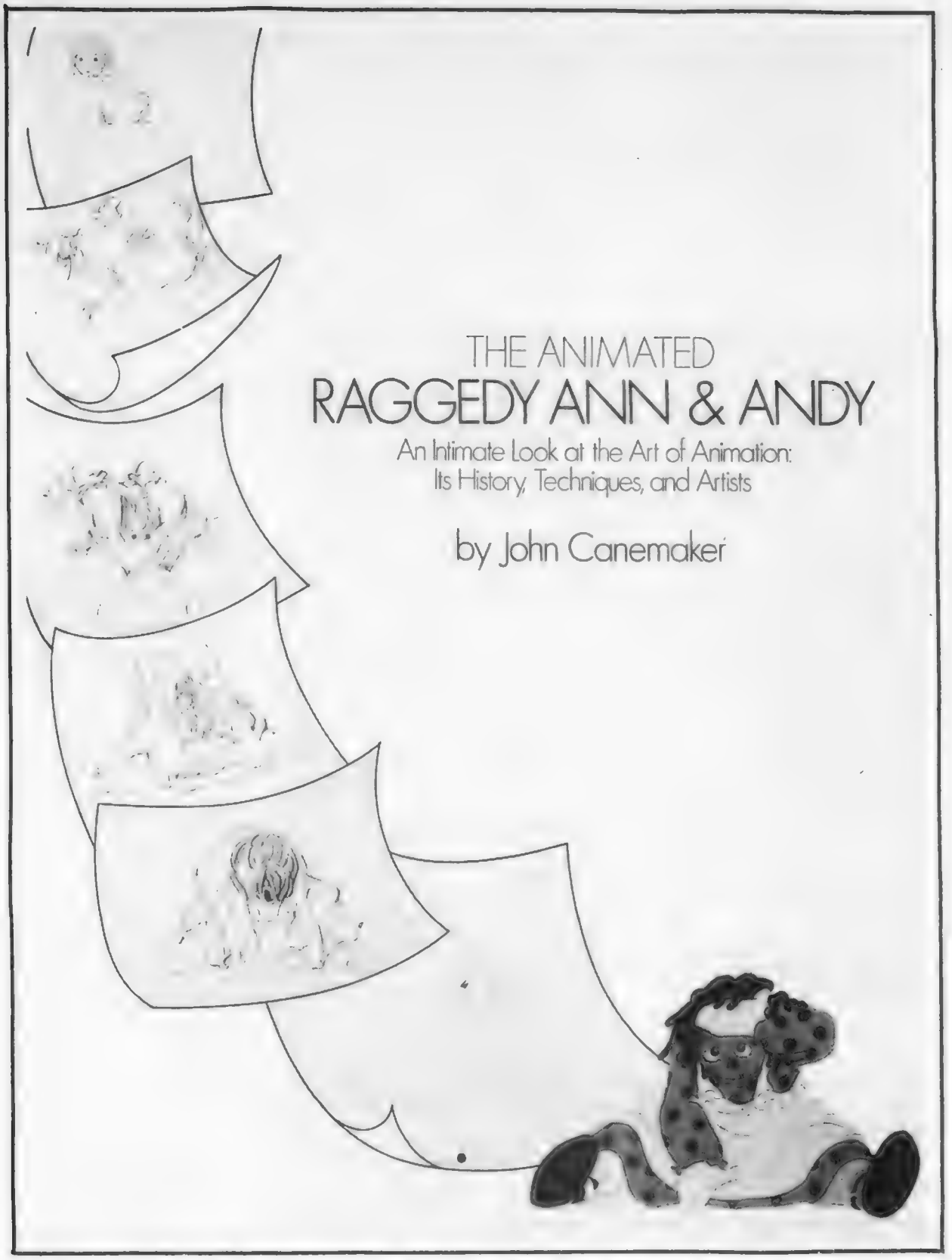
A: Cartooning is a truly international medium and although most of the work I did in England will never be seen in America, one film was shown last year in New York at the Third International Animation Festival where it won first prize for commercials. It was an animated Vodka ad that originally was only broadcast in South Africa. It was a departure from my usual animation style, which is similar to my gag cartoon style, and was well received.

Q: How does Saturday morning television animation appear to you?

A: It's just not interesting at all. It's not full animation and I don't know what more I can say about it. Limited animation for the shows is produced at this low level because of the low budget. It is unfortunately the only type of work that can be done for the money. Television itself in my opinion has either destroyed or corrupted most of the things that I loved growing up in this country. Magazine illustration, magazine cartooning, the comic strip, the feature film, animation shorts and features — all of these have been directly or indirectly diminished by television.

Q: You're now with Phil Kimmelman & Associates in New York. Would you please fill in our readers on the type of work you currently do in animation?

A: Well prior to joining Phil Kimmelman & Associates, I did a thing for Vote Toothpaste and the Hi Karate After Shave. Then I did Scholastic Rock for ABC-TV. These were three minute films that ran ahead of the regular Saturday Morning programing. Recently at Phil Kimmelman's I've been doing a series of 30 second commercials for Pittsburgh Paints. I work up the rough story board with script and mostly sales pitch. Then the animated character is developed and okayed by the ad agency. Next a production board is worked up where you build the continuity and layout the camera shots. The story and production board may or may not be done by the designer. I usually like to work on my own boards. Usually a 30 second commercial breaks down into six or seven scenes. Then each scene is set up with the character in relation to the background, where he moves and what he does. I normally paint the backgrounds and select the colors for the characters myself. Then the background and the character in a number of key positions is forwarded on to the animation department.


THE ANIMATED
RAGGEDY ANN & ANDY
An Intimate Look at the Art of Animation:
Its History, Techniques, and Artists
by John Canemaker

Published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, this book contains 288 pages of 60,000 words of text, hundreds of color and black-and-white photos, drawings, and cels. It's a really lavish tome selling for $25 hard-cover and $12.95 trade paperback.

John Canemaker is an independent animator/filmmaker whose films have been screened at the Museum of Modern Art, Film Forum, Kennedy Center, and the Ottawa, San Francisco and Chicago film festivals. In 1976 he received a grant from the American Film Institute to complete a documentary film, *Remembering Winsor McCay*. Canemaker wrote and hosted a two-part CBS-TV *Camera Three* program on the Warner Brothers cartoon directors, and he has animated several segments of *Sesame Street, The Electric Cómpany* and *Captain Kangaroo*. He is a prolific writer of animation history; his articles have appeared in *Film Comment, Variety, Filmmakers' Newsletter, Film News, Cinefantastique* and *Millimeter*; he is Animation Editor of *Millimeter*. He has an M.F.A. from New York University and has taught animation techniques at workshops he founded in Manhattan and on Long Island. He is currently completing a documentary film on Otto Messmer.

GRANNY and SLOWPOKE

BY WOW.

News Flash: 'Slowpoke' dolls are now being marketed worldwide by the Field Newspaper Syndicate.

Reporter-at-large.

Hello, I'm Granny, the charming, lovable, dazzling, witty star in GRANNY AND SLOWPOKE, a family strip.

My creator is the Danish cartoonist Werner Wejp-Olsen, alias WOW, who has made this strip especially for an American market and audience. For a very long time I have wanted to ask him some embarrassing questions, so when Jud Hurd, the editor of CARTOONIST PROfiles asked me to make this interview I didn't hesitate one single second. Here goes ....

GRANNY: — Who are you and where do you come from, young man?

WOW: — Well, first of all I'd better tell you a bit about my country. To some foreigners Denmark is the capitol of Stockholm (which in fact is the capitol of Sweden) and it's believed that ferocious polar bears are running around in our streets having small babies for breakfast. To straighten out a few facts let me tell you that Denmark is a small appendix to the European continent, thus being the southern part of Scandinavia, which includes Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Iceland. The northern part of the capitol, Copenhagen — where I live — resembles very much the corresponding part of New York, i.e. the Connecticut area — complete with green hills, beautiful lakes, the salty sea and sound, the expanding suburbs and the old villages. Just a bit smaller. Even the climate is almost the same. The population in Denmark numbers about 5 million and the total area measures circa 44.000 km2 ... now that you are going metric try to figure that out yourself, Granny.

GRANNY: — That's twice the size of Massachusetts!

WOW: — Maybe it's the Gulf Stream — I don't know, but anyway, we Danes have a sense of humor that's very much like the British and American variety. Commercially and intellectually we Danes have in many ways adapted the American Way of Life. Our consuming pattern is almost the same. American literature, music, film and TV are part of our daily life. Another powerful medium is the comic strip. I myself was brought up on this kind of Americana. Born in 1938 I experienced the Nazi-occupation, but even the Germans couldn't stop the printing of American comics in a weekly mag called SKIPPER SKRAEK — Danish for POPEYE, featuring American comics like TERRY AND THE PIRATES, THE PHANTOM, CONNIE, POLLY AND HER PALS, PRINCE VALIANT, TOOTS AND CASPER, PETE THE TRAMP, KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED, BARNEY BAXTER and SKIPPY. The printing plant was blown to smithereens by the Germans, but shortly after SKIPPER SKRAEK was published again, the mats and plates being smuggled in from neutral Sweden. In 1943 HUDIBRAS, a humor magazine was launched with Danish and American cartoonists as the main suppliers. Especially cartoons from the New Yorker and True were re-printed. Even though the magazine was rather sexy in a sweet and poetic way my very liberal-minded father let me read and enjoy the graphic wonders on these pages. My favorite was no doubt *Sam Cobean* — one of the giants in my opinion. From the moment I saw his artwork I knew I was going to be a cartoonist.

GRANNY: — And when will that be ...?

WOW: — Flattery will get you nowhere, Granny. When I was 17 the miracle happened — I had a cartoon published in the very same HUDIBRAS ... I was a member of the gang. Still in college I now began to sell gag cartoons all over the world, through an agency in Switzerland. Even in the States did I occasionally place a cartoon in the Register and Tribune-feature "Laughs from Europe". In

YOUR FRIEND LOOKS HUNGRY, SLOWPOKE!
GEE, THANKS, MA'AM... TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION I'D BETTER EAT THE WHOLE MEAL!
EOE.
THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG... BUT WHERE'S THE TRAY?
WELL, NOT TOO TASTY EXCEPT FOR THE CRACKING DESSERT!

DANISH CARTOONIST

Werner Wejp-Olsen (WOW) is a well-known Danish cartoonist and a charter subscriber to CARTOONIST PROfiles.

the college-paper I made caricatures of the teachers and even the dean himself. To my big surprise they really digged my cartoons.

GRANNY: — So that's why they kept you in the same grade for three years! Well, go on...

WOW: — Many American cartoonists have often claimed that their European colleagues made a fat living by stealing and swapping their original ideas. In several cases this was true, but most of us tried to come up with something new and original — or at least we tried to swap a gag with talent. The influence from American Cartoonists was enormous. Especially the cartoons from the Saturday Evening Post and 1000 Jokes, drawn by Tom Henderson, John Gallagher, Al Johns, Joe Zeis, Bob Barnes, Vahan Shirvanian, Dick Cavalli, Clyde Lamb and Chon Day, all of whom were the favorites. Because of the very low fees (even the Daily Mirror — the world's biggest newspaper in the 1960's only paid about $15, — a cartoon) we had to have an enormous output of cartoons — 50-75 a month — making copies of each and trying to sell them in as many markets as possible. Nowadays the gag cartoon-market is as low as in the States. And the cartoonists now make their living otherwise, primarily in the advertising field.

GRANNY: — Aren't we going to talk about me ... I can hardly wait!

WOW: —Patience, dear Granny, I soon realized that gag cartooning had its limits so I got myself an education as a journalist, while I tried my luck in the comic strip field. PIB, one of Europe's leading syndicates, based in

IN LOTS OF FAMILIES THE HUSBAND IS ALWAYS HIDING BEHIND A NEWSPAPER AT BREAKFAST
TO ME IT'S A VERY RUDE WAY TO NEGLECT YOUR WIFE AND...
...I'M SO HAPPY WE DON'T HAVE THAT PROBLEM IN OUR MARRIAGE!
DAILY

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED THAT QUESTION... WELL YOU SEE...
OH STOP IT... FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE !
I BEG YOUR PARDON ?! DO YOU REALIZE THAT...
TO HER IT'S NOT A MIRROR - IT'S A TV-SCREEN WITH THE HOTTEST TALK-SHOW OF THE SEASON !
EDGE.

Copenhagen, launched my first attempt, PETER & BONZO — a humorous adventure-strip, featuring a boy and a dog, inspired by Tin Tin, of course. The success was rather modest — to put it mildly. I guess I hold a rather dubious record in the history of newspaper syndication ... for more than a year my strip was syndicated to only ONE paper! With my journalistic background I got the job as comics editor at PIB, while doing the strip in my lunch-hour and other free moments. I also co-edited COMICS, an annual anthology of American newspaper comics, published with great success in Scandinavia and other parts of Europe. In 1972 I quit this job to go freelancing full time, taking over FELIX, a satiric adventure-strip, originated by the Swedish author of children's books, Jan Loof. I also started a weekly gag-strip about teenagers — FRIDOLIN — in Denmark's biggest Sunday paper, Berlingske Sondag.

GRANNY: — I'm still waiting to hear you talk about me ...?!

WOW: GRANNY AND SLOWPOKE is made especially for the American market and I'm pleased to be able to tell you that a 'Slowpoke' doll is now being marketed worldwide by the Field Newspaper Syndicate.

GRANNY: That's great!

WOW: GRANNY AND SLOWPOKE is a new kind of family strip with three generations under the same roof. First and foremost there's you (Granny) the senior citizen. I hope she'll be an inspiration to readers in this so-called third age. All too often they are forgotten and lonely, stored away in homes for the elderly and other kinds of institutions. In the strip Granny functions as a full time babysitter, looking after the kids while Mom and Dad are away on their jobs. Granny is still needed and indispensable. The strip also reflects the change in domestic life occuring all over our part of the world. Women's lib is here to stay and I see it as a very positive development — even if a few fanatic feminists may make the whole movement look rather ridiculous. The average woman and housewife has begun to consider herself both as a part of a family and as a completely individual person with a right to fulfillment of whatever ambitions she might have. In the strip, Button, the housewife, has a part-time job in an art gallery and art shop, and in her spare time she's a member of the local community theater. The husband, Zip Cody (derived from Zip Code — the common denominator for all suburbs) regards his wife as an equal partner — their marriage is a happy one. The two kids — Addy and O.O. — are modern children of the TV-age. Addy is rather intellectual and subtle with only little respect for the adult world. O.O. is all boy with a simple attitude to his surroundings. Finally I have introduced Slowpoke — a rather unusual dog, the real non-conformist in the strip. Being a dog he's a genuine freeloader who gets his three meals a day, shelter and comfort without doing anything in return except being a dog. This gives him a rather one-tracked and arrogant outlook, thus representing an attitude also found in the two-legged world. In our western part of the globe we are becoming one big suburban community, and I think it's a fabulous challenge to a cartoonist to try to poke fun at all these small and big parts and patterns that make up our mutual daily life, whether we live in Scarsdale, west of New York, in Surrey, south of London or in Nivaa, north of Copenhagen.

GRANNY: — Where do you steal your ideas ...?

WOW: — Most of my gags come from watching my own family. Inge, my wife is a great ad-libber and provides me with lots of punchlines. Our two girls, Susanne (11 years) and Trine (7 years) are of course the models for Addy and O.O. — just by being themselves they act out many of the sight-gags that I use in the strip. We also have a collie-dog, Timmy, but he's too aristocratic to model for a mongrel like Slowpoke. Even you, Granny has a living counterpart — the mother-in-law to one of our good friends and neighbors. She is almost as tough, but much prettier, of course ...

GRANNY: — IMPOSSIBLE!

WOW: — Other idea-sources are the New Yorker, Newsweek and several newspapers. I sketch about 20 gags a week to select from. I draw on Schoellerhammer board R-4, using a HB-pencil and a 170 Gillott-pen plus a brush for black areas. For coloring the Sunday-pages I use AD-markers.

GRANNY: — Just to let me have the last word let me say "Thank you" — after all .

SLOWPOKE ! COME AND GET YOUR BATH !
I KNOW YOU'RE HIDING OUT THERE SOMEWHERE !
JUST OUR LUCK TO GET THE ONLY TREE-CLIMBING DOG IN THE WHOLE WORLD !
EDGE.

Cavalli makes distractions pay

WINTHROP
by Dick Cavalli
MY DAD PROMISED TO TEACH ME TO PLAY GOLF NEXT SUMMER.
IN GOLF, THE LOWER YOUR SCORE IS, THE BETTER YOU ARE.
IF THE SCHOOL USED THE SAME SYSTEM FOR OUR GRADES, I'D BE A GENIUS.
©1976 by NEA, Inc. T M Reg U S Pat. Off
4-6
DICK CAVALLI

By R. Terrance Roskin
(Fourth in a Series)

Picture a classroom in Brooklyn, early 1930s. The blackboard is decorated with crayon illustrations on huge sheets of brown wrapping paper. The teacher is lecturing on (and on) the fertile crescent of ancient civilization. One young lad, creator of the illustrated wrapping paper, is floating out of his seat, through the pane of glass and into the outside world. It will be minutes before he hears the teacher again. He is Dick Cavalli and he is easily distracted.

Where do the classroom daydreamers go when they grow up? In Dick Cavalli's case, it was into the fantasy world of the funny papers.

Cavalli, creator of the NEA comic strip Winthrop and its progenitor Morty Meekle, still finds pleasure in his distractions. "Working at home, if I'm distracted, I can just wander out and appreciate a nice day, instead of being nailed into an office somewhere." Cavalli wanders out of 1976 as he recalls his career's beginnings . . .

Truman was president, the G.I. Bill meant college or training for everyone and Dick Cavalli knew he didn't want to be nailed down to a regular job. He had nothing against stock brokers or insurance salesmen; he just didn't want to be one. So, G.I. Cavalli's Bill went toward the School of Visual Arts in New York City, where he began selling freelance cartoons to magazines.

"It was a fine time, a nice way to make a living. But, even back in the early '50s, the magazine business was beginning to look shaky. I could see it wasn't going to be a permanent living. That was when I started thinking about comic strips."

If the magazine market was looking shaky, you couldn't measure it from Dick Cavalli's experience. By the time he was 33, Writer's Digest declared Cavalli "has risen to the top faster than any other cartoonist in the business."

His first strip resulted from friendly pushing. "A friend who was working for NEA kept after me to do a comic strip for them. I finally got around to doing one and took it to NEA's New York office. To my surprise, they bought it on the spot."

What they bought was Morty Meekle, a strip which focused on such grown-ups as Morty and his girl Jill, Morty's grumpy boss E. G. Boomer plus a few juvenile characters . . . who promptly stole the show.

The more the irrepressible little Winthrop appeared, with Spotless McPartland the germ-o-phobiac and the other preteen kids, the more popular the strip became, ultimately necessitating the title switch.

Q. Would you take us on a tour of your studio and give us an example of a working day?

A: My studio is over the garage. It is a shambles and the bane of my wife's existence. I'm not neat. I'd like to say that I know where everything is and I can find anything if I had to, but I know I can't. I have almost no routine and nothing in the way of a schedule. I am not organized — especially since the children came along (7-year-old Torrie and 5-year-old Cassie are perhaps Cavalli's favorite subjects, and distractions). I like to spend a lot of time with them.

I consider myself fortunate in that I'm not a commuter. I don't have to leave at the crack of dawn or get home in time for the 11 p.m. news, so I get to see a lot of my kids. I try to get up to my studio by a quarter-to-ten and work until about noontime. Then I work until 3 or 4 in the afternoon. I like to read to my kids at night and after they've gone to sleep, usually by 9, I go back to my studio and work until 11 or midnight. I have to work late to make up for the many distractions I fall for. When my neighbors throw a party in their patio, I'm even distracted by the tinkling of the ice cubes.

Q: How do you come up with ideas for your strip?

A: I start by staring at drawings of my characters. I look at them and think about their idiosyncracies and hope the ideas come. I used to carry a pad and pencil with me. That's the old thing from all the 'how to draw' schools.

Dick Cavelli

You were supposed to see funny things around you and write them down. Well, all I noticed was the pad growing gray. My notebook would say "remember to pick up a six-pack of beer."

Q: How do you view the future of comics?

A: "It's an odd situation. Overall, the quality of comic strips is good today, and the number of comics is large and increasing. Yet comics seem to be forever dwindling in size. How are you going to like a comic strip if you can't read it?"

THE MEN BEHIND THE COMICS

(NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE ASSN.)

HOWARD BOUGHNER

We have finally persuaded our longtime friend, HOWARD BOUGHNER, whom your editor first met when we were in the Art Department of the Newspaper Enterprise Assn. in Cleveland, Ohio a number of years ago, to talk for publication about his experiences in a great many branches of the cartooning profession. We think a reading of his story will show how much initiative is required for a freelancer to prosper in what Boughner calls a 'non-cartoon-center'. The samples of his work which accompany this story will demonstrate a number of areas in which he has succeeded in building up regular accounts. Incidentally, the 'Bough' in 'Boughner' is pronounced like the bough of a tree--Howard has heard so many variations of the family name that we thought we ought to mention the correct version.

Photos by Dorothy Boughner

Howard Boughner

Howard Boughner--who he? Freelance cartoonist in Cleveland, Ohio. I guess what Jud wants me to talk about is freelancing in a nuts-and-bolts town like Cleveland. As if Jud didn't know! He, too, used to cartoon freelance right here in Cleveland. We used to lunch together several times a week, sharing shoptalk, ideas and PUNS. That was before Jud moved to Connecticut and before he started this prestigious magazine. In other words, SUR—VIVAL in freelancing cartoons in a non-cartoon center is what we're talking about. And in that connection, I have a couple of things that, hopefully, are worth telling.

But first, maybe I should qualify my previous thought by saying that when I first came to Cleveland, it WAS something of a cartoon art center. Both the Evans and the Landon cartoon schools were based here and both had quite an impact on my work life. Also in Cleveland were NEA, Central Press Association, the LaFave Syndicate, and the engraving firm, McNitts, which did plates, etc., for the McNaught Syndicate in New York and others. I don't think there has been a period when I completely 'lived off the land' as a freelancer, but there have been times when I have mostly relied on completely local commercial or industrial opportunities.

My first ten years in Cleveland, I worked on the comic art staff at NEA (where I met Jud Hurd incidentally). The next seven years I drew several small features in the Fawcett Group comics--best known for Capt. Marvel, although I didn't work on that feature myself. At the same time I was writing for Buford Tune's 'Dotty Dripple' strip by mail. (He lived in Beverly Hills, California). Also I did some calendars for Brown & Bigelow and several things for Whitman by mail to their Racine office. The point is that up to that time I hadn't really gotten down to digging up commercial work in Cleveland. I sold a few greeting card ideas to Barker of Cincinnati and some to American Greetings. I think it was during this period also that I sold some gags to Humorama and kindred publications.

Towards the last of my comic book period, I went out to Santa Monica, California, and spent some time at the cartoon school which the famous cartoonist, Jeff Machamer, was conducting at that time. Also, just then, **I signed to do my. first instructional book, 'Cartooning Jobs' for the Foster Art Service. (I remember Machamer telling me I should publish it myself). My connection with Foster came about because he had included the work** of many of my co-workers at NEA in one of his books, and that gave me the idea to contact him in reference to an idea for a book which had been cooking in my mind for a long time. As a result Foster asked me to rough up a book to show him what it would be like.

I was still writing for 'Dotty Dripple' and then began to branch out in gag writing. I wrote some for Merrill Blosser's 'Freckles and His Friends' strip, since I had known him at NEA. Also, since I liked Harry Haenigsen's 'Penny' strip, I worked up some sample gags and mailed them to his country home, the location of which I'd read about in a publicity bit. After a number of weeks some of my ideas started appearing and I phoned him. The upshot of all this was that I wrote for Harry, off and on, for about 15 years--and even did some art work on the feature.

In addition, I wrote for another cartoonist whom I had sat next to at a National Cartoonists Society meeting in New York but it is a 'no no' to tell this fellow's name. As you know, some strip proprietors don't want it known that they're getting extra gag or writing help.

Lastly, I picked up still another strip to write for (I'm still doing it) but again I can't mention the creator's name.

I won't necessarily mention these various projects of mine in chronological order, but you readers will get an idea of how much initiative is necessary to make a go of it in freelancing. For one thing, I had worked up samples of a children's book with games on every page. But, amusingly enough, book buyers wouldn't touch it because they said it was a toy, and toy buyers reacted the same because it was a book!

But fortunately I made a connection with the Saalfield Publishing Co. in Akron, Ohio, and wound up doing several game boxes, each of which included maybe a dozen games. As a matter of fact, I became their 'game' man who did all of their game-related assignments. This game stuff led to my doing similar things for 'Jack & Jill' magazine, 'Childrens Friend', 'Treasure Chest', and even for a Bible activity book. I guess you'd call this 'serendipity'. Around 1955 'Children's Playmate' magazine contacted Jud, saying they were planning a comic book section in their magazine. He needed help in getting out the number of pages

One of Howard's games for the Saalfield Publishing Co.

COLLECTIONS
MOVIE STAR
OLD COIN
20 ÖRE
SVERIGE
DOLL
MOVIE STAR
MODEL PLANE
FOR TWO TO FOUR PLAYERS
Each player uses three counters of one color. He puts one on the BEGIN arrow, and, using the inner circle of numbers on the spinner, moves the number of spaces the pointer indicates. He may move in any direction except backward. When a player lands by direct count on a space having the name of an object, he "collects" that object, and leaves a counter on that space. At his next turn he moves another counter from BEGIN arrow. Any number of counters may be on one object space. When a player has collected three objects of different kinds, he may move any of his counters to try for three objects of the same kind. The first player to "collect" three objects of one kind is the winner.
OLD COIN
OLD COIN
5
STAMP
SPORT STAR
DOLL
SPORT STAR
COPYRIGHT MCMLVI BY THE SAALFIELD PUB CO AKRON O MADE IN U S A

they proposed, so he invited me along. We both rode that for several years.

My second instructional book, POSTERS, was for the Pitman Publishing Corp. and it's still selling. I just happened to hit them when they had been planning to add a book, and when the subject they were thinking about was 'posters'. I'd been lucky to be the first guy in with a book on that subject! If only one could hit that kind of timing all the time.

And now, at long last, I come to that local Cleveland commercial work that I referred to at the beginning of this story. I guess some of the projects that I've been talking about had slowed down, so I had to learn what is a very important lesson for every freelancer in the commercial field. And that is 'digging up work where there isn't any!' Jud was doing house organ cartoons for the Stouffer restaurant people at the time he sold his two newspaper panels, 'Ticker Toons' and 'Health Capsules' and he turned that account over to me. That's one way to get accounts–inherit them! Well, one of the Stouffer publicity writers moved later to the Harris Seybold Corp., to IBM, and then to a Cleveland bank. Everywhere Terry Jenkins went, there was work for me–and that's a second way to get accounts. My IBM contact led not only to several of their sales offices but to a brokerage house, to another bank, and to the Eaton Corp. Most of this commercial work consists of slide art, charts, (flip and poster board), posters, banners, etc., for sales contests. I think many firms consider house organ cartoons as something of a frill and don't allow much in their budget for them. However they will pay for sales aids, posters for contests, and for things like these which help them *make money*. Sometimes these assignments can be pretty gruesome. For instance, one slide I had to do called for a picture of the company's product perched on top of a drawing of the Gateway Arch in St. Louis. Non-artists sometimes have no conception of proportion or perspective. Much of the work in this field is not cartooning at all. The big thing is lettering. Fortunately for me, when I was trying to get started in art back in the depression in Northern Michigan, the only jobs to be found called for painting showcards and trimming windows for stores. I hated trimming windows but I enjoyed doing showcards and signs. I fretted that I wasn't doing cartoons but I did a great deal of single-stroke lettering.

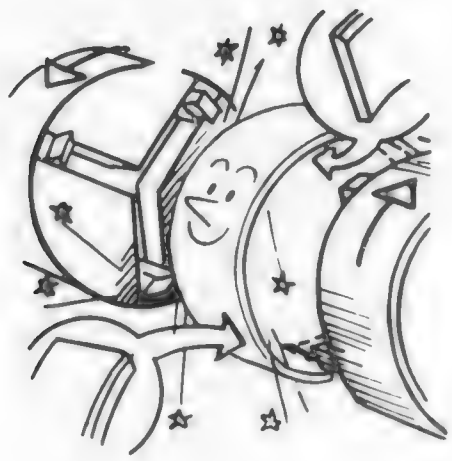
Another way to get new accounts is LEG WORK! I learned this from another Cleveland, cartoonist, Ray Martin, who called at every place that had a sign, whether it seemed a likely place to sell cartoons or not. I recall that he stopped each morning at all the places where he had accounts, making himself available in case the company needed a specific cartoon that day. My version of this routine was to *phone* my regular customers from time to time, just to let them know I was thinking of them.

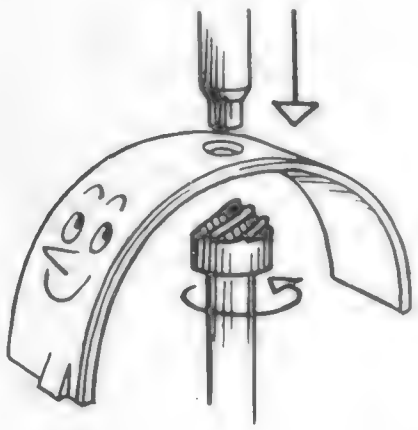
Maybe the most unusual work I've done has had to do with industrial applications. Once I called on a bearing manufacturer, wanting to do house organ cartoons, and I got the brush-off. But later, through a printer customer friend, I got a call to go and see the head engineer at the same company. He wanted some drawings of power presses with cartoon faces on them--these to be in color for slides. I did a number of jobs for that engineer–all of them interesting and successively more demanding–because these were things they really wanted–unlike the house organ cartoons about which I'd originally approached the company. I illustrated a booklet for them which contained drawings of the various operations which some important group was going to be shown on a tour of the plant. Beforehand I had to go through the shop with an engineer and make sketches of the various machines. Some of these assignments are really tough. Once I had to draw several of the plant heat-treating lines which were a block-and-a-half long, and these lines doubled back alongside and overhead. My sketches had to straighten out the lines, show every operation to the engineer's satisfaction, and then be able to be reduced down to a color slide size. (They couldn't do this job with photography.)

Another time they wanted two color drawings of a couple of machines that didn't exist, so I had to work from a blueprint, a mock-up, a catalog, and from parts of other existing machines. These drawings were intended for a meeting with their board which had to allocate money for building these non-existent machines. On this, and on similar jobs, I'd often end up with maybe half-an-inch of papers filled with on-the-spot sketches I'd made. Several trips were often necessary involving checking and redrawing. I suppose a cartoonist, with his training in showing any idea in the simplest, most direct way, is very well fitted to do this sort of thing.

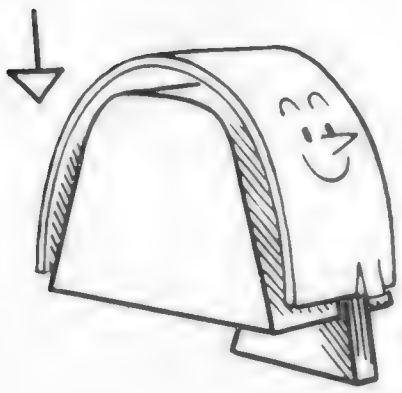
One other little experience I had at a local

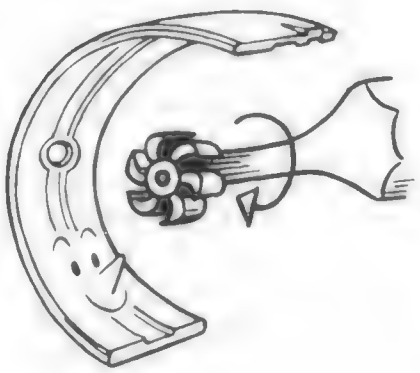
ALL art supply stores carry a large selection of pen points for poster lettering. Round and oval points are the most practical. On the opposite page are examples of lettering with several kinds of pen points. For very small lettering, a stub point is best.
of colors. Your art
waterproof board. There are, however
less expensive color boards. White pl
Bristol is a good drawing paper for
ers. There are also thin-colored P
(including construction paper) wh
useful for color patches.
pen with black or colored ink.
AT YOUR ART STORE YOU CAN BUY LETTERING PEN POINTS IN THESE SIZES
and in several styles and shapes
A ROUND, pointed watercolor brush (A) is your best all-purpose brush. It can be used for everything. If you want to try real lettering brushes, avoid the long-hair chisel (B)—it's for experts only. Try a short-hair chisel in either flat (C) or round (D) ferrule. The ferrule is the metal ring that holds the brush hair.
USE a good pair of scissors o
RUBBER cement makes
for paper. It is versa
to use. It may be
supply store, and c
cans.
THERE is a new type of lettering tool on the market, the felt marker. It is fast, effective, and easy to use.
FELT PENS OR MARKERS
INDIA ink
con
d
COLOR
THE first thing to l
the prim
TEMPERA or show-card color is the best paint for posters. If your poster is to be hung outdoors, you should work with proof show-card colors that use stead of water.
TO USE PENS, BRUS
FOR larger letters and for light colors on
brushes with show card color.
AND FO
LIGHT
ON
DARK
THIS E was made with a
pointed watercolor brush, l
a slant.
COME I
A NUMBE
OF STYLE
SIZES AN
COLORS.
MANY ARE
THEIR US
POSTERS
Christmas PARTY
By Howard BOUGHNER
Pas
ORANGE
YEL
OF THIS BOOK
Pitman Publishing Corporation • New York • London • Toronto
COLORS may also be classic
posite is a ch
and
one primary
mixed
color.
little white

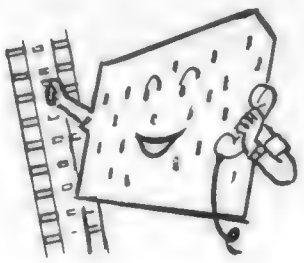




The Machine Repair Department maintains and repairs equipment used in my manufacture.







Shoptrol is a very modern and efficient method of controlling rate of production, routing orders and keeping track of how many of us happy bearings are produced.

MRS. BEE

THE WORKING WIFE.

BY HOWARD BOUGHNER

"Mrs. Bee" cartoons Copyright© by Allied Feature Syndicate.

"IT'S SUE AT COLLEGE. WANTS US TO DRIVE DOWN WITH HER ALLOWANCE."

"Gee Mom, what will you do without me when I'm through school?"

"Can't you find another place for your needle and thread, Mrs. Bee?"

"Any housewife knows about change under cushions. Does it go to charity or to Petty Cash?"

commercial cartooning studio might interest CARTOONIST PROfiles readers. I was given an assignment to design a box cover for a 'Cookie Gun' a device which looked like a gun and formed fancy cookies when the trigger was pulled. Had to be loaded with dough, of course. I was given a box which had a cover that had previously been designed, but was told that the client didn't like it and wanted a better design. However this 'not very good' cover happened to be a beautifully drawn and rendered air brush version of the gun. I took it back to my boss and said, "This is beautiful–how can I draw it any better?" He shot back, "Well, take a whackat it, we have to come up with something."

Well, to make a long story short, I drew a chef, in chef's regalia but wearing cowboy gun holsters, firing away with a cookie gun in each hand, spewing cookies all over the place. It sold! The IDEA was more important here than slick, polished, beautiful art. Quite some time after that, I saw an ad in Parents Magazine, with my cookie-gun cowboy shooting cookies just as I had pictured him in my cartoon. This ad was drawn by someone in slick, commercial-art style and in color. I don't know why the studio for whom I did the cover didn't get the final job but it wasn't drawn by any of our people. However, the point here is that cartoonists are IDEA men and women, and as such have a special niche in the commercial world.

I work out of an apartment where we live on Lake Erie, near Cleveland's Gold Coast, using one of the bedrooms for a work room. We

WAMPUM
WHEW! BOY AM I TIRED, POP!
I'M NOT SURPRISED!
IT'S HARD WORK TO PADDLE UP STREAM!
BUT I DIDN'T PADDLE UP STREAM, POP!
ROCK MAKE HOLE IN BOTTOM OF CANOE. WAMPUM WALK BACK!
!?
HOWARD BOUGHNER

A strip for JACK & JILL Magazine

raised three kids and sent them all to college. Dan is in the Philadelphia area, a computer programmer with Univac. Sue works in Landmark First National Bank in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. My wife is a medical secretary at Cleveland's Mt. Sinai Hospital. I have a fitness program--I'm on my 110th monitored swim mile. Lap swimming isn't fun though, and in summer I do my swimming at beaches. Another hobby is 'Chinese'. I love to go to Philadelphia's Chinatown and see how much I can read. Love football and basketball. Out for football two years in high school in Cadillac, Michigan. A dab of college (Eastern Michigan U. (Ypsilanti) and a pinch of art school (Detroit Art Academy). Met wife, Dorothy, in night art class (John Huntington Polytech). And I almost forgot--starting about seven years ago, I did a panel, 'Mrs. Bee', which was distributed for about 3 years by the Allied Feature Syndicate. It ran in the Chicago Tribune, the Detroit Free Press, the Toledo Blade, and other papers, including of course The Plain Dealer in Cleveland, where the feature was quite popular. In fact, we're still referred to as Mr. or Mrs. Bee by some people.

FLEAGLE and FRIENDS

On the following several pages you will read how cartoonist Stan Hardison makes good use of his long art experience by doing cartoons for the United States Air Force, as well as for clients in civilian life. Young people considering a career in one of the services will be interested in reading this account. Major Robert W. Nicholson, Jr., Information Officer in the Office of The Secretary of The Air Force in New York City, was kind enough to tell us about Stan.

Stan Hardison was born and raised in the beautiful coastal farmlands of eastern North Carolina, and as a boy, he enjoyed the outdoor life and uncluttered beaches. However, the chores required to help maintain a tobacco farm soon took second place to his sketchbooks. In his early teens, he illustrated high school yearbooks, worked small advertising jobs, painted signs, and drew cartoons and portraits. These jobs helped pay for and maintain his first car — a 1936 Ford.

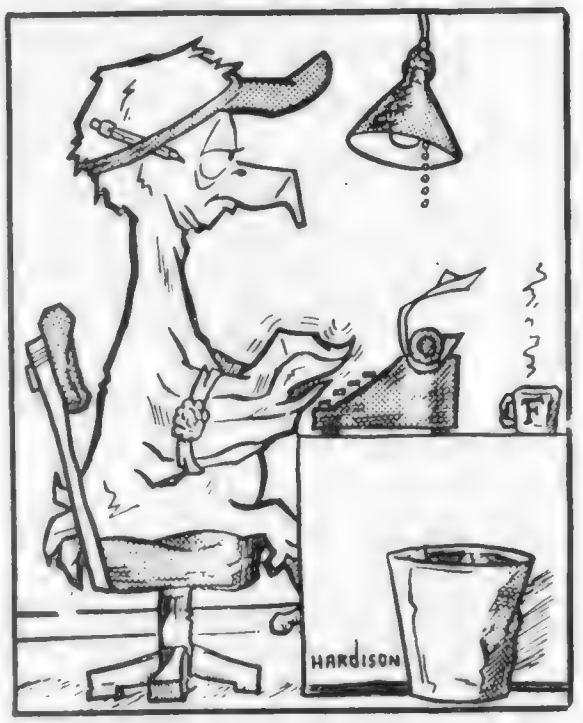
Stan's life as a free-lancer was interrupted when he entered the Army and served as a radio operator during the Korean Conflict. It was not long, however, before Stan became the official company artist doing newsletters, posters, and portraits in his spare time.

After returning to civilian life, Stan took advantage of the college G.I. Bill and enrolled in the Ringling School of Art at Sarasota, Florida. Here he secured two very important goals in his life — a degree in Commercial Art and his lovely, red-haired bride, Shirley.

Following his graduation, Stan spent several years as the Art Director for an advertising agency in Norfolk, Virginia. Although the agency kept him busy, Stan continued with his free-lance work in cartooning and illustrating.

Stan then rejoined the Army, but this time as a Civil Service Publicity Specialist and Art Director for the Army Recruiting Command. From there it was an easy transition (and promotion) to Art Editor of TAC ATTACK Magazine, a monthly periodical stressing flying safety and air operations. This is where Fleagle, the accident-prone bird, dear to the hearts of all TAC pilots, became known world-wide. Fleagle's popularity was proven when TAC ATTACK ran a reader survey in 1972 and Stan's creation was voted the magazine's overwhelming favorite. It was proven again in 1974 when Fleagle was nationally syndicated.

Stan, Shirley, and their twin daughters — Debbie and Diane, reside in Hampton, Virgina.



Stan Hardison, creator of the bumbling-bird cartoon character "Fleagle," designed to keep safety in the minds of Tactical Air Command people, has been accorded the highest Air Force award for individual contribution to safety programs. The art director for the Tactical Air Command (TAC) monthly safety magazine, TAC ATTACK, received the Air Force Chief of Staff Individual Safety Award.

General Robert J. Dixon, TAC Commander, presented the award last week on behalf of Gen. David C. Jones, Air Force Chief of Staff. Hardison was cited for his "significant contributions to the accident prevention programs of TAC and the U.S. Air Force . . ." and for the cartoon character Fleagle becoming "an ambassador of safety, promoting accident prevention and understanding between TAC, the civilian aviation community, and the air forces of other nations."

Hardison created and copyrighted the Fleagle figure before he began his civil service career, when he worked for an advertising agency. The skin-and-bone bird seemed to be just the character for Hardison to adapt to humorous safety reminders when he began working for the TAC safety magazine 10 years ago. At that time, the facetious flyer was given a safety helmet and the name — a cross between flying and eagle.

Fleagle is used to address specific safety problems that TAC may be experiencing command wide, or to draw attention to an article in the magazine. The statistical success in accident prevention and popularity of the character has made the back-cover Fleagle cartoon a trademark of TAC ATTACK since its introduction.

Fleagle's success in selling safety is simple, Hardison explains. "You can write or preach about safety all day long, but it won't do any good if people don't read or listen to your pitch. But Fleagle is an eye catcher — he does everything you're *not* supposed to do — so he works."

For instance, summertime is when outdoor recreation and sports activity (and of course, related accidents) take an upswing, so Hardison drew Fleagle on the golf course for the May issue of TAC ATTACK. In the cartoon, Fleagle doesn't check for a clear fairway and subsequently bounces a drive off the head of another golfer (an eagle). The stricken fowl counters with numerous club strokes to the offender's head. The proverbial little birdie bystanders in the strip, Rob and Griff, comment "that's the first time I ever saw an eagle get a birdie."

"Sure, sometimes Fleagle's corny," admits Hardison, "but sometimes that's what it takes to get people's attention, and maybe people will think ahead (like clearing the fairway) before TAC has a bunch of recreation accidents this summer."

Hardison can free-hand a four-frame strip of Fleagle in about two hours. Besides the cartoon character, he and another illustrator, TSgt. Jim Long, do all the artwork and graphic layout for the 32-page monthly magazine. "Our cover is almost always artwork," Hardison continues, "simply because 90 per cent of the magazines on the market have photographs for a cover. TAC ATTACK automatically draws attention because it looks different. We hope that once we catch someone's attention, they'll pick up our product to see what's inside." The

FLEAGLE

FIRE !! BAIL OUT !

HARDISON

WOOSH!

1. PULL FOUR LINE RELEASE
2. DEPLOY SURVIVAL KIT
3. INFLATE LPU

© Stan Hardison, 1976

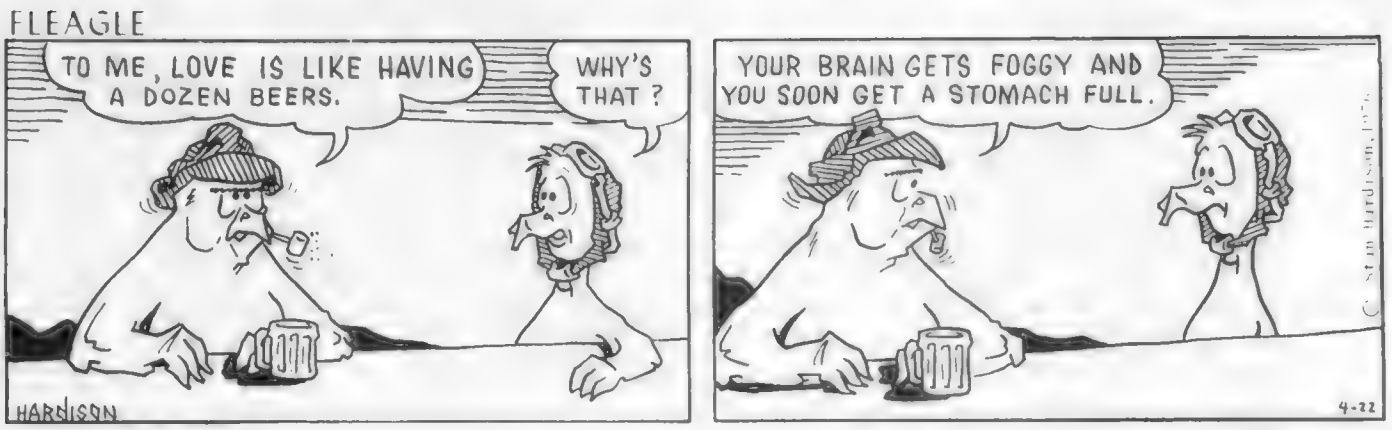
4. ASSUME LANDING POSITION

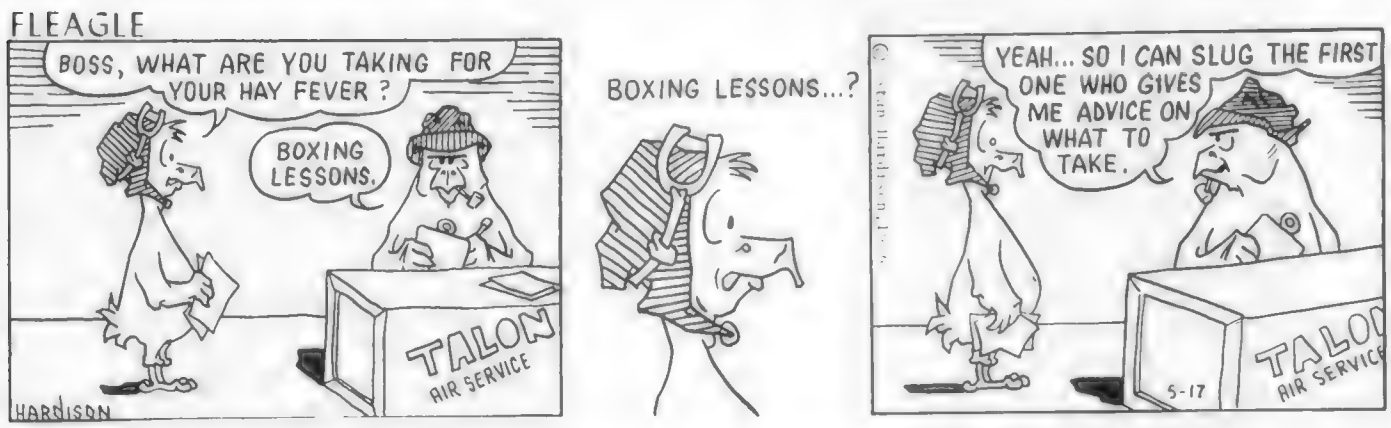
HIS PROCEDURES WERE ALMOST PERFECT.

YEAH... TOO BAD HE DIDN'T CHECK HIS CHUTE.

Hardison's civilian strip

FLEAGLE
HOW HIGH DO YOU THINK TAXES WILL GO, MR. TALON?
I DON'T KNOW FLEAGLE...
HARDISON
BUT IF THEY GO UP MUCH MORE, HECK, A MAN MIGHT AS WELL MARRY FOR LOVE.
GOOD POINT.
© Stan Hardison, 19/6
#1


FLEAGLE
TO ME, LOVE IS LIKE HAVING A DOZEN BEERS.
WHY'S THAT?
HARDISON
YOUR BRAIN GETS FOGGY AND YOU SOON GET A STOMACH FULL.
4-22


FLEAGLE
BOSS, WHAT ARE YOU TAKING FOR YOUR HAY FEVER?
BOXING LESSONS.
TALON AIR SERVICE
HARDISON
BOXING LESSONS...?
YEAH... SO I CAN SLUG THE FIRST ONE WHO GIVES ME ADVICE ON WHAT TO TAKE.
5-17
TALON AIR SERVICE

monthly fare of articles covers all facets of safety, including the flying, and ground safety both on and off the job.

Hardison also goes outside the TAC ATTACK office to spread the safety word to TAC people. He travels to base safety meetings to promote safety awareness at the unit level. On his monthly speaking outings, Hardison uses a large sketch pad to illustrate particular points of his briefings.

Another of his creations, the Fle a·glegram, is a ready avenue for TAC people in the field to send their safety ideas directly to TAC headquarters for action. The blank letter forms are posted at TAC units for people to jot down a safety hazard or accident-prevention idea. The suggestor can mail the pre-addressed form to TAC ATTACK "without going through any red tape."

The TAC safety office says the Fleaglegram ideas have been used to change technical orders and used in TAC ATTACK as a cross-feed of information among its 200,000 readers in the U.S. and Pacific area.

Fleagle's fame has recently spread beyond the pages of TAC ATTACK. After eight years of trying, Hardison placed his creation with a comic strip syndicate about two and one-half years ago for distribution to some 20 daily newspapers. Of course, Fleagle changed somewhat for the civilian world. Instead of being an Air Force pilot, he flies for Talon Air Service on Pea Island — except for one weekend a month, when he flies with the Air Force Reserve.

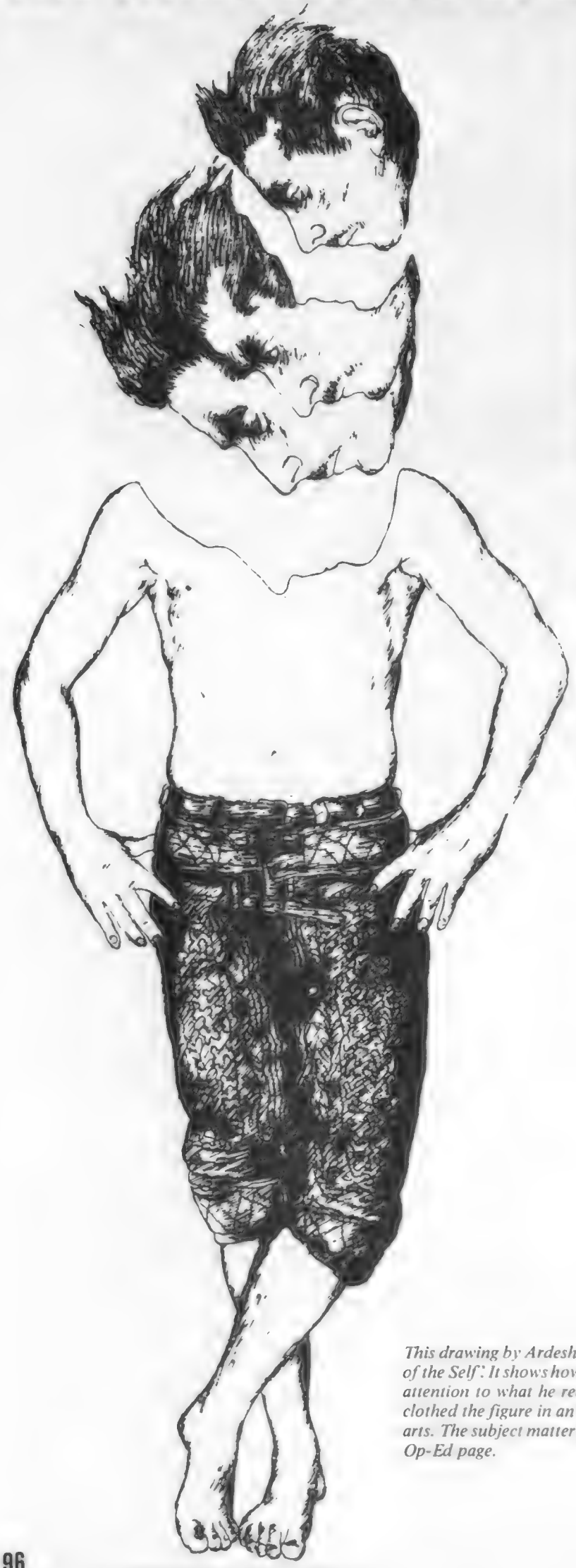
Since the real Pea Island is a bird sanctuary off the coast of North Carolina, near Hardison's hometown, all the cartoon strip characters are named after actual birds (except for Fleagle's girlfriend, Doris). Fleagle's father is a Ruddy Duck and his mother a Common Loon, after the Pea Island natives of the same names. The local bartender is a not-so-native South American Macaw.

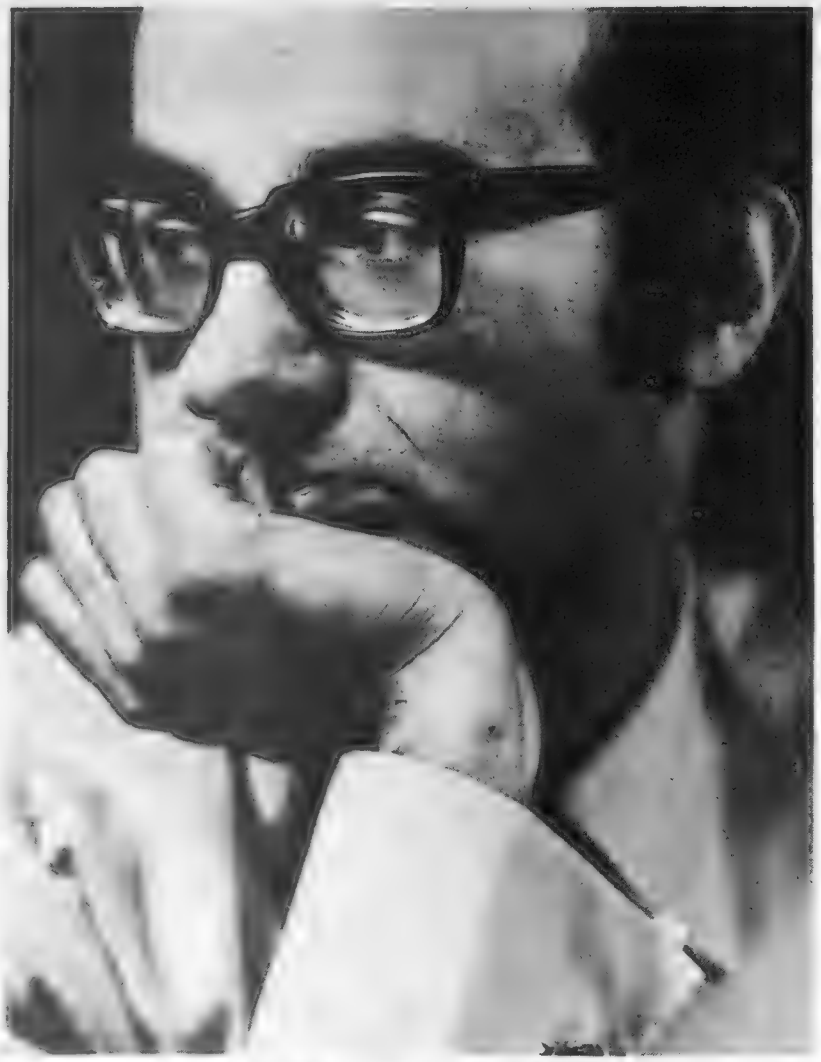
In civilian newspapers, Fleagle doesn't address Air Force safety issues, but the humor is ever-present. Hardison's ideas for the daily strip come to him in his home studio. "People think I'm crazy when I tell them that," he says. "But I've tried all sorts of other methods for ideas, like carrying a notebook to jot down thoughts for a cartoon. But nothing seems to really jell until I sit down in my studio where I spend six to eight hours a week to develop a Monday-through-Saturday series."

"I used to think that getting a column syndicated was the hard part," Hardison concludes, "but now I've learned that the real labor is in keeping one going."

By a letter of agreement with the Air Force, he provides the copyrighted Fleagle cartoons free of charge to TAC ATTACK. And as long as the Air Force has a call for full-time safety employees, the "father of Fleagle" won't be at a loss for ideas to keep his cartoon strip going.

THE THIRD WORLD OF ARDESHIR MOHASSESS





ARDESHIR MOHASSESS

Recently Ardeshir Mohassess, Iran's foremost cartoonist, paid a visit to our CARTOONIST PROfiles office, on the occasion of the launching of his first book to be published in the Western World. It's called PUPPETS (101 Drawings and Collages) and is published by CAROLYN BEAN ASSOCIATES. If you don't find it in your local bookstore, it can be obtained from the publisher at 48 Second Street, San Francisco, California 94105. Your editor had spent a day with him, a year or so ago, and we knew that he was the first cartoonist from a Third World country to sell Op-Ed Page cartoons to The New York Times while still living in his homeland.

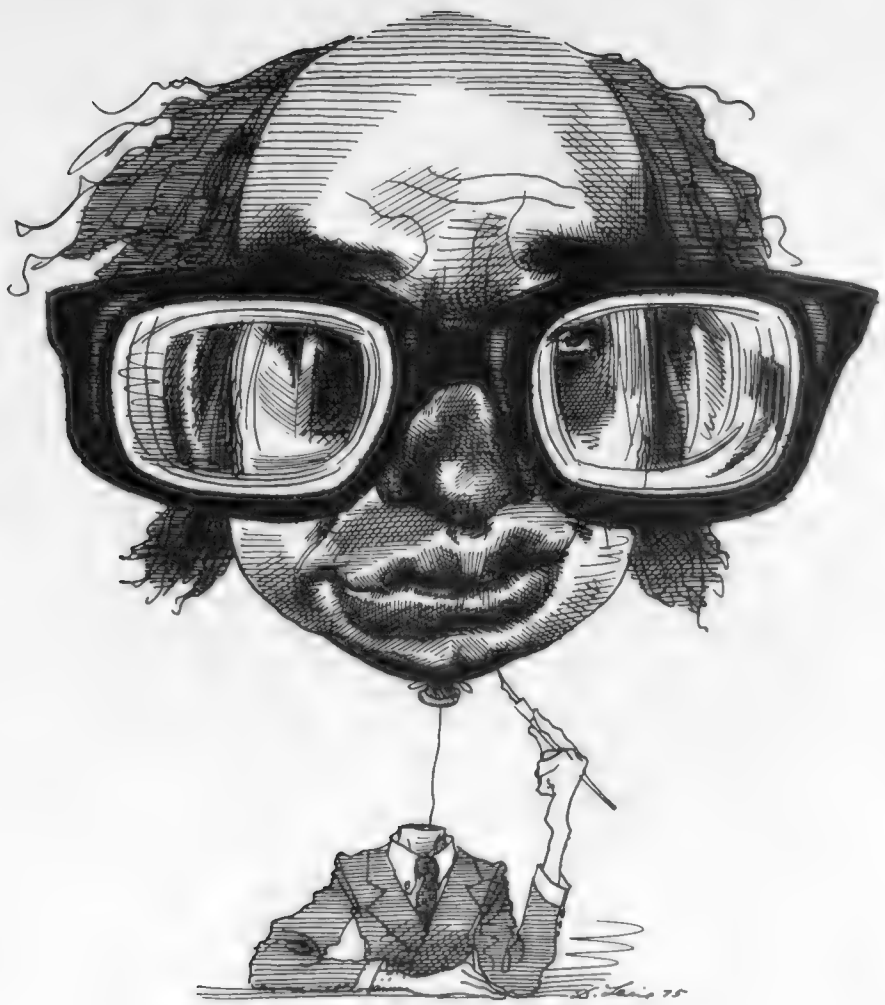
When Westerners think of the Middle East, they think of deserts criss-crossed with oil pipes, with turbaned sultans lolling on brightly patterned carpets, surrounded by harems of beautiful women. And many complacent cartoonists draw scenes just such as these for the Western public. But Mohasses knows and draws about the *real*

This drawing by Ardeshir Mohassessfor the Op-Ed page of The New York Times, is titled 'Alchemy of the Self'. It shows how a person at times has to be introspective and to look into himself, and to pay attention to what he really is. Ardeshir wanted the drawing to have a mideastern look so he has clothed the figure in an old Iranian costume such as was worn by someone involved in the physical arts. The subject matter of the cartoon was of course related to an accompanying article on the Times Op-Ed page.

PUPPETS

Copyright© 1977 by Ardeshir Mohassess

Copyright© 1977 by Ardeshir Mohassess



Ardeshir Mohassess by David Levine

problems in his area of the world -- famine, overpopulation, armament, civil war, fear and subjection. The constant struggle for existence between oppressed and oppressors, between hunter and prey, has raged for thousands of years and these battles have created an infatuation among the people and among artists with death and annihilation.

So his drawings are often disturbing. Ardeshir Mohasses was born in the north of Iran in 1938 and received a degree in political science from the University of Tehran. After that he began drawing for Iranian and international newspapers and magazines such as Jeune Afrique, Kayhan, Ettelaat, The N.Y. Times and many others. A number of leading magazines have featured his work and twelve books of his work have been printed in Iran. He has had numerous showings of his work, including one at the Graham Gallery in New York, a gallery which was a pioneer in showing the work of many cartoonists. And a number of his cartoons and drawings hang in the collections of well-known Iranian collectors.

This drawing is titled' Coup d'Etat' and refers to what occurs when a group of generals overthrows an established government. We might explain that in one kind of Persian painting, many sorts of symbols, such as this, are very common. (A head may sometimes be shown flying off, with figures or objects emerging from the body to indicate the thoughts of the person shown.)

Copyright© 1977 by Ardeshir Mohassess

Ceremonies to mark the opening of the district's drinking-water system

مراسم افتتاح شبکهٔ لوله‌کشی آب مشروب بخش

The inspectors of the secretariat of the Committee to Elect the Husband of the year attended the reception marking the election of the husband of the year

بازرسان دبیرخانه کمیته انتخاب شوهر سال در مجلس جشنی که بمناسبت انتخاب شوهر سال تشکیل شد حضور یافتند

Copyright© 1977 by Ardeshir Mohassess

Copyright© 1977 by Ardeshir Mohassess

This 'Composition with Boot' drawing, from the N.Y. Times Op-Ed page had to do with dictatorship and militarism.

We have included here examples of several of the many types of drawings which Ardeshir does -- sketches of life in Iran, a couple of his Op-Ed page cartoons for The New York Times.

Mohassess gets a lot of his inspiration from studying old Persian art work. Wendy Coyle, who accompanied Ardeshir as a translator during our first visit with the cartoonist a year or so ago, quotes him as follows:

I begin the morning looking at and making sketches from old pictures and photos, Persian miniatures, and old Iranian religious paintings that are full of scenes of beheadings, spears, and scimitars that drip blood on the flowers and grass on the hills in the background. I end the day drawing people in cafes, cabarets and music halls, dancers and acrobats leaping and jumping.

I arrange my characters in the manner of the colored lights strung above the shops and streets of Iran during the festivals and religious celebrations. If a work requires color, I use the same colors that once decorated the handles of the old meat cleavers and carcasses of lambs in butcher shops.

While I'm drawing, everything I've read or heard goes around in my head. Sometimes I recall an anecdote the famous poet of Iran, Ahmad Shamlu, related to me. it seems an Arab general, noted for his incredible strength in wielding a sword, could strike with such speed that his victims continued to fight without realizing that they were sliced in half. The general would call out to them, "If you're a man, move!" When they did, they fell into two pieces. Whenever I am involved with a drawing that isn't going the way it should and one of the characters isn't doing what I want him to, I lift my pen from the paper and say softly, "If you're a man, move."

We'd also like to express appreciation to Nickzad Nodjoumi, an Iranian painter friend of Ardeshir's, who accompanied him and was of considerable help during our discussion of Mohassess's work.

L to R
Col. Joseph M. Murphy, Director Emeritus of Columbia Scholastic Press Association, Hy Eisman, who collaborates on "Little Iodine" with Bob Dunn, Charles R. O'Malle, Director of CSPA and Dunn, at the Gold Key presentation ceremony on St. Patrick's Day.

GOLD KEY AWARD

Our SAID & DUNN columnist, BOB DUNN, was presented the coveted Columbia Scholastic Press Association Gold Key this past March 17th during the national organization's annual convention in New York City.

Bob, as our readers know, creates "They'll Do It Every Time" with Al Scaduto and "Little Iodine" with Hy Eisman, both of which cartoons are distributed by King Features Syndicate to more than 500 newspapers around the world.

For many years he has been the judge of the comics division competition of CSPA's annual contest and frequently has appeared on the convention's program.

Other Gold Key recipients have included Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, Dr. George Gallup and Judith Crist. Before Dunn the only cartoonist to have received a Key was Rube Goldberg.

According to Columbia University, the Gold Key is given to honor "leadership in education," and those who have given "of their time and energy to the betterment and encouragement of a school publication."

Robert Joseph Dunn was born in Newark, N. J. His boyhood ambition was to be a big league ball player. At 20, he decided he would never make either of the major leagues and turned to his other love, cartooning. "After college," he said, "I spent three years at the Art Students League in New York and worked at the same time in the order room of a Wall Street brokerage house. The place drove me nuts—so I spent most of my time drawing caricatures of the customers."

Dunn is the author of four books, "I'm Gonna Be A Father," "One Day in the Army," "Magic for All," and "Knock-Knocks."

In 1965 he was unanimously elected president of the National Cartoonists Society, and in 1976 the NCS gave him the Reuben, the Oscar of the cartooning profession. The next issue of the "World Almanac" will list him among "Noted American Cartoonists."

They'll Do It Every Time

JOBO OOZES CHARM ON HIS CUSTOMER-RELATIONS JOB···
THANX TO MRS. G.M. COLEMAN, 847 E. 100TH ST, CHICAGO, ILL.
COMPLAINTS
WHAT PATIENCE! NEVER LOSES HIS TEMPER···
DUNN + SCADUTO
BUT AT HOME··· HOW IS HE?
QUIT BELLYACHIN'!
ALL'A YA!! GET THAT @*%!!#?!! DOG OUTA HERE!!
YIP!
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1977 World rights reserved
4-4

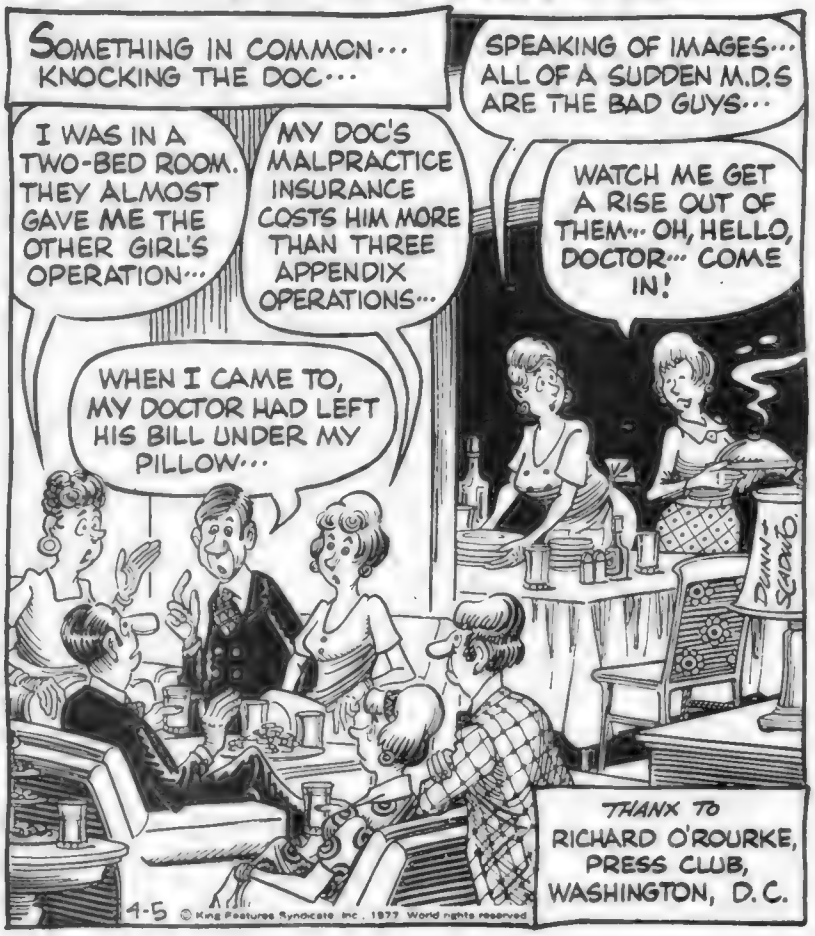
LITTLE IODINE

AS COACH, IT'S UP TO ME TO GET ALL THE LITTLE LEAGUE SUITS BACK...
I'LL HELP YOU, DADDY
THAT KID, RIBS McEVOY, HE WAS A GOOD PITCHER... HE COULD HIT, TOO. HE DIDN'T TURN IN HIS SUIT...
I'LL GO GET IT, DADDY...
SORRY I LET HER GO...
...HE'S A VERY TOUGH KID!
COACH
MOTH BALLS
OH, HERE YOU ARE! AND YOU GOT IT!
PUFF... PUFF... PUFF... I ONLY GOT THE SHIRT... PUFF...
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1976. World rights reserved.
NO PANTS AND THE BUTTONS ARE ALL OFF THIS SHIRT...
I KNOW
HE WAS WEARING 'EM. I HAD TO TAKE IT OFF HIM...
OH...
DUNN & ESMAN
10-3

They'll Do It Every Time

WACKEENA HOLDS EVERYBODY UP HUNTING FOR THE EXACT CHANGE...
THAT COMES TO $9.26...
$9.26? FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT... FIFTY CENTS... TWO MORE QUARTERS... I KNOW I'VE GOT CHANGE! HERE WE ARE... TWO DIMES AN' SIX CENTS... $9.26...
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1977 World rights reserved
THANX TO MRS. E.G. DEPNER, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.
LATER SHE BUYS A 15¢ NEWSPAPER... NOW WHAT?
OH, DEAR... THE SMALLEST I'VE GOT IS THIS TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL...
HOUR
POW
WOW
WHAM
20
TEMPO
ZIP
yum
Dunn+Scuro
4-8

They'll Do It Every Time


SOMETHING IN COMMON... KNOCKING THE DOC...
I WAS IN A TWO-BED ROOM. THEY ALMOST GAVE ME THE OTHER GIRL'S OPERATION...
MY DOC'S MALPRACTICE INSURANCE COSTS HIM MORE THAN THREE APPENDIX OPERATIONS...
SPEAKING OF IMAGES... ALL OF A SUDDEN M.D.S ARE THE BAD GUYS...
WATCH ME GET A RISE OUT OF THEM... OH, HELLO, DOCTOR... COME IN!
WHEN I CAME TO, MY DOCTOR HAD LEFT HIS BILL UNDER MY PILLOW...
Dunn+Scuro
THANX TO RICHARD O'ROURKE, PRESS CLUB, WASHINGTON, D.C.
4-5
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Satirical 'Short Ribs' stands alone

SHORT RIBS
by Frank Hill
IT'S AMAZING HOW MANY GREAT BALLET DANCERS THE SOVIET UNION HAS PRODUCED.
MUST BE OUR TEACHING TECHNIQUES.
YES, IF YOU HAD TO STAND IN A SNOWDRIFT WITH NOTHING ON BUT A LEOTARD AND TIGHTS...
...YOU'D BE ABLE TO DO SOME AMAZING LEAPS, TOO.
©1976 by NEA Inc T M Reg U S Pat Off
hill

By Bill McCoy
(Eighth in a series)

If you go in for classifications, you could say there's a class of newspaper comic strips that includes new, bright and very funny creations that even dare to comment on the social and political reality around us.

Short Ribs belongs in that class, but in its format it stands alone. Its cast includes a king and his court, two travelers from a distant planet, the populace of a western frontier town and several Soviet commentators.

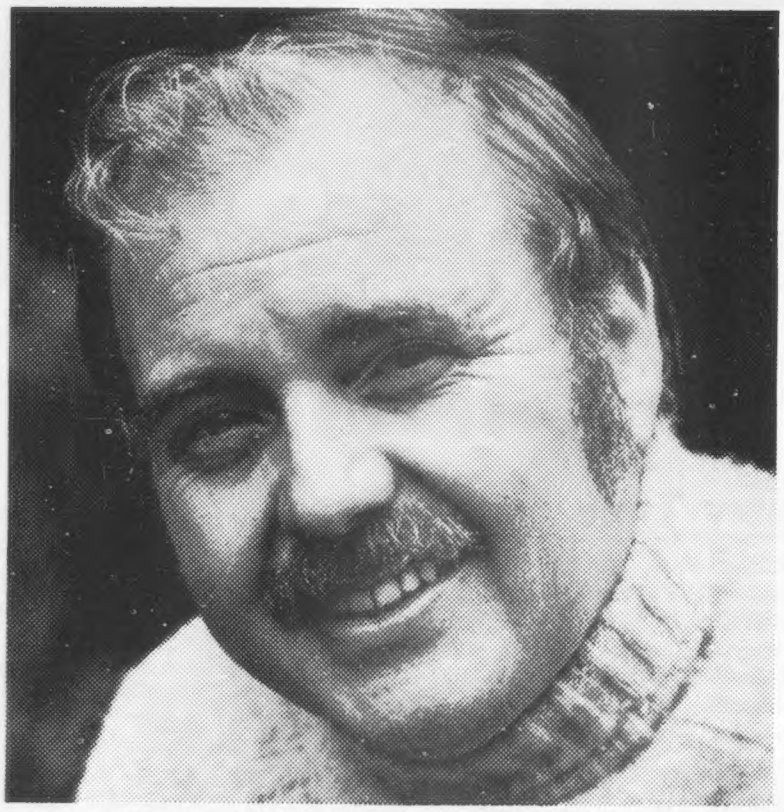
"The fact that Short Ribs is not locked into a strong central character gives it flexibility and makes the directions in which one can go seeking humor endless," comments its artist, Frank Hill.

"...Short Ribs gives one the opportunity to develop social and political comment in a subtle way," says Hill. "Having the characters in a different time frame than the readers allows people to laugh at themselves painlessly."

Hill took over the strip from its creator, Frank O'Neil, who retired in 1973.

While in California schools, Hill says his strong point was drawing little pictures in the margins of test papers, in an effort to distract the instructors.

Bill McCoy is a writer for the Cheyenne, Wyoming Eagle.



Frank Hill: Short Ribs gives one the opportunity to develop social and political comment in a subtle way.

He graduated from the San Francisco Academy of Art, after Navy duty during the Korean War. Then he became a package designer, and went on to design toys, games and greeting cards and to illustrate children's books. He then served as an art director for advertising agencies and publishing houses.

Hill worked full-time for O'Neil from 1960 to 1967 and contributed material periodically until O'Neil's retirement. He also worked with Hank Ketchum on Dennis the Menace and Half Hitch, and developed comic book versions of many animated characters on Saturday morning TV.

"I hope to make only the changes that I think will keep the humor of Short Ribs at a high level and in step with the times," he says.

Readers may have noticed a change. Hill has wrung gags out of women's lib, high-powered recruiting in college athletics and corruption in high places.

The humor level of Short Ribs has always been consistently high, and Hill is sharpening it up. If you consider that the daily funnies may be one of the last remaining strongholds of genuine satire, it makes reading Short Ribs all the more worthwhile.

The art in Short Ribs has always been simple and functional. There is usually not a lavish attention to detail such as in background landscapes, and there is little shading used in the strip. Although all the characters are squat little people, the women have acquired some "cute" facial features lately. It's perhaps the only noticeable change that Hill has made in the art work.

Short Ribs is fairly new in comparison with some of the incredibly long-running strips such as Dick Tracy. But it fulfills a need on the comic page for a format with a variety of characters and settings. It gives the artist a wide range of material to work with, and the strip is never predictable. It is a continually refreshing strip and genuinely funny.

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